Saturday Review

September 28, 1963 25¢

RECORDINGS

THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE: A TIME EXPOSURE

By Margaret R. Weiss

MARTHA GRAHAM'S LONDON SEASON

By John Martin

"Pond Brook," by Eliot Porter

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The Burgemeester of Rotterdam invites you to dinner at Holland's famous groaning boards

ROTTERDAM is such a spirited city, you'd think people would be too busy to eat. But eat they do, and well. Burgemeester van Walsum, Mayor of Rotterdam, invites you to join them.

Filet mignon comes thick, tender and running with juice. The duck is plump, its golden-brown skin crisp. The rich Dutch soil yields succulent vegetables year-round. Order what you will in any fine restaurant. You'll find it hard to spend more than two dollars for dinner.

For a breath-taking view of the countryside, dine atop the spanking new *Euromast,* a 340-foot-high tower with a restaurant at its pinnacle.

For a snack, try a herring from a roaming street cart. Or smoked eel. Or have your fill of the marvelous pea soup, ready only, as the Dutch say, "when it's thick enough to stand on."

And no American should miss having *rijsttafel.* Dish after piquant dish—as many as thirty of them—come to your table. Crunchy prawn crackers. Delicate soup. Grilled pork. Shrimp in a tangy sauce. And with it, the soft, amber, white-capped beer only the Dutch know how to brew.

So visit Holland. The Dutch await you. Especially Burgemeester van Walsum of Rotterdam.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write to Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., New York 17, New York.

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How to tell a broker from a tipster

(Here are five things that give the tipster away)

When you invest, it's hard to think of anything more important than a good broker.

Or of anything more dangerous than a mere tipster, who may be anyone from a well-meaning friend to a stranger on the telephone trying to high-pressure you into buying.

After all, it's your hard-won money. You would like to have it bring you an income from dividends on stock. Or interest on bonds. Or to have a good prospect of increasing in value over the years.

So you'll need to recognize a tipster when you see one. Here are five tell-tale signs:

Tipster: "Boy, have I got a hot one!"

Broker: A broker in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, can tell you how badly people can get burned by a tip. And how important it is to have facts. On earnings. On dividends. On the company's financial position. Armed with knowledge, you're in a better position to exercise careful judgment when you invest. Companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange are required to make this kind of information public.

Tipster: "Hurry. There's only a limited amount of that stock around."

Broker: He knows that people who rush you often have something else in mind than your welfare. Care is important—and it's wise to take the time to be careful.

Tipster: "It's a chance in a million to make a killing."

Broker: He meets people who have rashly shot for the moon and missed. And people who have, instead, set long-term goals to fit their circumstances and have gone a long way toward achieving them.

To help you achieve your goals, he's glad to share his knowledge with you—so that you can base your judgment on facts, not rumors.

Tipster: "You can't lose with this."

Broker: He's aware that the price of any stock or bond goes down as well as up. That a company may lose ground, may not continue to pay dividends or interest.

Tipster: "You'll be wise to put as much as you can lay hands on into this."

Broker: He believes first things come first. And first come your living expenses. Then provision for emergencies. After that, you may want to invest for income or growth of your capital.

Nearby you'll probably find a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. They have no magic key to the future. No one has. And each Member Firm has its own distinctive characteristics. But all are subject to the many regulations of the Exchange. And their Registered Representatives had to meet Exchange qualifications for knowledge of their business when they became brokers in a Member Firm.

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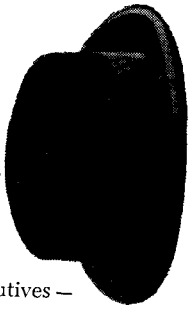
YALE

THE AMERICAN FEDERAL EXECUTIVE
by W. Lloyd Warner, Paul P. Van Riper, Norman H. Martin, Orvis F. Collins.



The top federal executives — elites in a powerful prestige group — are examined: their socioeconomic and regional backgrounds, their education, marriages, and careers, including a fascinating comparison to their counterparts in American business. "Any debate on what the bureaucrat is like can now be tempered by reference to this authoritative source." — O. Glen Stahl, Director, Bureau of Programs and Standards, U.S. Civil Service Commission. "This volume [does much] to clear away the fog of misconception and prejudice that obscures the government career executive."—John J. Corson, former Director of the U.S. Employment Service. $7.50

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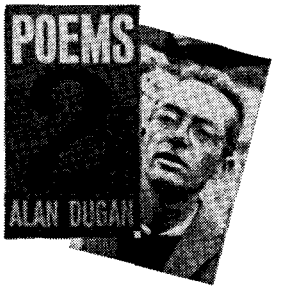
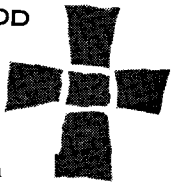
Mr. Dugan's first book (*Poems*) won him a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, the Rome Fellowship of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the acclaim of critics eager to see more. This second volume richly fulfills the promise of *Poems* and reveals the voice and style that is unmistakably Dugan — the clear hard perception and harsh observation coupled with the blending of myth and lyric in a unique manner. "This is an ugly and beautiful book, powerful as very little poetry is powerful today." —Dudley Fitts. $3.50



THE HIDDEN GOD
by Cleanth Brooks.



The Christian commitment of Hemingway, Faulkner, Yeats, Eliot, and Warren has long been regarded as nonexistent or nebulous. With the clarity of style for which Mr. Brooks is noted, he presents a fresh perspective on these five distinguished literary figures, discussing the characteristic literary work of each. Cloth $4.75; paper $1.45

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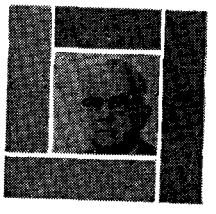

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September 28, 1963

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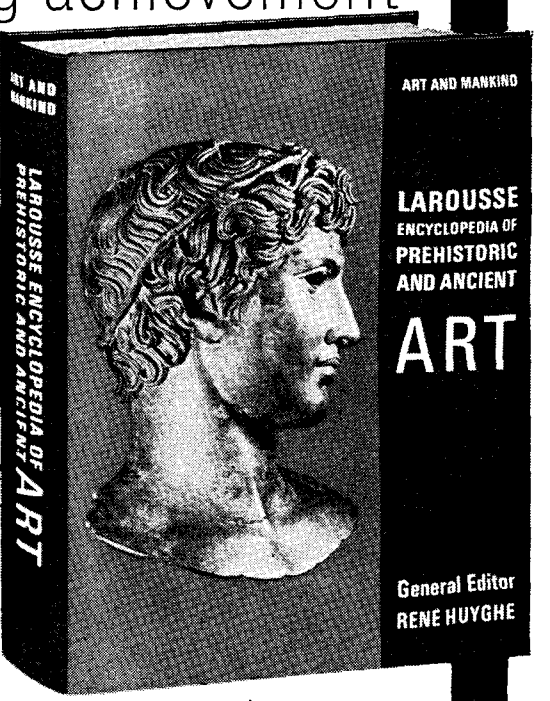

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

a public man
in a public place,
with a public smile
upon his face—
a public grin
from front to rear
and the public ear
that doesn't hear

—Paula Rothenberg.

• • •

SMOKING WITHOUT TOBACCO

I SEE by the paper that researchers are beginning to try out substitutes for tobacco in order to find something that doesn't produce lung cancer.

Well, they're forty-two years late. My friends and I did a complete job on that one at the age of twelve.

We smoked dried leaves, dried ferns, corn silk, faded flower petals, coffee grounds, second-hand tea leaves, toasted sawdust, and numerous other items which no doubt would never occur to a researcher in a laboratory. There was a tree we called Indian cigar tree that produced long, thin, beanlike objects. We smoked them, too. Their chief advantage was that you could smoke them as they were. The other delicacies we had to smoke in a clay or corncob pipe, or wrap in paper. Every little neighborhood shop sold clay pipes in those days. You were supposed to blow bubbles with them. But that was kid stuff. The advanced class used them, as we did, for experimenting with tobacco substitutes.

Stuffing dead things into a pipe bowl, however, was too easy. We preferred making cigarettes. We used newspaper mostly, I guess because it was available. You had to spit on it to make it hold together, but this was not difficult to do if you had already had a pipe full of corn silk. Even so, it always fell apart after a few puffs, dumping the smoldering contents onto your corduroy trousers. But they could take it. They could take anything. We used to scrape at them with our knives and watch them go to dust. Maybe we smoked that, too —I don't remember.

We also purloined tissue paper from the attic for wrappers, but it lacked the fragrance of newsprint. Sears, Roebuck catalogues were nice—they combined that newsy smell with thinness of texture. But they came apart, too. To make our experiments scientific, we had to have a control. This took the form of a real cigar made of fine tobacco. My father was always bringing them home, but he never smoked. We took care of that problem for him. He never seemed to notice that however many he brought home and put in the sideboard, the supply remained constant.

The place we always chose for our experiments was the cupola of my friend's barn. It was so hard to get to —by ladders and chinning yourself up through a hole—that we reasoned parents could never pursue. What we didn't figure on was that the smoke we produced billowed out through the latticed sides. When it got to pouring out so that my friend's mother thought we'd set the barn afire, she would come to the back door and complain. Then we would have to close the laboratory until another day.

We did all this for pure love knowledge. I suppose now they're paying big money to the scientists who are belatedly trudging along in our footsteps.

—Bradford Smith.

• • •

OCTOBER CLASSIC

IN the World Series of October, 1934, the Detroit Tigers took on the St. Louis Cardinals, whose pitching staff was chiefly Dizzy and Daffy Dean. The Dean brothers had won forty-nine games between them during the regular season, Dizzy alone victorious in thirty while losing only seven. I don't suppose any ball club ever had two pitchers, let alone brothers, who in a single season were as effective as the Deans that summer. In all my years around baseball, practically a continuous interest since the Black Sox series of 1919, I never saw a greater pitcher for one season than Dizzy Dean in 1934. Not even Lefty Grove in 1931, or Bobby Feller at his peak, or Carl Hubbell, or Warren Spahn, or anybody.

I covered the Giants for the Ne York *Herald Tribune* in 1934 and saw the Deans, it seemed to me, every time the Cards and Giants met, which was probably the truth since the Giants were in the thick of the pennant fight until late September and the Cards

They Satisfied

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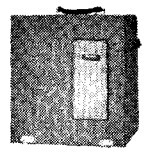

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We have no warnings, no special do's and don'ts, no special operating advice, no projectionist secrets to share. Nothing for you to remember about this projector except its good performance. And that, you'll find, is hard to forget. If you'd like to see and hear it work, or read illustrated literature about it, write your name and address here:

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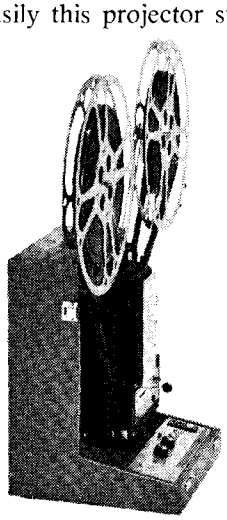

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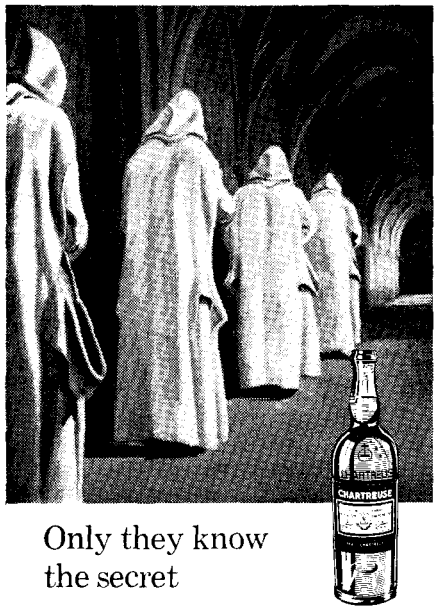

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always went with their best against New York. When it was all over and the Cards were in the Series, the Deans quite naturally made St. Louis the betting favorite because two great pitchers are pretty hard to beat in seven games, what with days of rest for travel and no reason to save anyone's arm. And this is precisely the way things went in October of 1934. The Cardinals won three of the first six games of the Series and came to the seventh game with Diz ripe and ready.

The final game was played in Detroit and a colder October day I've never experienced. It had sleeted until just before game time and the press tier at what was then called Navin Field was a damp Michigan icebox. Joe Jacobs had bet a wad on Detroit, and when St. Louis scored seven runs in the top half of the third inning, Jacobs, who had come out of a sickbed to see the game, sniffled to Grantland Rice, "I should of stood in bed."

Jacobs sat on one side of me (I don't know exactly whom he represented in the press) until the big Cardinal inning. Detroit hadn't scored off Dean (they were shut out, 11-0) and Jacobs then departed glumly. I, too, began to think in the past tense. As I started to bang out the lead of my color story, I looked to my other elbow to see what a great bear of a man sitting there was up to. He was twisting and turning as though upon a medieval rack, his tortured face all but devouring the stub of a yellow pencil. The chewer was Babe Ruth, doing a special World Series press stint because the Yankees were *not*, for *once*, in the October classic.

The Babe chewed and grimaced and twisted in utter torment. Words simply would not come. He could earn a fortune for hitting sixty home runs in a season but he could not now put on paper a single word. Twice he brought stub to paper and began: "Diz Dean—" but of course he had no story about Dean—so far. The story was the seven runs scored by the Cards in the top of the third inning, a cluster bound to hold up if Dean was anywhere near normal. The Babe tried again: "St. Lewis got thierselves—" but nothing more would emerge from the tormented yellow stub.

I looked on, helpless. In the first place, I could not possibly offer anything to Babe Ruth. I was twenty-four and a nobody. He was the most famous player in the history of baseball. My assignment was to do color for the *Herald Tribune*, not suggest a lead to a man being paid a thousand bucks a week to write a special for the Christy Walsh Syndicate. I could not possibly say to the huge baby-faced man at my left that perhaps he should wait a while and a lead would come in plenty of time. After all, it was only the third inning.

But the Babe solved my fears—and his. As though inspired, he bent suddenly over his Postal Telegraph blank and painfully began to indite the lead of the magnum opus which, if I live to antiquity, I shall never forget. For, in a childish script laboriously ground into soft telegraph paper by great brown fingers, the Sultan of Swat was beginning to form his lead slowly beneath the stub of pencil: "Them Detrites lossed to-day because they was carlus—" —Richard L. Tobin.

• • •

SIC, SIC, SIC

ONE dreamy day, when I thought I was teaching *The Scarlet Letter* to thirty-nine college sophomores, my cynicism suddenly woke up and said, "Ask them to define adultery." From a previous quiz, I knew that most of them had read the novel (or a summary of it); about thirty of them had also read it in high school; and I had discussed about three-quarters of it right there in class. Yet only thirte of the students wrote acceptable de nitions. And among the twenty-six others were the following:

1. "infidel martial."
2. "sexly encorse [sic] when one or both person [sic] is married to someone else."
3. "sexual intercose [sic] between a married and a single. The married being either male or female."
4. "the act of committing the sexual act by one or more married people."
5. "something adults do."

The school, I ought to add, is not the one I'm teaching at now. I know that here at least nine of my students spell it "adultry" and that one of them thinks it means "putting things in milk." As for another poll: Never again, here or anywhere else.

—Dexter Martin.

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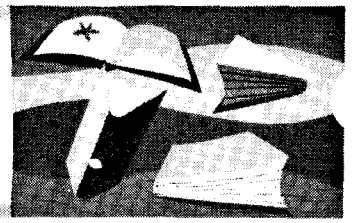

DURING THE SUMMER a want ad appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* in which a call was sent out for "new TV faces and personalities" to try out for a new TV show called "Teen A Vision." "Call for an appointment," the

talent searchers requested, apparently with a straight face, "if you are a teen-ager or can pass for a teen-ager."

CYRIL CONNOLLY offered a vivid description of the late Louis MacNeice in the London *Sunday Times* the other day:

"When one spotted him across a room, usually with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and an old raincoat or a Donegal tweed, he appeared arrogant, even supercilious, but it was rather the aloofness one detects in the wary expression of certain animals, a look of the obstinate ruminant as well as the high-colored Celt with Connemara origins and a donnish precision."

ALSO FROM ENGLAND comes word that the British Broadcasting Company has finally adopted a symbol for its new television channel—a kangaroo with a baby kangaroo in its pouch. The symbol, says the BBC, should appeal to "all generations and sexes."

AFTER SITTING THROUGH an overlong motion picture called *Mutiny on the Bounty* I hurried back to reread H. Allen Smith's latest book, *Two Thirds of a Coconut Tree*, which tells what Tahiti is really like. Smith told me that of the book's hundreds of reviewers, half ended up by saying they knew now why they didn't want to go to Tahiti, and the other half exclaimed that they couldn't wait to get there.

That's the kind of place it is. There seem to be a lot of women with flat feet and poor teeth, but there are a few gorgeous ones who compensate for them. The scenery is lovely and the lazy, friendly atmosphere is infectious. Yet you may find huge insects crawling up your legs or you may cut your feet on the coral or get eaten up if you go swimming. It may rain three weeks without stopping, but life is never dull. Tahiti is a small town with an international flavor.

As for the author, he says he does not want to live in Tahiti, giving on page 367 reasons that you could never guess at. I suggest you read *Two Thirds of a Coconut Tree* if you want to get the lowdown. Of twenty photographs in the book, twelve feature H. Allen Smith, who is, whatever else you may say about him, more interesting to look at than Marlon Brando in that movie.

TWO YOUNG Connecticut housewives, Ann Ford and Andy Williams, became disgusted with the high prices and shortages of lobsters this summer. They decided to drop a lobster pot of their own out in Long Island Sound. They hauled it in day after day, only to find it empty. One evening they pulled it up with cries of excitement. There was lobster inside. There was also a bottle. The crustacean's legs and claws wore red ribbons tied in bows. Inside the bottle was a note: "Greetings from Captain Ahab."

ACCORDING TO George Fuermann of the Houston *Post*, this happened when a woman stopped for gas in Schulen-

burg, Texas. As the tank was being filled, she stood by smoking a cigarette. The attendant said, "Pretty dangerous to smoke this close to the hose."

"It's all right," she replied. "This is a filter cigarette."

HAVE YOUR FEET had their 1,000-mile checkup? The American Foot Care Institute says that since we covered eleven miles a day during the summer, our feet have gone 1,000 mile in three months and it is time to tone them up. Each day you should go through four steps, if you'll permit the word.

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2. Walk on tiptoe as long as possi-

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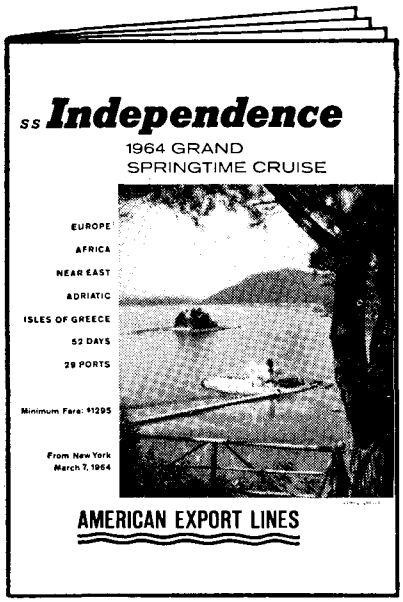

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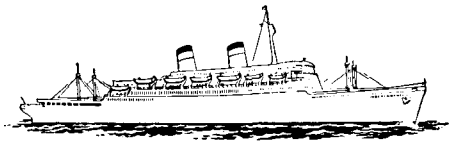

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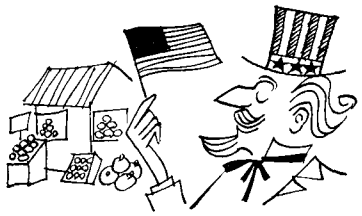
4. Soak your feet in warm water and bicarbonate of soda. Rinse with cool water and dust lightly with foot powder.

(If your feet burp as you walk, you used too much bicarb.)

SHARPS AND FLATS: I am told there's a small truck in New Jersey with the name of the owner painted on it: Eureka Garlic Company.

►Why do they call coffee with cream in it "regular" coffee? Seems to me coffee without anything in it is regular coffee.

►Durkee's Farm Market in Seabrook, New Hampshire, is a patriotic sort of place. On one corner a large sign says: "Presidents Washington, Lincoln, Sen-



ators Bob Taft, Joe McCarthy gav their lives for freedom." On another side is a Statue of Liberty holding another sign: "What are *You* Doing to Preserve Freedom?"

►The marquee at the drive-in in Leesville, Louisiana, recently announced the double feature this way:

WE'LL BURY YOU
THE INTERNS

►Don Hauptman is working on a play for Broadway. It concerns a neurotic woman who runs around hitting people over the head with a baseball bat, knocking them unconscious. It's called "She Conks to Stupor."

►A fellow I know is so ineffectual his yawn isn't even catching.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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SIDNEY HOMER:
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Harper's magazine

The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson

A special supplement in the October issue of Harper's

"I will marry you so gladly with the old marriage service; for better for worse in sickness in health, and forsaking all others—until death us do part."

Thus Dorothy Thompson wrote to a man she often forsook and parted with long before death. He was Sinclair Lewis, a literary genius with an unequalled gift for making life intolerable for his friends and family. Now, for the first time, their full story is told in "The Tangled Romance of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson"—a special supplement in the October issue of Harper's magazine.

They met in Berlin in 1927, at a highpoint in their respective careers. The brilliant young author of *Main Street* and *Babbitt* immediately proposed marriage to America's most attractive and successful woman journalist. Their wedding in London was a major social event, attended by celebrities from the worlds of literature and politics. The names of their friends evoke an era—John Gunther, H. L. Mencken, William Shirer, George Jean Nathan and Vincent Sheean, the distinguished critic and foreign correspondent and author of this memoir.

In the tradition of literary personalities before them, Dorothy and "Red" Lewis expressed their love most fully in their letters (many of hers marked "never sent"). Dorothy also kept a journal to which she confided her intimate thoughts about their relationship — always impassioned, sometimes comic, and often tragic.

Drawing on these hitherto unpublished papers and on his close friendship with the couple, Vincent Sheean recreates their life together. He traces their journeys across the world—Berlin during the rise of Hitler; Moscow on the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; an exotic villa on the Bay of Naples; the hills above Vienna during a wild winter festival; their Greenwich Village town house; the house in Vermont where they spent their happiest hours.

This startlingly frank narrative deals not merely with the dramatic events of their public lives. It is a probing case-study of the emotions, yearnings, and self deceptions which drove two extraordinary human beings to heights of achievement and depths of anguish.

(Harper's supplement is adapted from the book "Dorothy and Red" which will be published in November by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

In addition to the special supplement, the full regular October issue of Harper's features: Whatever Happened to the Peaceful Atom by David E. Lilienthal; Danger in Our Medical Labs by Maya Pines; "Consider Me a Communist"—A Portrait of Evtushenko On Stage and Off by Michael Gordey; On the Road in Brazil by Merle Miller; Louisiana's Wonderful Invention by Ed Kerr. Plus other articles, a short story, book and record reviews.

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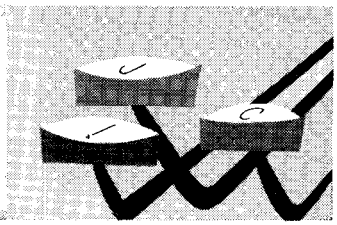
Manner of Speaking



MAILBAG FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON: In this column for August 3 I presented some excerpts from Mr. Irving Fiske's "modern English" *Hamlet,* which I took to be so obviously a venture in dead fish that I restrained myself from overt descriptions of the odor, contenting myself with simply holding my nose in what might pass as a grade B imitation of dignity *in fragrante.* Since then the mailbag has been overflowing in a semi-molten state with the sentiments of readers who clearly demand that a rose be a rose be a rose be a rose, and that if it is a dead fish I must not fail to uncork my nose and inhale long enough to identify it as such and in so many words. Whatever the moral, I have had some fun with this batch of mail, and I am ready to believe some of the less wary faithful will have fun with it, too.

Dear Sir:
I am unable to reconcile your usual high standards of taste with the printing in your column of the "translation" of *Hamlet.* Not only was it an affront to a lover of Shakespeare, but a direct assault on the sensibilities of one who is fond of poetry, drama, and literature itself. The "translation," if I may be so bold as to call that insult one, is a bastard child, unrecognizable even to the great mother Literature—or was it "ripped untimely from the womb"? (Which would no doubt be "translated" into "born too early.")

Michael H. Gehring.
Rye, N.Y.

Dear Sir:
In your article "Translating Hamlet" there is a discrepancy in the usage of the word "modern." Shakespeare did write in Modern English while Chaucer, for example, wrote in Middle English.

Michael Wolk.
Oak Park, Mich.

Dear Sir:
Notwithstanding the highly favorable reactions to Mr. Fiske's *Hamlet* (by people far better qualified than myself in literary judgments), I dislike, even resent, this attempt at "clarity." As far as I know, the original play has conquered audiences for centuries, made money, and given me personally great joy as is. The play's action is ordinary—the poetry cannot be duplicated and serves to separate *Hamlet* from mediocre, modern, pseudo-psychological drama.

Mrs. Estelle Silverman.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:
I am enormously interested in finding out how I could contact Mr. Irving Fiske so that I might read *Hamlet* in modern English. Could you put me in touch with him?

Joel W. Schenker.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR will be happy to forward any mail addressed to Mr. Fiske.*

Dear Sir:
I made a paraphrase of my own back in 1927. Here is a sample, which I offer not to show that it is better or worse than Mr. Fiske's. My principle was to stick to the text and eliminate obsolete and artificial expressions, and clarify what was obscure:

> There is a show to put on tonight; one scene in it resembles the circumstances which I have told you about of my father's death. I beg you, when that part is being played, watch my uncle with most penetrating and careful judgment; if he is guilty and then does not betray his hidden guilt, by one speech in that play, then it was only a damned ghost we saw who is fooling me, and my head was filled with a lot of foul imaginings.

If Mr. Orson Welles told Mr. Fiske that the play would make a million dollars he did not think so when I offered it to him.

Albert Mordell.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:
I have just returned from the hospital following a heart attack and dare not raise the blood pressure; otherwise I should let myself go. Of all the desecrations that might in past or future be perpetrated, none can nor will equal this.

Frederica Terhune.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:
Oh, you are a slyboots, you are! You would have us believe that someone is so word-deaf as to wring *Hamlet* into the most execrable modern idiomatic English.

No matter. We are on to you. And we shall probably find "Mr. Fiske's translation" as useful in our teaching about the language of *Hamlet* as was

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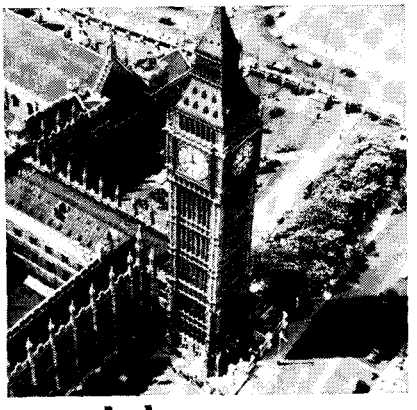
In October, television:

enchants



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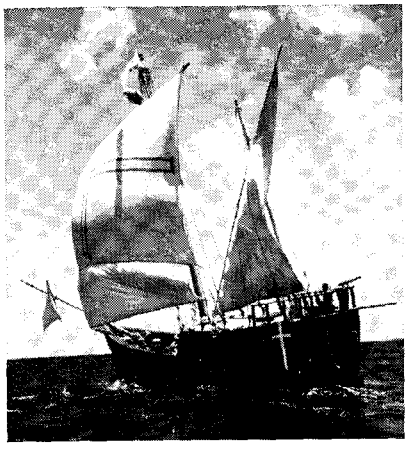

rediscovers

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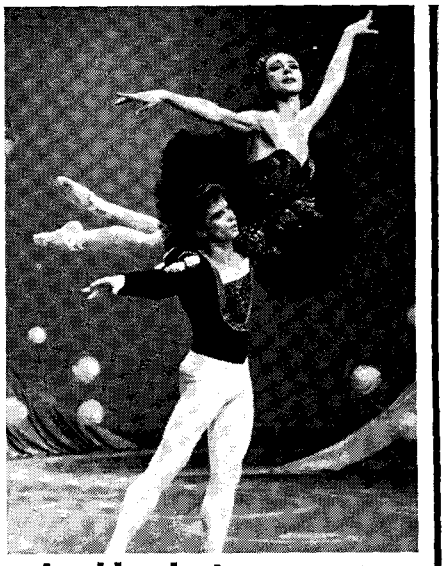

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Some programs of special interest

Apollo—A Journey to the Moon
Report on the U.S. manned lunar mission.
Tuesday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

The French: They Are So French
Literary impressions of the national character.
Wednesday, October 2 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel
A 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sundays, October 6-13-20-27 (1-1:30 PM)

Elizabeth Taylor in London
A guided tour by a native daughter.
Sunday, October 6 (10-11 PM)

Telephone Hour
Robert Preston, Nureyev and Beriosova, Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, and Grant Johannesen.
Tuesday, October 8 (10-11 PM)

Do You Know?
Children's series based on books.
Saturdays, beginning October 12 (12:30-1 PM)

The Voyage of Christopher Columbus
Documentary narrative for children.
Sunday, October 13 (12:30-1 PM)

1492
A decisive year in the saga of Western man.
Wednesday, October 16 (10-11 PM)

The Tunnel
On-the-scene report of an escape from East Berlin.
Sunday, October 20 (3:30-5 PM)

The Tempest
Maurice Evans, Richard Burton, Roddy McDowall, Lee Remick.
Sunday, October 20 (6-7:30 PM)

Crisis: Behind a Presidential Commitment
A study of Executive decision-making in the University of Alabama confrontation.
Monday, October 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Oh, Be Joyful!
Reflections of England's changing institutions.
Wednesday, October 23 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The World's Girls
Women in their many roles.
Friday, October 25 (10-11 PM)

Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-Portrait
Sunday, October 27 (3-4 PM)

Keep It Cool
The YMCA rehabilitation program for Chicago's troubled youth.
Sunday, October 27 (6-6:30 PM)

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays. Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

NOTE: Times (current New York time), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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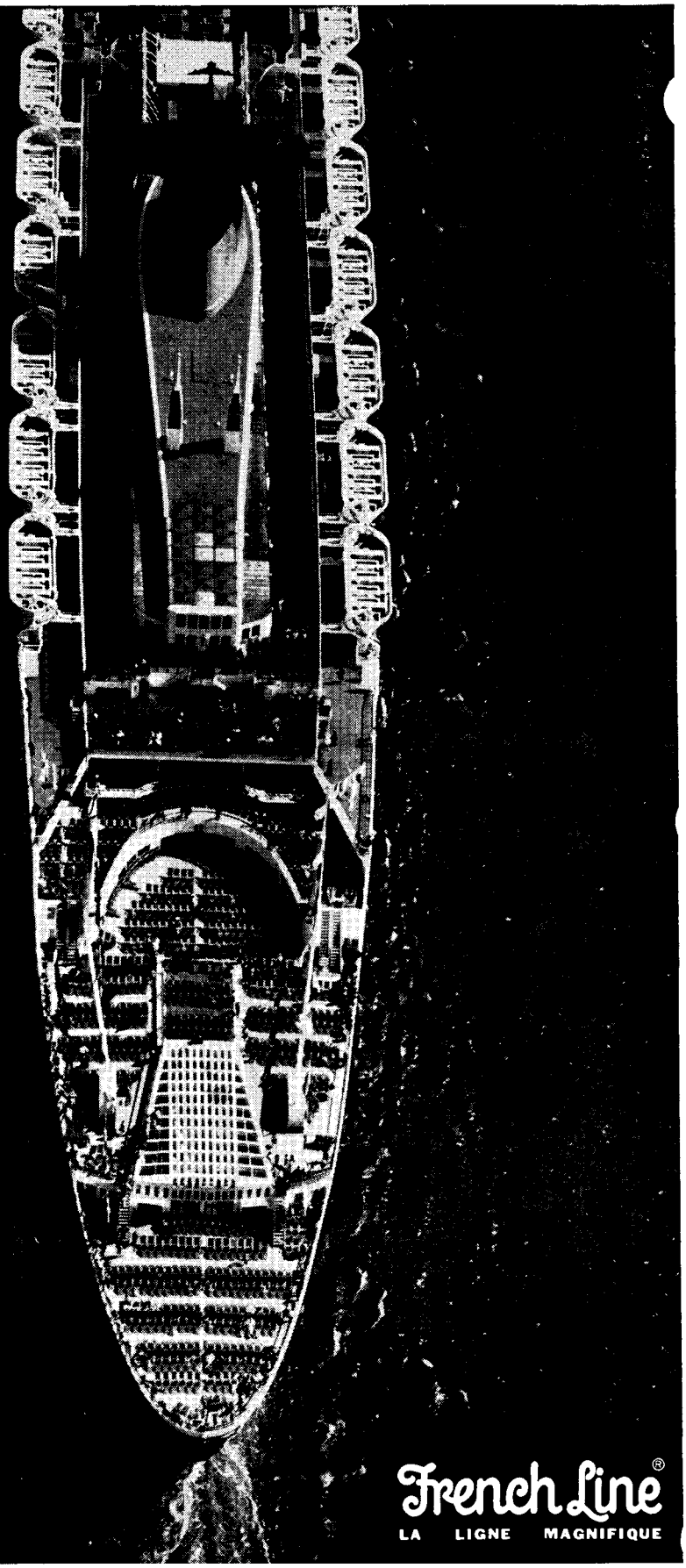

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your rending of [Robert Frost's] "Stopping by Woods" [*SR*, Apr. 12, 1958] in teaching about the limits of literary criticism.

In admiration of your perverse genius, I am

Paul W. O'Dea,
English Department,
University High School,
University of Chicago.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:
After reading the excerpts from Fiske's *Hamlet*, I am inclined to agree with Saroyan that this is really *Hamlet* for the people—for the people who display toy animals in their car windows.

J. W. Eaton.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:
That's a swell new play by Irving Fiske. Did you notice that some of the speeches are reminiscent of those in a play by the same name by Shakespeare? Fortunately, Mr. Fiske's *Hamlet* has none of Shakespeare's introspective miasma. He knows exactly who he is and exactly where he's going. He's manager of a new group of teen-age boys selling magazines and he's pepping them up for this great new sales territory, having given them all this training and this wonderful new sales kit.

Ray Shinn.
New Britain, Conn.

Dear Sir:
How can a man like Mr. Fiske seriously think he is doing the people of this generation a favor, even if his version of *Hamlet* does make a million dollars?

G. B. Farwell.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:
I have just finished "Translating Hamlet." I had to take three BC tablets. If any publisher publishes this translation, at the next dark of the moon, if you will furnish the tar, I'll bring the feathers, and we'll take the law into our own hands.

Francis Hayes.
Gainesville, Fla.

Dear Sir:
Pray God that Mr. Irving Fiske's unpublished modern-English *Hamlet* is never published. The mere thought of it fills me with terror and rage.

John Hetherington.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:
My friends and I studied *Hamlet* as seniors in high school (this past year), and incredible as it may sound, none of us needed Mr. Fiske or his rather insulting Horace-Horatio.

James G. Donaldson.
Detroit, Mich.

P.S. FROM SLYBOOTS: Before I am accused of having hoaxed up these letters on my own, let me say that I have in no way tampered with the mails except to excerpt from them, and that upon receipt of a check for $1 or more made out to the Congress of Racial Equality, I will supply a sworn notarized statement that every letter from which I have quoted is in *SR*'s files.

—John Ciardi.

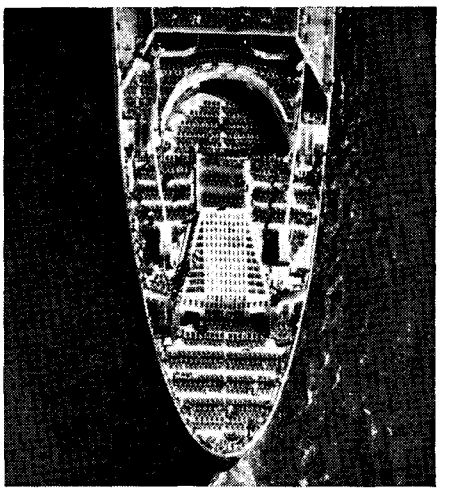
The Summer-House

By Winfield Townley Scott

THAT time they removed the bandstand from the Park
They must have overlooked as private property
This quainter cousin, the summer-house. And here
It survives in a ring of elms that are sick and dying,
Settles a little side-wise in the deep August grass.

A box to let shaded weather in and out,
A frame of form, a frivolity of filigree,
Doodle of architecture, Victorian Valentine,
A real but scarcely, one thinks, a serious place
Unless secretly in starlight for two lovers:
No, a mid-day place for white-dressed ladies
Who beneath locust-sweet and blowing airs
And a sense of not in nor out nor here nor there
Bowed above crocheting and their plans for the Fall.

It would be sentimental to insist
Its woodbine, scribbled round it, loved and kept it.
It might be harder though to explain at all
How it outlasted the big house and the stables
And makes a kind of word, obsolete, whispering,
Within the incessant, cicada-singed, summer afternoon.



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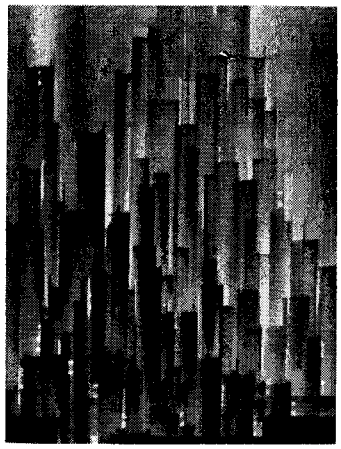

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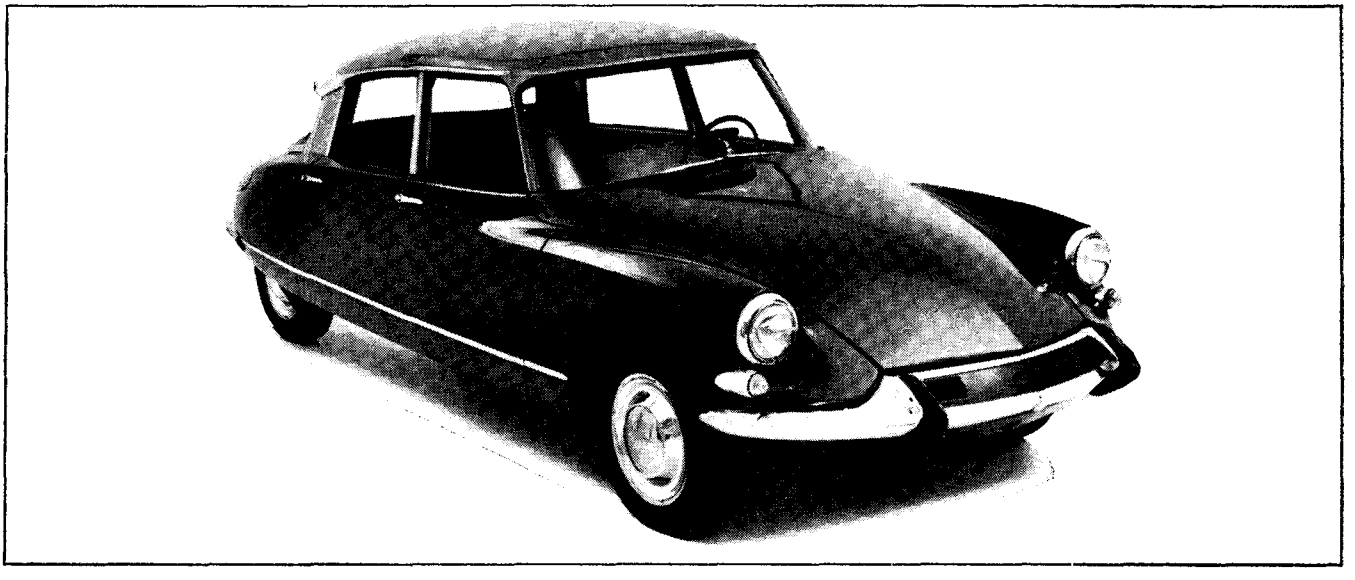

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Saturday Review
September 28, 1963

By Robert Rienow and Leona Train Rienow

POLITICAL FRUSTRATION: CAUSE AND CURE

Is there an antidote to the citizen's feeling of helplessness in his struggle with the anonymous "they" of bureaucracy?

OUR TELEPHONE rang at 11:15 the other night, an unusual hour for us. It was a doctor's wife and her voice was urgent and distressed. "Did you hear that they're planning to put a four-lane thruway right across Butler Sanctuary in Westchester County?" she asked. (We had.) "I feel strongly about this. I was brought up in that beautiful section. It will *destroy* the sanctuary. Can't it be stopped?"

We pointed out that the Governor had finally withdrawn his opposition to the project.

"Well, I want to protest. I've got to do something. I know how people down there feel about it. But what can I do? Shall I write the Governor? Is there somebody in Albany I might go see? Should I protest to the Public Works Department? Or to someone in Washington—since this is a federally sponsored road? I feel utterly helpless. *Who* makes all these arbitrary decisions and then springs them on us without a hearing? Can't you tell me what I—one citizen—can do to make myself heard?"

As a professor of government and politics, one of the authors has received numerous calls of this kind, most of them desperate. And lately they have become more numerous than ever. True enough, surveys indicate that the average American is so self-engrossed that he becomes actively aroused only when government threatens his immediate interests. But there is a conscientious segment of the population whose ranks are swelling. These people find their emotions constantly embroiled with governmental problems and injustices that affect not only their communities but the entire nation, the world, even posterity. It may be rough on them—but they are the nation's hope of survival.

Yet for all their concern, these Americans are overwhelmed by the complexity of issues, tortured by the apparent futility of making any impression in the headlong rush of events. They feel they have become political zeros. Such political frustration in a democracy that supposedly exalts the worth of the individual is a maddening thing. Yet the fault lies not with democracy, nor even with the times. The barriers to man's self-expression are environmental, and he himself has created them.

What, then, are the causes of the individual's frustration today? Is it possible for him to overcome them, to make his voice heard in the throng? How can the conscientious American make himself count?

The social analyst finds that, in many cases, bureaucracies and associations form the walls between the citizen and his government. We have surrendered to the one with the craven abjectness of a peon; we have embraced the other in a kiss of death to a portion of our personal integrity.

When the Department of Defense litters outer space with copper needles we bow humbly to military omniscience. When the Atomic Energy Commission blandly assures us that our burden of ingested radiation is within the tolerances it has set, we tend to be duly soothed.

Our awe of bureaucracy is suggested by the fanatic way in which almost all the citizens in the vicinity of our country home at Selkirk, New York, pause at high noon to synchronize their watches with the shriek of the noon whistle at the railway yards. Few of

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them know that the man who daily sets off that whistle does so by referring to a dollar watch he has carried for some thirty years.

Where bureaucracies are concerned, we have come to confuse our role completely. We seem to equate listless acceptance with patriotism; we regard subjection as respect. Only a few days ago a highly trained university professor worriedly reported to us that "they" had doused his country acres with an aerial spray three times in the last week. But because the rain of DDT was part of a governmental project, because it had the blessing of a government agency, it couldn't possibly be harmful, could it?

Yet he had not heard the oriole since. And he thought that he saw fewer birds. "This could," he said, "be my imagination." He had such a reverence for the people who collectively make up the government that he could take the kick and come back wagging.

Our credulity as a nation is boundless. Let the Forest Service put its blessing on the term "multiple use" of forest land and the phrase becomes sacred and a cover for any abuse. Because we cherish the image of the Park Service as a dedicated part of this awesome governmental apparatus most of us never question the construction of noisy marinas in national parks, or of wide super-highways that scar natural beauties.

Moreover, we stolidly watch bureaucrats plaster fallout shelter signs on useless retreats—almost certain death traps—and assume they know what they are doing. Christmas trees, we are sure, are removed without harm to the nation's forests as part of a "beneficial thinning operation" because they have a government tag. There can be no residue of pesticides on our sixteen-times-sprayed fruit since "they" would never let that happen.

THIS surrender to an infallible government, this great-white-father fixation, is a carefully nurtured attitude. From infancy we are overshadowed with awe mechanisms, the governmental symbols of domes and pillars, marble and decorated façades, fanfares and military escorts. Pride in government is healthy and good. But unquestioning acceptance of its acts is not democracy; it is absolutism.

Moreover, the fact that we lean on government agencies for much of our information tends to increase our servility. It is "they" who take our censuses, collect our statistics, compel us to fill out forms, spend $12 billion a year to harness the brains of the country in research. No wonder the bureaucrats are impressive as they sit all-wise on a mass of figures. Their pronouncements seem to be oracular by reason of the information sources they can command.

Early this year the editor of the *Richmond News Leader*, in opposing the plan to treat 3,000 acres in Norfolk with dieldrin to exterminate the white fringed beetle, voiced this powerful and irritated lament:

"It is not the dieldrin, *per se*, that makes one's hackles rise, any more than it is the flouride *per se*, that Richmond puts in its public water supply. It is rather the bland and autocratic authority behind such programs as these. Papa knows best. Be good, you stupid children! Shut up! We will make the right decision for you."

Because the issues on which public policy must be based are complex, the bureaucrats often discourage wide participation. On July 9, 1962, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon blasted a megaton bomb in the Van Allen belt 250 miles above the earth against the fervent advice of a large part of the scientific community. Although widely condemned as the great goof of the space age, this unhappy event has had no chastening effect on the bureaucrats. In fact, a new governmental development is that the bureaucrats have become policy makers. And, since they are relatively immune to public rage, the citizen feels he has lost command of events.

Furthermore, we are victims of another grim environmental development: the burgeoning of associations. If you should attend a Congressional hearing to offer testimony, what is the first question the chairman asks you? It is: "What group do you represent?" It is not: "What study have you given this problem? What experience have you had in this field? What principles do you believe in?" We have created a new political environment in which, as individuals, we are foreclosed from satisfying political expression. We have inserted a great organizational maze between ourselves and our political decision makers. The citizen seems in many cases to have accepted Mazzini's observation that "collective man is omnipotent upon the earth he treads." He forgets that "collective man" does not tread on earth; he walks on backs—one of which will be the citizen's own.

Groups, Whately observed, "enlist a man's virtues in the cause of his vices." Groups tend to mobilize their power around the mundane survival issues in which a victory is hardly exhilarating or inspiring. The least commendable of organizations are often the most potent. Joining them as we are pressed into doing, we sub merge our individual yearnings in a sea of self-seeking. La Rochefoucauld once wrote that selfishness is the "grand moving principle of nine-tenths of our actions." We have now institutionalized our grosser political demands

"Arnold, what area code did you dial when you phoned for a cab?"

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and fortified them with a corps of professional organizers. We subsidize our greed and starve our ideals.

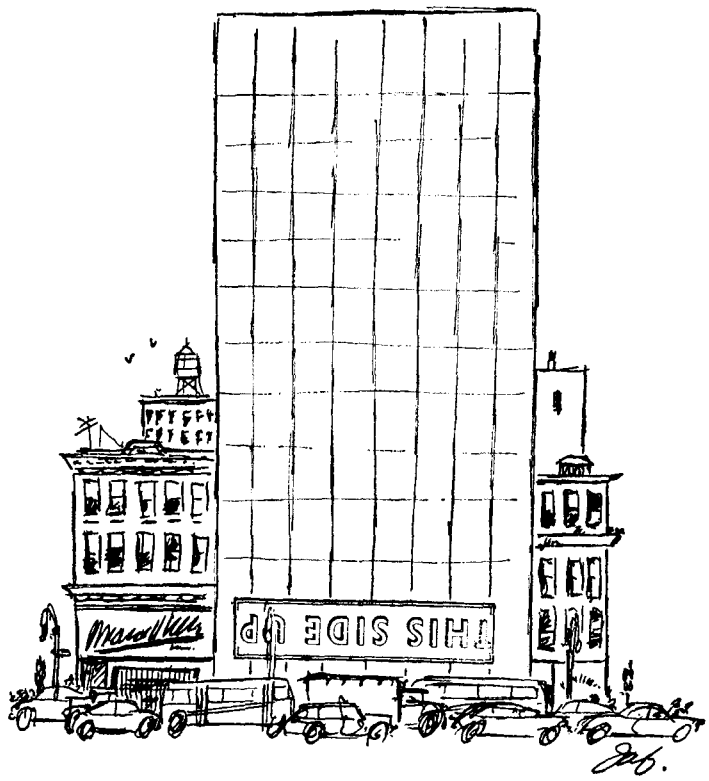
Thus, joining a group for professional and social reasons, we are sometimes shocked to find how we are used to bolster a national lobby that offends us. Joining an organization the better to express ourselves politically, we are invariably shocked to discover that we have become nothing but a statistic. Joining in idealistic admiration of a multi-purpose group's philanthropies (and they are often very worthy) we soon discover that self-seeking can outnumber them ten to one.

What we have got ourselves into is an apparently evolving system in which associational membership is widespread, in which reactions to public issues are screened initially in terms of the organization's advantages, and in which the most cohesive and powerful groups are geared to the lowest common denominator or gravitate toward it. (A recent and fascinating survey by Roland L. Warren, *The Community in America,* indicates that men's groups are more often thus "geared" than are women's groups; in women, individual happiness tends to outrank group loyalty.)

American exaltation of the group shrinks the role of the individual because the association establishes a vested interest that its members are committed to support. When the tribe goes head-hunting it is hard to excuse yourself to hoe the vegetable garden.

Too often the citizen knows very little of the purposes and drives of the organization he blindly, and for one reason or another, joins. He mumbles the initiation ceremony while wondering what the refreshments will be. We are thus trapped by our own organizational energy. Newscasts, press conferences, the instantaneous transmission of events, tantalize us to response and action. But we are blocked from effectiveness by the priority which we (and consequently our lawmakers) give the group in our political process. In accepting a goal that falls far short of our own, and giving our name and selves to it, we commit political prostitution. And political prostitution not only aggravates the frustration of the well-intentioned citizen, but is also a serious national disservice.

It is far from our purpose to damn all organizational activity. What is lamnable is the almost invariable gravitation of the *system* toward the greediest and basest of goals. There are, to be sure, a variety of groups whose goal is not to foster the privileges of a single class or profession, but to work for a certain specific goal,



often idealistic and nonprofit in nature. To offer oneself to such an organization may open up an important avenue for personal political expression. Since the member joins the group because of its goal, its drive enlarges and gives voice to his own.

This type of association, however, represents only a minute segment of the multitude of groups. Thus two vast institutional developments—the infallible bureaucracy and the ponderous group organization—mark our political life and underline our frustration. When Emerson reminded us that every great institution "is but the lengthened shadow of a man," he added tellingly: "Let a man, then, know his worth, and *keep things under his feet.*" How can we get bureaucracy and groups under our feet again?

WE can, in the first place, make an immediate change in our attitude toward officials. They are not supermen. They are not omniscient. All we need do is recall the fiasco of the Green River of Wyoming and Utah, where, with the blessing of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, a poisoning program was inaugurated between September 4 and 8, 1962, on a section of the river to get rid of certain fish and thereby make a home for trout. But the poison did not confine itself as the experts predicted; it diffused into great stretches of the water. The river became a thing of death and putrefaction for 100 miles below the area.

Is the Food and Drug Administration merely a "service agency for the pharmaceutical industry" as was charged under oath by an employee (since discharged)? Or should our unreasoning faith in the FDA stamp diminish because of the "tolerance levels" of literally hundreds of deadly insecticides which it permits in our foods? Why not realistically face the fact that the FDA is so overburdened and understaffed that it cannot possibly patrol even 1 per cent of the foodstuffs on the American market? If we want more thorough inspections, we shall have to arrange for, and pay for, them.

An individual citizen's act of protest may seem futile when measured against the awesome structure of government. But a critical attitude, if widely adopted, cannot help having its effect. When, for instance, the Atomic Energy Commission proposed Project Chariot, a harbor-blasting project in Eskimo hunting country, and buttressed its case with assurances of the harmlessness of the undertaking, there were some doubters among scientists. When the rather pathetic letter from the Eskimos to the United States Government ("Please, sirs, we don't wanted to be hurted like all the other peoples of the world") went unheeded, these dissident scientists got busy. They built careful biological studies to show how the pristine Arctic wilderness *would* be contaminated with radioactivity—and publicized them. The AEC retreated—temporarily, at least.

Besides adopting a critical attitude,

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we must, through our Congressional representatives, keep a much closer watch on the public relations activities of our official administrators. Bureaucrats are making decisions for us. But must we also employ for them "image builders"? We are in fact supporting a vast conglomeration of "public relations" offices whose chief job is apparently to hide the confusion that exists in our government agencies. How much tax money do we want to spend to keep ourselves happily sedated?

Further, what we vastly need is less finger-pointing at so-called do-gooders, muckrakers, and busybodies. If you are fortunate enough to have a friend, neighbor, or colleague who has the audacity to challenge officialdom over some despotic act, recognize in him the vitality the nation needs. If our system is to flourish it must be in a lively climate of protest and debate. "The sufficiency of my merit," said St. Augustine, "is to know that my merit is not sufficient."

How, then, can we patrol the various groups of which we are members? For one thing, in between the cocktail parties at your group's national convention, why not pay some heed to the resolutions (which eventually may be used to influence government and to which our name will be, willy-nilly, attached)? At the last annual meeting of the National Council of Social Studies one of the authors tried offering an unsolicited resolution from the floor. It was a resolution that challenged the basic policy of the officers in inviting industrial public relations firms into the classrooms of our impressionable young people. It threw the well-planned meeting into a dither—and came within a couple of votes of passing.

When your local organization sends its delegates to the national meeting, why give them a *carte blanche* to thwart every ideal you may have? Delegates should be strictly accountable to the openly arrived-at opinions of the membership in a debated pre-convention meeting. What else makes any sense at all?

GREAT and ponderous associations seem as immovable as a dead whale on a beach. But we can hack up their massive tyranny by denying the central organization the solidarity on which it traffics. A disclaimer by a local chapter or post or assembly is like a leak in a rag doll; the national association soon loses face. Here is a grand heretical opportunity to cut our associations to size—by passing contrary resolutions to counter the impression of self-seeking unanimity.

We can cease squirming and indulging in sophisticated smirks when the "cornball" in our group meetings holds up the business and insists on being *shown* that the professionals who run the headquarters have all the answers. As Haskel Frankel reminds us: "It takes a live fish to swim upstream; any dead one can float down."

More important, we can carefully discriminate in the organizations to which we give ourselves, our money, time, name, and heart. Is thumbing through the membership cards in your wallet like paging the city directory? Perhaps you are supporting quite a few more organizations than you can watch. In how many of these groups is your membership perfunctory, a thoughtless contribution to a materialistic and selfish cause that adds nothing, and indeed, detracts, from the civic ideals you have set for yourself? Hawthorne knew that every individual is important in some respect—"whether he chooses to be so or not."

To accept frustration as a political mode of life—to concur in the evolution of massive institutions that park their great bulk like a fat man on the center aisle of policy-making, blocking your entry—is to abdicate as an American and a person. We can turn away from every frustration and busy ourselves in working out a better martini recipe. We can dote on our personal woes until we become candidates for a $25-an-hour rest on a couch. Or we

can think and react as greatness thinks and reacts to political frustration.

Beethoven had just gone deaf to his beloved music. He lived with the shadow of consumption constantly hanging over him, betrayed by the woman he loved and despondent almost to death. And yet he could still rise magnificently to meet the political issues of the early 1800s, and out of these drew self-esteem, fulfilment, and greater music than he had ever before written, music splendid and strong.

Your self-expression as a sensitive, public-minded individual may not be a world-shattering symphony. It may be a small park you helped save from a bulldozer. It may be an unsprayed countryside where the meadow larks and tanagers still sing. It may be the revocation of a special-privilege law, or the infusion of a long-overdue conscience into one of your local organizations. It may be the shaking of local apathy in regard to a nuclear war. It may be the writing of a needed exposé, or the inciting of healthy criticism where there had been apathy and indifference before.

Someday soon, let us hope, a Congressman at a public hearing will ask of the testifier, not "What group or agency do you represent?" but "What do you, *as a person and citizen*, think about this proposition?"

Only then will Americans have redeemed their unique and illustrious heritage. Only then will the individual again have come into his own.

Herself to Herself

By Robert Graves

AFTER close, unembittered meditation
She gave herself to herself, this time for good;
Body and heart re-echoed gratitude
For such a merciful repudiation
Of debts claimed from them by the neighborhood—

Not only friends, and friends of friends, but lovers
Whom in the circumstances few could blame
(Her beauty having singed them like a flame)
If they had hoarded under legal covers
Old promissory notes signed with her name.

And though to stand once more on the firm road
From which by misadventure she had strayed,
So that her journey was that much delayed,
Justified the default of duties owed,
What debt of true love did she leave unpaid?

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THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

A Time Exposure

—*Photograph courtesy the Museum of Modern Art.*

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN a continuing tradition that spans almost a century, the photographer has been exploring and exposing our native landscape. Motivated by a desire to know what the land is like, to probe its natural structures and sites, he has used his camera as a mirror, a miner's lamp, and a microscope. Consequently, it is in the photographic record that we may trace our changing concept of the natural environment.

Nowhere is this more explicitly defined than in the 200 prints assembled for the current Museum of Modern Art show — one, by the way, that has appropriately been earmarked for countrywide touring as a circulating exhibit. Selected by John Szarkowski, director of the Photography Department (who himself had a chance to reassess the landscape as he traveled cross-country tracking down some of the rare items in the exhibit), the works of nineteen photographers reveal the evolving tradition of landscape as a photographic genre in our country.

Ranging from the 1870s to the present, the camerawork on view offers a capsule course in American history as well as geography. Clearly, explorations of a new continent coincided with explorations in a new medium—a medium that became one of the tools of exploration, encouraging the wave of westward expansion after the Civil War.

The men who served as official photographers to the U.S. Geological Surveys between 1867 and 1879 were mainly interested in terrain and topography. Their primary task was not one of esthetic consideration but of cold-fact recording. That the work of the early frontier lensman often evidenced both was perhaps coincidence, though more likely the happy consequence of truly inventive vision.

Such dedicated reporters as Timothy O'Sullivan and William Henry Jackson were hardly to be deterred by danger or deprivation. During one of the first Geological Surveys, O'Sullivan descended hundreds of feet into the Comstock Lode, burning magnesium wire to get enough light to make the desired interior shots; traveled deep into the desert south of Carson Sink to shoot shifting sand dunes that rose to a menacing 500 feet; thought less about starvation than the loss of his negatives when the survey team's boats capsized in the Colorado River.

Both the quantity and the quality of frontier photography are impressive in view of the limitations imposed by uncharted terrain, uncooperative weather, and cumbersome equipment. Jackson carried with him a portable darkroom in a 30″x15″x15″ wooden box, a stereo camera, an 8x10- and later a 20x24-inch camera. At high elevations, snowflakes trapped on a rubber blanket substituted for running water; melted snow made the developing and fixing solutions; final washing of the plates had to wait for more accommodating temperatures of hot-spring water. As yet, there were no filters to define clouds and the horizon, no fast emulsions to counteract overcast skies or "stop" the motion of cascading water and wind-tossed branches. Shooting could scarcely be a casual matter—a fact some authorities believe may account for the excellence of the negatives that survived.

JACKSON himself described the attitude of the Survey photographer: "We chose those [views] of distinctive interest, from a scenic as well as a geological standpoint. Our object primarily was to gather such pictures as would reflect the notable features of the regions we were exploring." And Chittenden's *Guide to Yellowstone* characterized their contribution: "The chief value of these explorations was not in the line of original discovery, but in the large collection of accurate data concerning the entire region. . . . Description might exaggerate, but the camera told the truth; and in this case the truth was more remarkable than exaggeration."

Among the frontier landscapists' contemporaries for whom rugged wilderness life held little appeal was Henry Hamilton Bennett. The Dells along the Wisconsin River gave him a gentler

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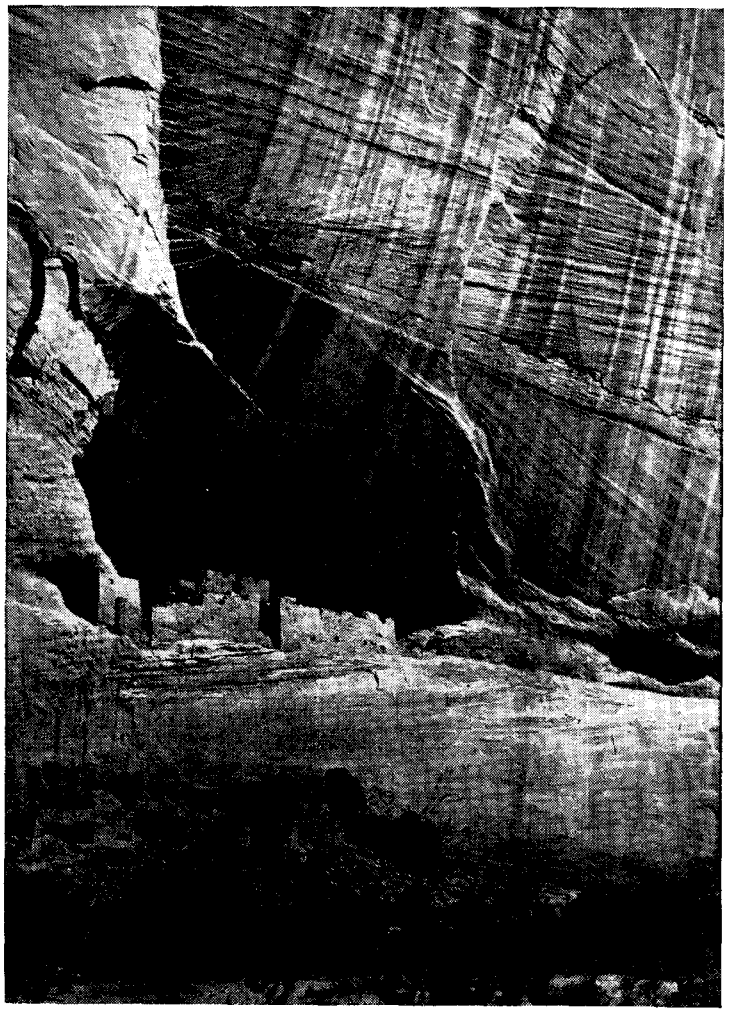


T. H. O'SULLIVAN: "Canyon of Chelle" (West of the Hundredth Meridian, 1873)—tiny human figures, towering canyon walls, treacherous terrain tell the frontier photographer's story.

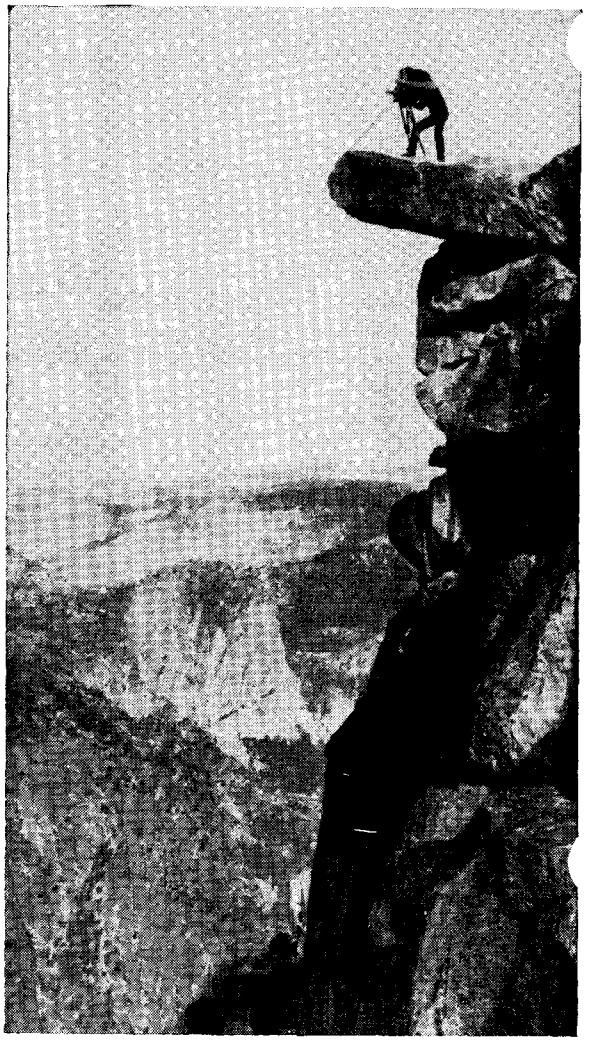
HENRY HAMILTON BENNETT: "In and About the Dells of the Wisconsin River—on Top of Stand Rock" (c. 1895)— a gentler, friendlier view of the natural site.

view of nature. Where mountains no longer dwarfed men and caves became cool havens there could be a friendly *entente* between human beings at their habitat. And this was the spirit of the landscape Bennett captured for a world awakening to the more poetic uses of the land.

While the frontier still survived in the farther reaches of the Pacific Northwest where Darius Kinsey had taken to the woods to document the life of the loggers, the twentieth century heralded experimentation and revolt. The rigidly representational gave way to the more fluid rendering of subjects; the camera reporter ceded to the photographic artist of the new "American School." Simplicity of design, an almost linear composition reminiscent of the Japanese print and Whistler, studied selection of picture elements, stark shadows, soft focus, manipulation of tone and texture—these stamped the

(*Continued on page* 32)

WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON: "Glacier Point, Yosemite" (c. 1895)—"our object . . . to reflect the notable features of the regions we were exploring."



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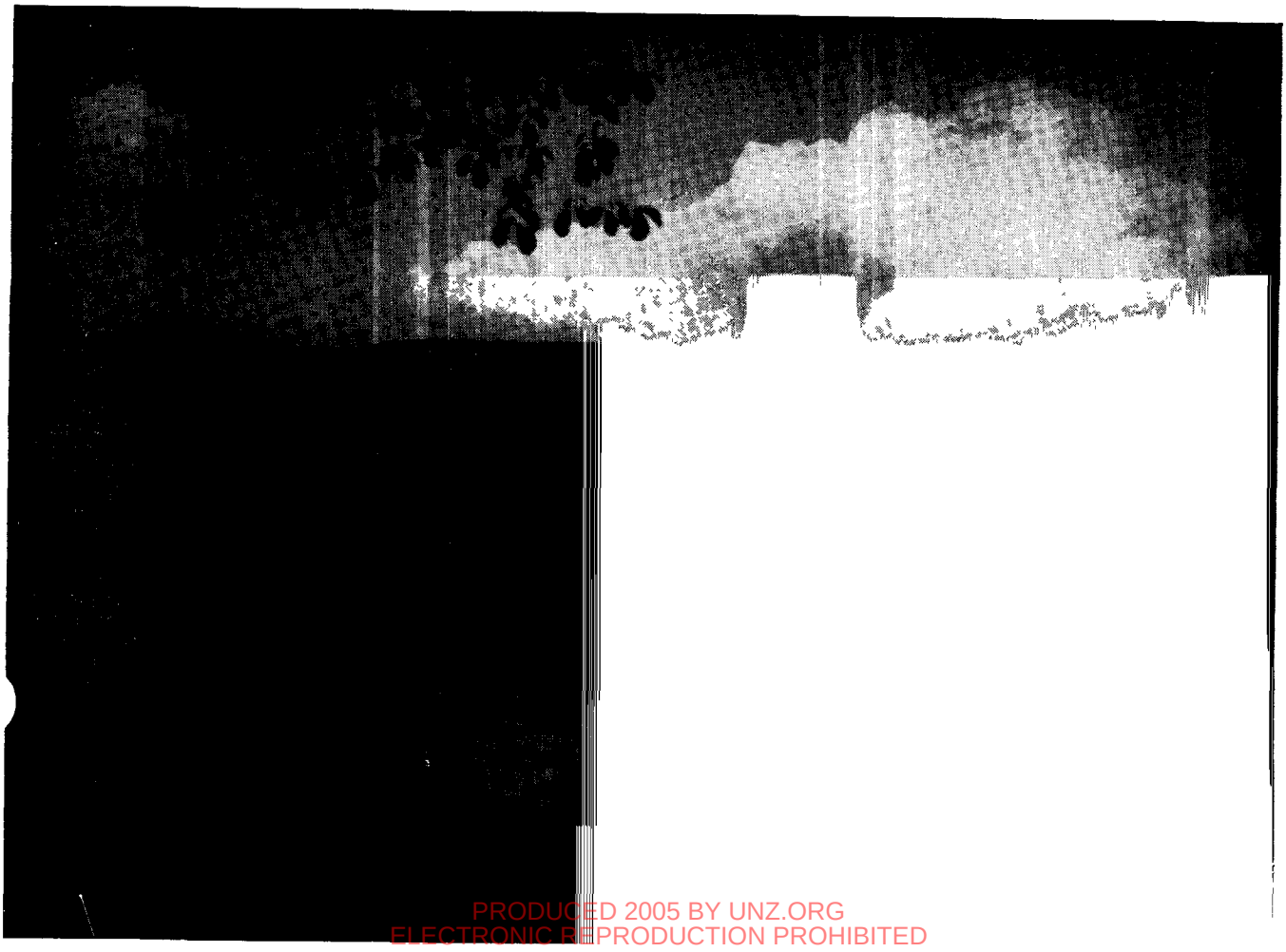
DARIUS KINSEY: "Cedar, 20 Feet in Diameter" (c. 1900)—record of life in a logging town presaged death of great forests.

EDWARD STEICHEN: "The Big White Cloud" (1903)—soft focus, simple linear composition romanticize landscape in tradition of Whistler and the Lake Poets.



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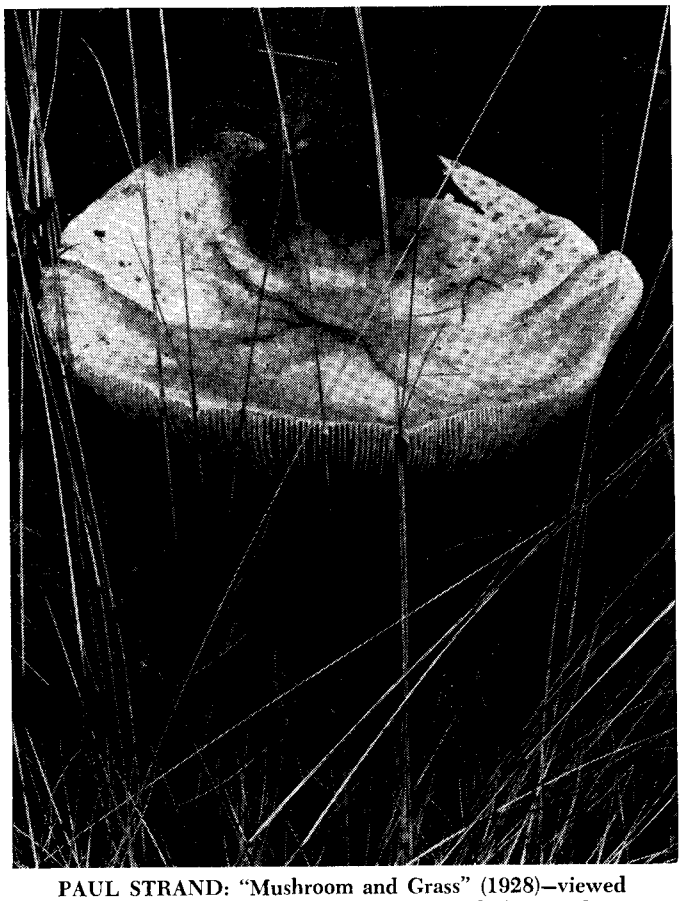

PAUL STRAND: "Mushroom and Grass" (1928)—viewed close-up, microcosm of a single natural form echoes structure and rhythms of the larger landscape.

esthetic innovations of men like Steichen and Stieglitz who used their cameras to interpret rather than mirror the landscape.

Once the lens was admittedly an interpreter, the camera-eye became the "camera-I," the conscious medium of self-expression. Pictures of the landscape revealed the nature of the photographer as much as the scene of nature. Natural objects were symbols—and those symbols had meaning only because they were meaningful to the person photographing them. Separated by only a few years—yet worlds apart—are the Stieglitzian statement and Bennett's confession that he was a landscape specialist because "You don't have to pose nature, and it's less trouble to please."

In the hands of an artist, in a powerful personality of large vision, the more egocentric approach may be the shortest distance to great discovery. Such certainly was the case of Edward Weston, whose mastery of light, space, and mood crystallized the meaning and

(*Continued on page* 34)

ANSEL ADAMS: "Ice and Cliffs," Kaweah Gap (1934)—mastery of light, space, and elemental mood makes exquisite harmony of landscape's dissonant substances.

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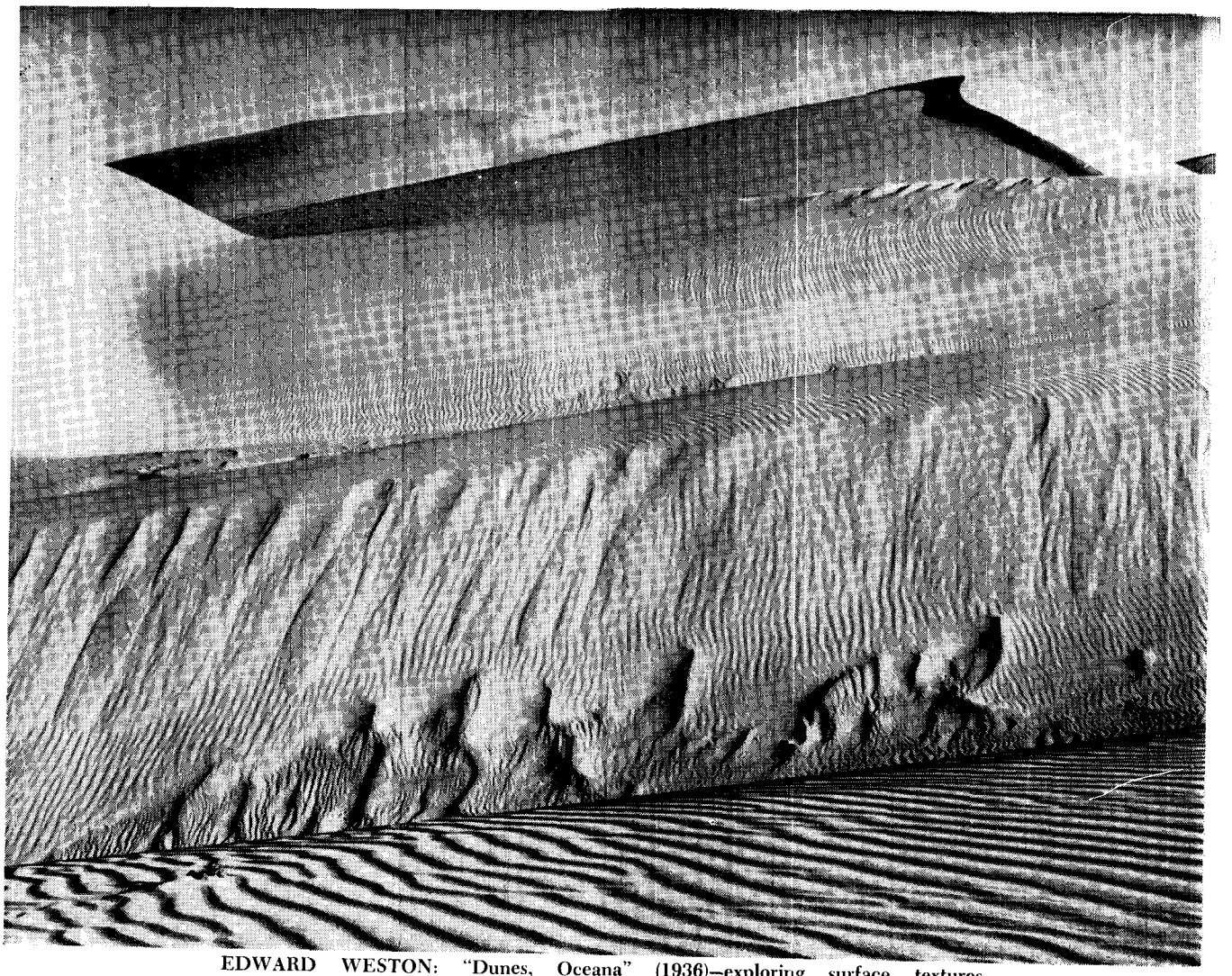

EDWARD WESTON: "Dunes, Oceana" (1936)—exploring surface textures, rhythmic forms, and contours yields a sensuous yet spiritual interpretation of nature.

H. BRADFORD WASHBURN: "Great Bering Glacier near Cape St. Elias, Alaska" (1938)—aerial camera sees the land in new perspective.

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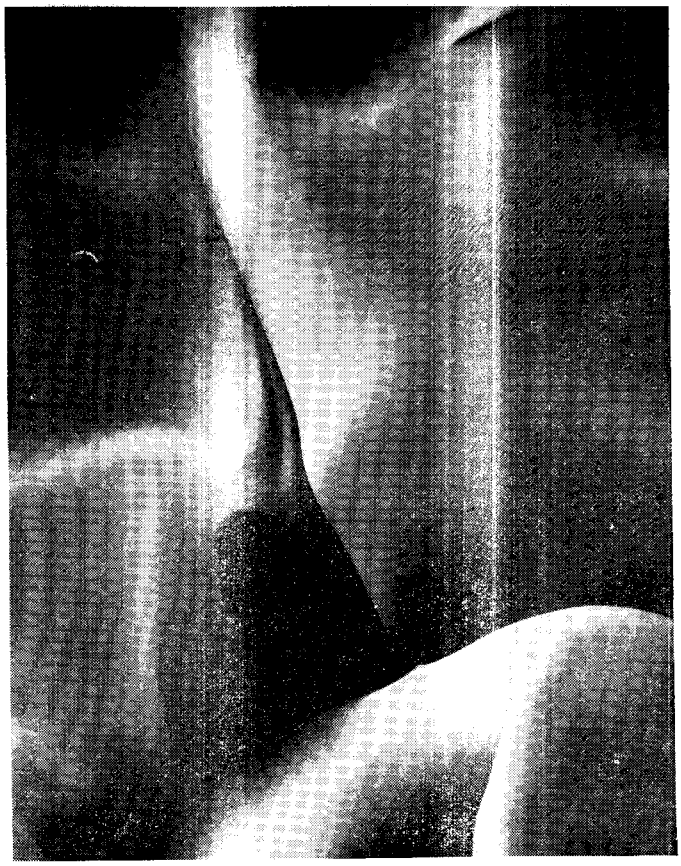

WILLIAM GARNETT: "Nude Dune, Death Valley" (1954) —camera-eye-in-the-sky reveals anagrammatic subject.

beauty of his landscape subjects for all who see them.

Seeking more challenging adventures in vision, some have used their cameras to expose the landscape from other than eye level. Washburn and Garnett ride the skies to find a new visual frame of reference; Strand and Caponigro focus on the "little landscape" that echoes nature's larger architecture. Still others manifest different motivations: Ruohomaa, the palliative to be found in the pastoral scene and a love of the land; Current, the insistence on the "real fact" instead of the symbol; Sinsabaugh, a need to express anew the sweeping space of the Midwest; Ansel Adams and Eliot Porter, a reverence for what remains of the nation's scenic resources.

Different though their aims and attitudes may have been over the years, the photographers preoccupied with recording the American landscape have given the world fresh insights, new ways of defining the wonders of natural structure. John Szarkowski summarizes their achievement: "Among them they have peeled away, layer by layer, the dry wrapper of habitual seeing."

PAUL CAPONIGRO: "Untitled" (Rock Wall #2, 1959)—patterns of "little landscape" repeat nature's larger architecture.

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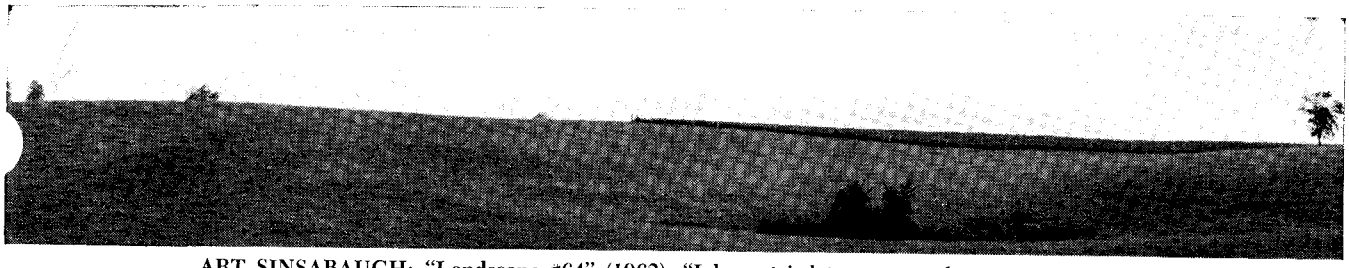
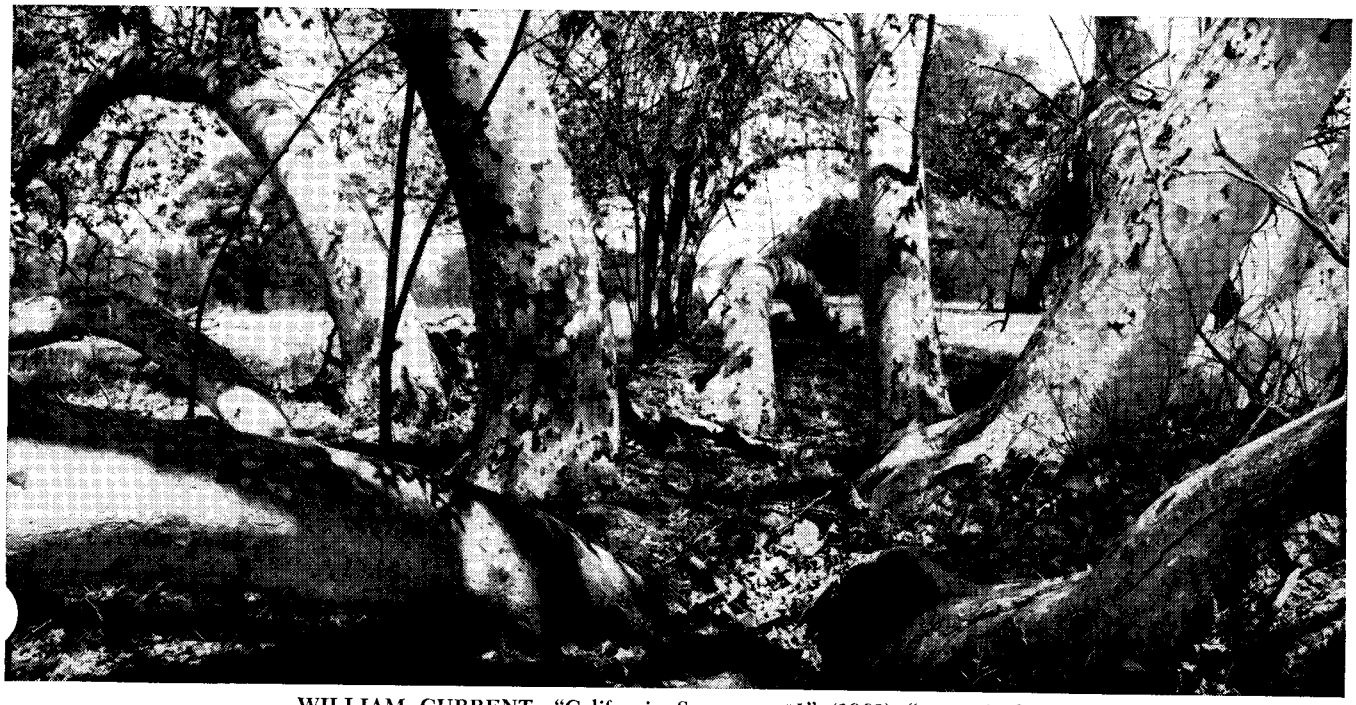


ART SINSABAUGH: "Landscape #64" (1962)—"I have tried to express the great vastness of space . . . spatial relationships are given new emphasis by eliminating unnecessary elements."



WILLIAM CURRENT: "California Sycamore #1" (1963)—". . . tired of the otherness of things, I would now like to photograph the real fact."

KOSTI RUOHOMAA: "Horses in the Mohawk Valley" (1945)—peaceful pastoral scene records land tamed by a loving hand.

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Football and the College

BIG-TIME football is the major point of contact beween the American college or university and the American people. Year after year, it succeeds in putting the college into the headlines. Mention Notre Dame to ten Americans and nine of them will immediately think of football rather than the university's substantial achievements in scholarship and research. The same is true of the University of Oklahoma, the University of Alabama, Ohio State University, and at least three dozen other large schools.

There's no point in side-stepping the fact: Football is the means by which many people who have a stake in a college—whether alumni or students or townspeople—can claim excellence in the war of comparisons and competition that rages endlessly through so many aspects of modern life. It is an instant basis for conversation and debate. It also furnishes the Image.

It enables a school to stand high in public favor. At a time when it is important to be talked about and written about, big-time football is the Number One college activator. It is also a billion-dollar business.

It is unrealistic, therefore, to expect codes of agreement for maintaining strict amateurism to be honored. The recruiting will continue, no matter what is done to disguise it or perfume it. So will the bonuses and salaries to talented players, whether under the name of scholarships or special awards, even though some of the "students" would have difficulty in getting past the second year in any self-respecting high school. And the college presidents will still have to swallow hard, cross their fingers, and look the other way.

It is unnatural, unreasonable, and futile to expect college presidents to lead the way to de-emphasization of football, even though many of them would cheerfully consign the whole business to hell if they could find some easy way of doing it. The pressure on a college president from the alumni, the students, and the community in general to bring in a good coach and develop a first-rate football squad is far greater than the pressure to find and develop outstanding scholarship and research. The secret of survival lies not in ignoring the pressures but in knowing how to balance them without being thrown off balance yourself.

What to do?

There is no point in calling for the abolition of big-time college football. As well clamor for the abolition of the college itself. Football is completely metabolized into higher education. It gives too many people a chance to exult, proclaim, jump up and down, and identify themselves with deeds of heroism. Besides, football is one of the most eye-catching of all sports. Nothing is prettier than a fake line plunge that turns into a screen pass, with the runner spinning and pirouetting down the sidelines until he cuts toward the center, when he picks up down-field blocking for the final power spurt to the goal line.

No, don't abolish college football. All that is necessary is to take the fantasy and hypocrisy out of it. Stop pretending it is an amateur sport. Recognize and run it as an out-and-out professional enterprise. Allow colleges to sponsor professional teams. Regard football as a legitimate money-making and prestige activity. Players should not be required to enroll as students or attend classes. Colleges now own and operate, or have substantial interests in, various businesses, large and small. They invest in real estate and maintain large portfolios or stocks in corporations. Why should they not be permitted to invest in a football team, equip it with the finest players they can find, paying them salaries appropriate to their skills, and attracting crowds large enough to help raise revenue for paying decent salaries to the faculty, maintaining a good library, and carrying on a strong program of research?

The question is not whether football should be regarded as a proper activity of American colleges. That question has already been affirmatively decided. The question is whether it ought to be continued in its present disguise, cutting into the self-respect of college presidents, making liars and cheats out of faculty members who have to pretend that empty seats are occupied and that phantoms are scholars, and teaching young men how to take money under the table and then swear they know nothing about it. Far better to hire the performers in the open, the way a college hires janitors or night watchmen or other persons essential to the operation of a school, than to maintain an elaborate disguise which no one believes.

If the proposal seems far-fetched, shift gears for a moment. Is there any difficulty in imagining a university acting as sponsor for a symphony orchestra? Members of the orchestra would be skilled professionals, of course. It would be absurd to require them to be students who pretend to take full part in the academic program. All that would count would be the ability of the orchestra to distinguish itself and the university by the excellence of its music and its service to the local and national community. Why shouldn't college football teams be operated on the same basis?

There is no point in arguing that it would be awkward or inappropriate for the American college to associate itself with professional sports. It is doing so already. What now needs to be done is to call things by their right names—one of the basic purposes of education in the first place. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

GET READY FOR a deluge of unhappy letters from undertakers (pardon, I meant "morticians") after David Cort's review of Jessica Mitford's *The American Way of Death* [*SR*, Aug. 31]. These vultures have long reaped a golden harvest from the misery and suffering of others.

I do not attend funerals. And more and more people, I find, are shocked at the cheap imitations of Roman orgies presented these days as "services for the loved ones."

BILL WALLACE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I MUST EXPRESS SHOCK that *SR* would print such a review as David Cort's "Ambush on the Styx." It represents a type of "sensation" story that should be saved for the front pages of a cheap newspaper. I am not a funeral director, but, through my connections and friendships with many of them, I can tell you that this review contains a goodly collection of lies. . . .

I regret the author's use of the term "undertaker." The mortician of today is one skilled in biology, chemistry, and many aspects of medicine as well as the practice of embalming, restorative art, and general funeral directing. I further regret the author's implication that a funeral director is always a rich man. Many times he is not. His expenses are high and endless. His investment in a funeral home is great. I also object to the author's statement that a funeral today is pagan, but was not in the early part of the last century. If the author is willing to call today's funeral pagan, then what does he call the funeral of earlier times when an all-night vigil was kept over the corpse for many nights in succession and the common funeral rite ended with the whole family kissing the body of the departed?

The fact that a death certificate must be signed by a licensed funeral director, and the body removed by him, is a commonsense health regulation. The funeral director is equipped with the most modern equipment to rid the body of disease and germs that might have built up prior to death.

There is no regulation that a body must be "cosmetized, mechanically primped, embalmed, dressed and shod, expensively coffined, and exposed to the general view. . . ." This is a gross exaggeration of the truth. And where the author contrived the figure of $1,450 as an average funeral cost is beyond my imagination, since most morticians place the figure between $700 and $1,000, depending on the area in question.

WILLIAM SWATOS.

Newfoundland, N. S.

JESSICA MITFORD'S *The American Way of Death* reminds me of my own front-line experience in her battlefield.

A few years ago I worked as a copywriter in an advertising agency that specialized in preparing ads for about eighty undertakers. I was permitted to read mail that came from these men after a pledge that I would never reveal its contents. In fact, it was stamped "secret" to ward off curious secretaries.

Perhaps I am not breaching a confidence when I say that, as a group, undertakers not only prey on people who have been struck by tragedy, but also pray for the worst.

I recall a letter from an undertaker in southern Missouri who complained that a mysterious malady, which was killing people up North, wasn't moving down South fast enough. Such mail was typical.

Undertakers, I discovered, love the long weekend holidays, such as Independence Day, because of the traffic deaths they cause. They hope for winter when it's summer, because respiratory diseases are often fatal. A prolonged heat wave is welcomed since it's hard on the old folks. A small war, during which a few bodies may be returned for burial, brought expressions of appreciation.

The discovery of a new antibiotic or vaccine was cause for consternation. It was surprising how many letters objected to the extending of human life through science, because it was against God's will. There were letters objecting to safety belts and safety campaigns, although I admit such mail often sounded facetious.

The undertakers used all kinds of tricks to make high profits. The most common, as anyone knows, was to display no casket under $600 (the figure has probably gone up now due to inflation). They sent hams to families that favored them with a funeral, and urged them to pass the word around. They rubbed shoulders with police officers so as to be tipped off in case of a fatal accident. A common device was to get chummy with personnel in hospitals.

My experience in the undertaking area led me to write a provision in my will that on my death I am to be placed in a pine box and buried in a military cemetery. It's the only way I know to beat the racket.

STEVEN TEDOR.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Ten o'clock and all's well."

SOLDIER'S-EYE VIEW

GENERAL S. L. A. MARSHALL'S review of *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay* [*SR*, July 6] requires an answer. He criticizes me for not writing on a subject of interest to him. He is not interested in reading unvarnished statements by Indian Wars enlisted men, about the realities of their lives and the system in which they served. I suspect that his violent, emotional response stems from the fact that such material is unacceptable to one whose life has been spent as a career officer. Perhaps he detects this author's contention that military life was, and largely still is, lived within the confines of a basically unhuman system — disregarding basic drives and values. As the reviewer states, ". . . he didn't understand the tune." This book is social as well as military history, in which the subjects are viewed first as men and second as soldiers, a view General Marshall does not seem to understand.

I am berated for discussing factors of life in the frontier army that Marshall says are common to all armies. If he means alcoholism, degradation of the rank and file, arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of authority, and other unedifying features of Indian Wars army life, then I must certainly plead

(*Continued on page* 42)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Lighting the Playwright's Way

ONE of the things that frustrates today's American playwrights is the fact that, even at the moment of creation, they must take into account the mechanical difficulties and prohibitive costs of producing on Broadway a play whose action is spread over a number of different locations. Edward F. Kook's *Images in Light for the Living Theatre*, a new and searching investigation supported by a grant from the Ford Foundation in its Program for Studies in the Creative Arts, goes a long way toward solving this problem. For to replace the heavy scenery that must be pushed and pulled into place while the play waits, two projectors could simply cross-fade from one image (cast on background screens) to another. Thus the play could move from slum to palace in a fraction of a second. While the Broadway producer may happily anticipate a resultant saving of as much as 15 per cent in his production and operating costs, it is not on the basis of economy that Mr. Kook has approached his subject. His primary interest lies in the esthetic advantages this technique could have both for playwright and audience.

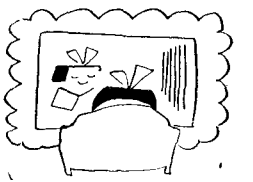
Among those advantages are 1) making possible continuous action from one setting to another; 2) enriching audience experience with a more beautiful and lively background than can be furnished by the painted drop; 3) furnishing the playwright and the director with an additional means of precisely controllable emphasis, of subtly suggested symbolic or atmospheric overtone, or of overt action that is related to inner thought, remembered event, or significant social or psychological comment; and 4) encouraging the use of better painting in the theatre by directly transmitting the artist's work to the audience.

But all this is not as easy as it sounds. Mr. Kook has exhaustively investigated the projection equipment available here and abroad, and has found that manufacturers need to develop projectors that will give greater brightness. And, as head of one stage lighting company, he is planning some experiments, in cooperation with the UCLA Theatre Arts Department, with new and more powerful light sources. Equally important, he is making the data and conclusions of his study available to his competitors.

In one section of his report he publishes some of the comments of directors and designers on the projection technique. His conclusion is that the biggest obstacle to its use is the unfortunate fact that it has too often been used by people who regard it merely as a way to save money, rather than by artists who are sufficiently convinced of its potential esthetic advantages to be willing to make whatever adjustments are necessary for its optimal functioning.

Mr. Kook lists these adjustments in minute detail. For the shallow stages of most Broadway playhouses they are formidable enough to make projection virtually unusable except as an adjunct to painted scenery. But this is not to say that such an adjunct is not important. He cites Jo Mielziner's use of projected leaf patterns in *Death of a Salesman* as a considerable symbolic enrichment of the story. And he points out that the changing, abstract cloud shapes in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* give that one-set production a subtle variety.

He admits, however, that a fully integrated use of projections, such as in *Journey to Jerusalem*, is rare on Broadway because it requires so much time and patience to match the brightness of the actor with that of his projected surroundings, and because the



acting space is reduced by the necessity of keeping the actor away from the projected scenery lest the light on the actor "wash out" the image on the screen. A final drawback, he states, is the slightly audible hum of the fan that is used to prevent the slide from melting under the extreme heat of the lamp.

But Mr. Kook finds hope in the fact that 90 per cent of the new theatres being built around the U.S. *do* have sufficient backstage space for more efficient use of projection technique, and that Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theatre will include permanent installations and booths that will make projection easy to use and absolutely silent. Once this and other permanently equipped theatres begin to use projections *well*, Mr. Kook believes, the playwright will more and more write with this liberating technique in mind.

HENRY HEWES.

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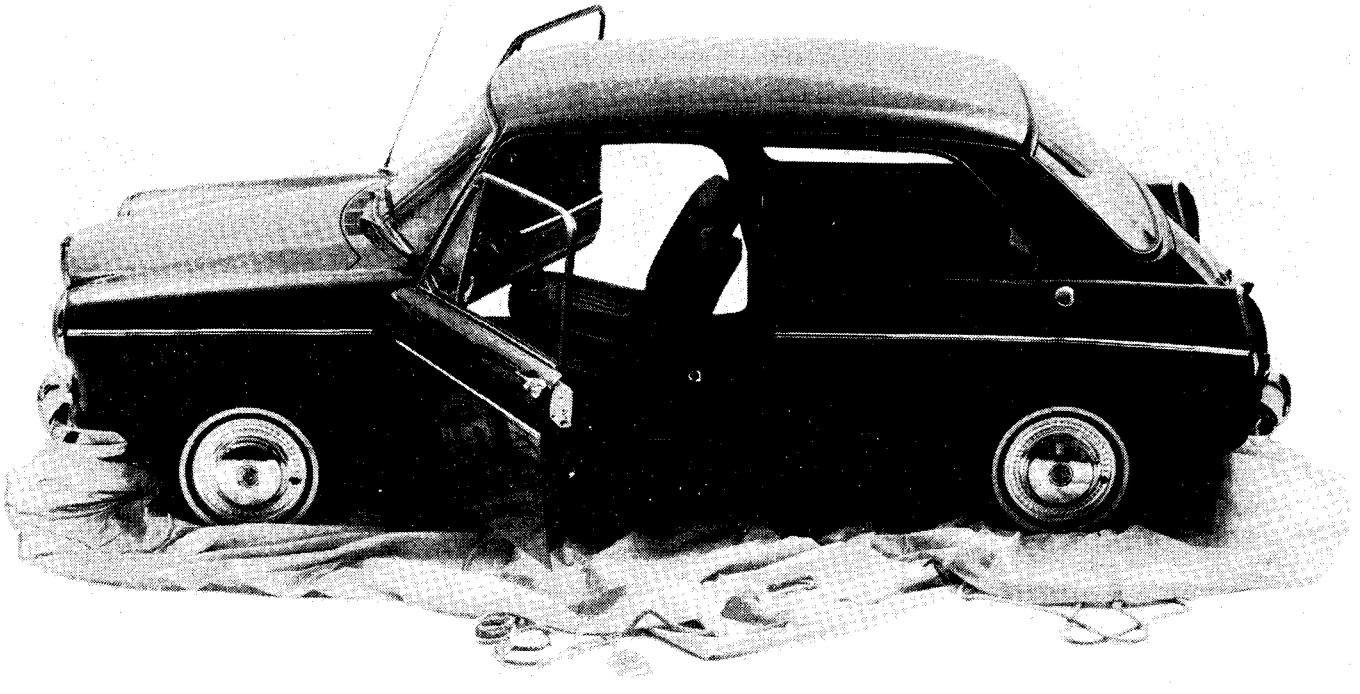
"ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"



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Medieval, Modern, and Macabre

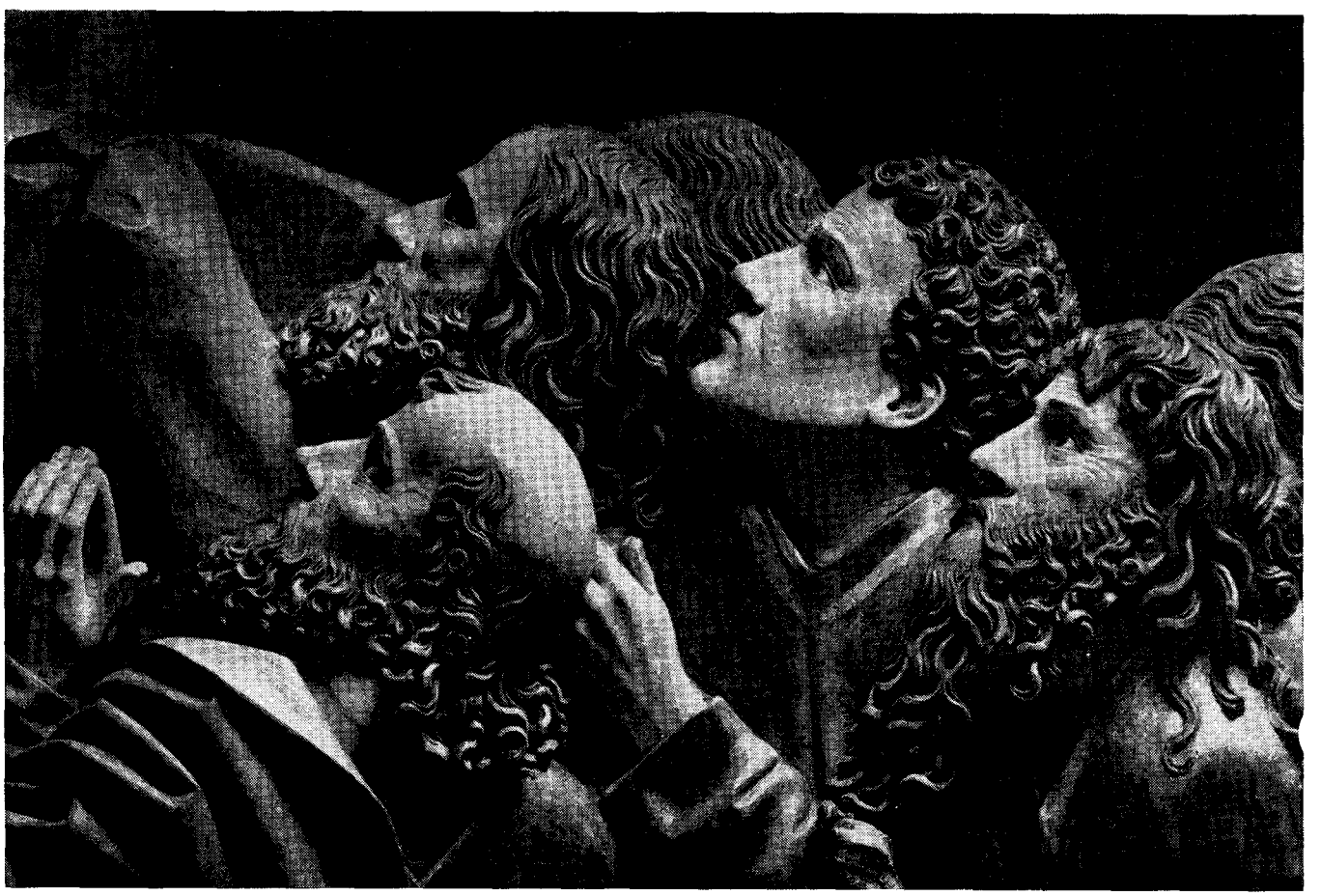
By KATHARINE KUH

POLAND today is a land of contradictions. Warsaw, dully rebuilt without imagination, is the antithesis of Cracow, an architectural gem blessed with one of history's most celebrated medieval masterpieces. Modern art abounds, often enterprising, rarely earth-shaking, and inexplicably divorced from the intense nationalism that pervades the country. Finally, there is Auschwitz, that peerless monument to terror which "outsurrealists" the worst nightmares, yet on the surface appears less sinister than monotonous. The two most overwhelming memories represent the antipoles of human expression. A sublime wooden altarpiece in Cracow's cathedral, carved and painted some 500 years ago by the German sculptor Veit Stoss, and a horrendous factory of death organized only a few years ago by another, but adopted, German "artist," are irreconcilable.

I find myself recalling the Stoss altarpiece with something of the same reverence I felt for Grünewald's masterwork in Colmar and Hugo van der Goes's renowned triptych in the Uffizi. Though I was familiar with photographs of the altarpiece, I was scarcely prepared for its magnitude and sheer magnificence. One can grasp this heroic sculpture only in its own unique setting. There, as the organic climax of a shrouded Gothic church, it mesmerizes throngs of devout Polish believers. In the Soviet Union, important churches have been turned into museums and as such are interesting esthetically, but often lack emotional impact, possibly because authentic emotions vanish with authentic worshippers. Like uninhabited palaces, churches that no longer serve their original purpose are apt to resemble moribund shells.

Veit Stoss and his better-known German contemporary, Tilman Riemenschneider, specialized in woodcarvings of extraordinary vitality. In Stoss's work, drapery and hair coil, snap, and convolute with snakelike sinuosity. Each detail is urgent with life. Fingers and toes belie their usual functions to become disembodied forms energized by frightening hidden forces. It would seem there was nothing Veit Stoss could not do with wood. In his hands, this usually stolid material burgeoned into labyrinths of high and low relief—mannered, intricate, and vastly expressive. The altarpiece in Cracow, his crowning masterpiece, is naïvely realistic and yet so immersed in religious fervor that even an unbeliever is torn by ambivalence.

During the recent German occupation of Poland, the Stoss altarpiece was carefully dismembered and kidnapped, its destination, of course, Germany. Later, when hostilities ceased (though as far as the Poles are concerned, animosities are far from buried), the polyptic was found and returned to Cracow, there to be diligently restored. While I was in Warsaw recently I was shown a film documenting the step-by-step rehabilitation of the stolen masterpiece. At the same government film center I saw a movie commemorating the last days of the Warsaw Ghetto. No words can describe the brutality, misery, degradation, and high courage that are recorded in this film, most of which unbelievably, was photographed by the



Detail from Veit Stoss altarpiece—"immersed in religious fervor."

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Germans themselves and left behind when they fled.

In Poland these days it is impossible to forget recent history. The war and the Nazis are intermingled with every visual experience, be it the rebuilding of Warsaw, the restoration of the Veit Stoss altarpiece, or the preservation of a concentration camp where 2,000,000 people were exterminated. At Auschwitz, the prison is maintained as a public museum. One rainy Sunday I drove there (about five hours from Warsaw) to find myself stunned—first by the overflow crowd of Poles who were arriving in droves via bus, motorcycle, train, and car—and, second, by the camp itself. If anyone doubts that a discussion of this "museum" belongs in an art report, let me say that in all history it would be impossible to find a more effective exhibit of surrealism. Indeed, Auschwitz is the surrealist gallery *par excellence.* For surely the methodical horrors practiced there were related less to our conscious life than to the darkest recesses of our unconscious. Like the diabolical inventions of Bosch, this museum suggests the sadistic dreams of madness. Max Ernst's and Dali's hallucinated paintings are child's play by comparison.

No need to describe here the efficiency of the gas chambers organized on assembly-line principles—this has all been done before. It is interesting to remember, however, that surrealism also makes the impossible seem logical by using familiar trappings to depict the most shocking and irrational events. At Auschwitz, the only concentration camp to my knowledge that has been fully preserved, a macabre portrait gallery adds still another "art" dimension. In the central aisles of innumerable block houses, the Poles have installed thousands of framed, enlarged identification photographs of the camp's victims, mementos left behind by the Nazis. As one walks through this maze of rigidly front-view unsmiling faces—many of them poignantly young, some trusting, some bitter, vulgar, sensitive, cruel, wistful, alert, tender—each looks out at the visitor with a personal accusation. There in those endless corridors, I understood for the first time why the guilt belongs to all of us.

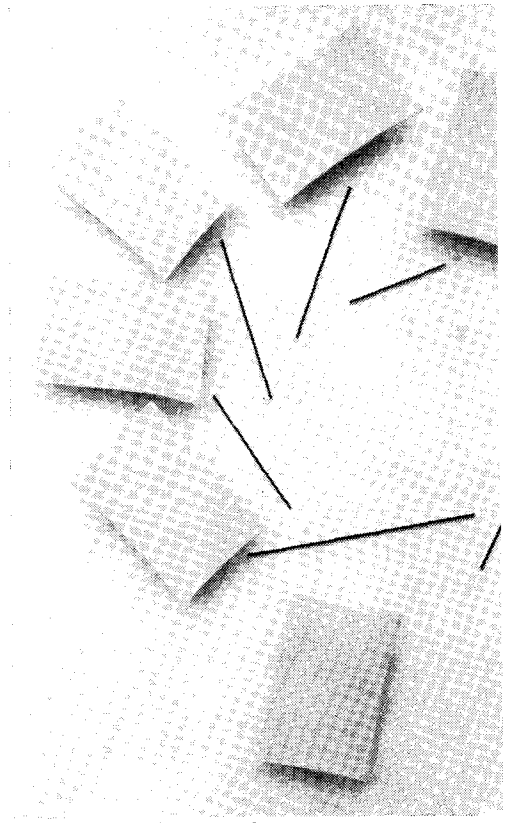
Warsaw, almost 80 per cent destroyed during the war, has been energetically rebuilt but, alas, without appreciable vision or forethought. Instead of earmarking restoration funds for a progressive contemporary city, the Poles, like so many Europeans, have sentimentally reached back into the past, constructing exact imitations of the medieval and Renaissance buildings they lost. Here was an opportunity to benefit from modern technology, to create a new environment adapted to present-day life. Warsaw's nostalgic return to its roots underlines the country's hunger for security, for the warm reassurance of a world it once knew—not surprising in a land that has repeatedly been sliced up, partitioned, and reapportioned.

In addition, the city is plagued by those now familiar Soviet-brand apartment buildings so oppressive as to defy the word "architecture." Rearing up in the heart of Warsaw one finds the inevitable souvenir of Stalin, a pompous pseudo-Gothic civic center reminiscent of the new University in Moscow and the lately named Stalin Allee in East Berlin. Despite all this frenetic reconstruction, not one distinguished modern building has emerged.

Nor in a city that suffered immeasurable human damage is there a single creative monument commemorating the dead. True, there is one—the gutted ruin of the ghetto prison that the Poles have kept intact as a permanent memorial. This mangled building, in contrast to its neatly reconstructed surroundings, is a stabbing relic of recent history. Across from it, a conventional hunk of grandiose sculpture is little better than a tribute to bathos. Why modern war monuments rarely live up to the events that inspired them is an enigma, explained in part by the inhuman scale of scientific warfare. Offhand I can think of only one work that has met the challenge—Picasso's *Guernica.*

IF interesting contemporary architecture is nonexistent in Poland, the same cannot be said of modern painting, or of poster design, woven textiles, and ceramics. Experimental artists of all kinds are working in Cracow and Warsaw, usually specializing in abstractions that reflect a strong international awareness. Though Polish painters are not, as a rule, leaders in the modern movement, they are sophisticated members in good standing. The names of the best known of these men are familiar to Americans as a result of several recent exhibitions in New York galleries and museums. Fangor, Kantor, Lebenstein, Stazewski, Gierowski, and Tchorzewski are among the artists whose work has been warmly received in the United States.

For me the star of the group may well be the oldest, Henryk Stazewski, born in 1894 and one of the acknowledged fathers of nonobjective art in Poland. Much influenced by constructivism and suprematism, he early established friendships with Mondrian, Arp, van Doesburg, Vantongerloo, and above all with the Russian, Malevich. To this day his work retains the immaculate purity that absorbed him from the beginning. His consuming interest has always been the relationship of elementary forms in space, the tensions that are set up by the interaction of these forms. Diametrically opposed is the work of Jerzy Tchorzewski, thirty-four years his junior and an artist of explosive passion. In a recent series of large nonobjective gouache paintings, Tchorzewski slashes out with inflamed color and tortured calligraphy, producing a sense of conflict that recalls his famous forerunner Jackson Pollock. Abstract expressionism has been a strong influence on contemporary Polish art. At present the best-known exponent of the movement is Tadeusz Kantor, a man who tends to tame his spontaneous compositions into a kind of pleasing froth fundamentally at odds with the impulse behind such paintings.



Relief by Henryk Stazewski—"immaculate purity."

If experimental Polish art reveals any single national characteristic, it is a tendency toward exaggerated textures. Daily association with war erosions and scarred rubble may be partly responsible. In any case, most of the younger artists, notably Kantor, Lebenstein, Kobzdez, and Kierzkowski (the latter in both his oils and inlaid cement assemblages), depend on heavy impasto and intensely variegated surfaces. Another characteristic, and very important, is the comparative freedom these men enjoy. In Poland, at least where art is concerned, the Iron Curtain has mercifully become transparent, even pliable.

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Letters

Continued from page 37

guilty. Marshall writes as a newspaperman. The great failing of reporter-written articles and books is a lack of historical depth, perception, and perspective. . . .

Marshall charges me with making platitudinous statements on military axioms, and I will admit the book was not written as a manual for brigadier generals. By this standard, Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* would be platitudinous to a biochemist. *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay* is a book for Americans who would like to know "what it was like" for the enlisted regulars of the 1865-90s Indian Wars.

DON RICKEY, JR.

Omaha, Neb.

RANDOM SAMPLES

REFERENCE IS MADE to Cleveland Amory's article relating to the cruel treatment of animals in medical research laboratories [*SR*, June 1]. It always seems strange to me that those who would protect animals in the laboratory cite only the random occasion when carelessness or cruelty has been practiced. At no time is consideration given to the preponderant number of responsible universities and laboratories where the necessary use of living organisms is humanely and intelligently directed toward medical progress for the benefit of mankind.

There are undoubtedly isolated instances where carelessness and cruelty are practiced. For such instances I do not have any patience, but the entire scientific community should never be condemned for the exceptional few malpractitioners.

JOHN M. CONNOR,
Librarian,
Los Angeles County
Medical Association.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I AM WRITING to protest both the content and the recommendations in a story by Cleveland Amory concerning the use of animals in medical research.

In the name of medical progress and in the name of my own children as well as the children of others who wish to further the medical health of this country, I request that you provide some adequate hearing and adequate opportunity for an opposing point of view to that expressed by Mr. Amory. It is clear that the legislation supported by Mr. Amory's article will obstruct and impair the furtherance of the extraordinary progress in medical research in this country during the past generation. It is also clear that bills proposed and supported by Mr. Amory would have prevented and distinctly impaired investigations which led to such remarkable advancements as the development of Sabin and Salk polio vaccines, or the recently developed measles vaccine, and any number of crucial public health and general health measures developed during the past twenty-five to thirty years. I feel that Mr. Amory is not presenting the full facts, and I feel that responsible medical centers, directly or indirectly, knowingly or unknowingly, do not abuse their responsibilities in the care of laboratory animals.

I further feel that *SR*'s past distinguished record in bringing to the attention of the public the dangers of radiation fallout and continued atomic testing in the atmosphere is grossly inconsistent with the point of view expressed by Mr. Amory. Research quoted in your articles regarding the danger of atomic testing and of radiation fallout could not have been carried out in an atmosphere created by such bills as HR 4856, sponsored by Representative William Randall, or Senate Bill 533 or Senate Bill 1041. . . . The dangers from polio, the dangers from radiation, as well as from a whole multitude of medical ills, can be conquered only with the responsible use of animal research by laboratories, hospitals, clinics, and schools of medicine. Violations of the canons of good practice are rare, and it is unreasonable to impose restrictive legislation far beyond the reasonable needs for responsible control. I would again urge you to present some acceptable alternative to the position assumed by Mr. Cleveland Amory.

Unfortunately, the peculiar persons who are most likely to pursue antivivisection legislation are considerably more likely to write their Congressmen than are researchers and other interested citizens who have strong convictions about the availability of medical research. There is clear evidence from our colleagues in England that legislation such as has been proposed in this country will indeed make a serious dent in the intensity and activity of research investigations. The evidence to indicate the importance of animals in medical research is easy to marshall were it necessary. . . .

ALEXANDER C. ROSEN, Ph.D.,
Chief Psychologist,
Neuropsychiatric Institute,
University of California
Medical Center.

Los Angeles, Calif.

INSIDE STORIES

I WAS INTERESTED in the perceptive questions Robert Lewis Shayon raised in his column concerning the adequacy of the television interview of Lowell D. Skinner [*SR*, Sept. 7]. I was particularly interested in his closing comment that the program "would have been far more valuable if it had spent more time recapturing Skinner's mental war in a Communist prison camp."

There has been a great deal of rubbish, of course, disseminated about "brainwashing" in the Communist POW camps, not only on television but also in books and in Congressional testimony. Indeed, in my judgment we have failed to make adequate use of the very considerable reliable information that is available on this subject in military records, Congressional hearings, and elsewhere.

As a matter of fact, my client, Claude Batchelor, although he has never made any personal specific claim that he himself was brainwashed, did expressly give me to understand, when I undertook his defense as his lead counsel, that his primary interest was to make available to the public the story of the POW camps, and of the Communist brainwashing techniques.

JOEL W. WESTBROOK.*

Waco, Tex.

*Who, after the Korean War, defended Cpl. Batchelor, a former POW, against charges of collaborating with the enemy and informing on fellow POWs; Batchelor was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

"I'm afraid Signor de' Medici isn't going to be happy with this one."

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Where Was the Glory of Greece?

TOURISM on television invites judgment by two yardsticks. Shall a program be measured against the standards of a tour or against those of a dramatic experience? *Tour of the White House*, which CBS presented last year (the President's wife acting as guide), was entirely a visit and could be fairly evaluated on that basis. The same may be said for CBS's Monaco excursion with Princess Grace Kelly Ranier and her husband as hosts. NBC's *Tour of the Kremlin*, on the other hand, because it ventured into the Kremlin's history, could be viewed both as tourism and as an imitation of action. And *Athens, Where the Theatre Began*, the one-hour special which Perry Wolff produced and wrote for CBS recently, also fell into the double category. It had guides (Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne) and it had dramatic ambitions (staked on the performance of excerpts from Greek plays). Billed before air time as "a dramatized exploration of the genesis of the theatre," it sounded like an alluring event to this viewer. But, sad to report, it missed fire both as a tour and as drama.

As a tour it was static. The setting at the Acropolis in Athens was the Theatre of Dionysius—empty save for the hosts and several actors. They stayed around the orchestra, and the camera stayed close to them for the most part. Consequently, we saw the theatre from the players' viewpoint when we were eager to experience it as the ancient Greek spectators did. The Lunts, urbane, volatile, and unpredictable, were asked chiefly to play the roles of program annotators, and the impression was like watching thoroughbred racers pull a wagon. They chatted with each other and related to viewers how the ancient Greeks gathered in the sunlight for the festival plays; how it had begun with religious ritual and chorus; how the actors evolved and how the playwrights eventually turned their attention from gods to men. That the telling was all condensed and simplified for an hour's television is not to be held against it—but it was all too pat. From Aristotle through Nietzsche to the moderns, philosophers and art critics have wrestled with the elusive mysteries of the origins and esthetics of Greek drama—about which one can, of course, only speculate. This is the fun of the subject, but none of the intriguing mental play came through on the program.

If the inscrutable Greeks were treated in a mundanely matter-of-fact way, robbing the tour of much of its potential fascination, the drama was also less than it might have been. Aeschylus was there with a brief excerpt from *Prometheus Bound*, demonstrating tragedy of the early period; Sophocles was represented with a scene adapted from *Antigone*; and a portion of *Lysistrata* spoke for Aristophanes. There is nothing unsound about the lantern-slide technique if the slides are worth showing, but these scenes, directed by Tom Donovan, suggested little of the legendary power and grandeur of the Athenians. In introducing them, Mr. Lunt warned that the excerpts had been freely transposed, cut, and translated. Before the scenes were played he also mentioned the importance of the masks in Greek theatre. The actors (including Alfred Drake, Rosemary Harris, and Donald Madden) carried impressive masks in prologue and immediately whetted interest, but they never wore them while reciting their lines. This deference to modern conventions—or perhaps to production problems—weakened the impact severely.

Mr. Drake was hardly the tyrant Creon, and his playing of the love-hungry husband in *Lysistrata*, without change of appearance, was a difficulty in both performances. Utterly un-Greek was his young son, crying "Mommy, mommy!" to his off-limits mother. We were told that Attic comedy was the progenitor of the modern bedroom

farce; we were not told that it was a great deal more—free-swinging social, political, and philosophical satire. Warning the parents to get the kiddies off to bed before naughty, unprintable Aristophanes came on was rather too coy for the Lunts. S. H. Butcher, in his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, says that "fine art is a copy of a copy, twice removed from truth." *Athens, Where the Theatre Began*, seemed thrice removed. The glory that was Greece was absent.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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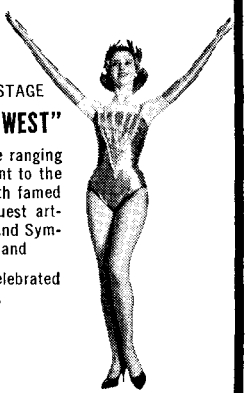

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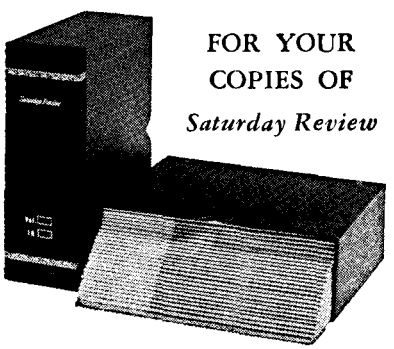

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The Return of the Old Dark Hou.

DANIEL TALBOT has been running a horror cycle in his always interesting New Yorker Theatre in Manhattan, and two of the "classics" shown in the series were *Curse of the Cat People* and *The Body Snatchers*, both directed in the Forties by Robert Wise, who is more recently known for directing and producing the screen version of *West Side Story*. In his "horror" phase, Wise worked under Val Lewton, the late producer who believed in low budgets and high quality when dealing with such subjects as vampires, satanism, spirit possession, black magic, and occult doom. Others who worked in his unit were Jacques Tourneur and Mark Robson. It was Robson who was in the editing room at the time of the processing of *Curse of the Cat People*. There was a certain chilly sequence involving a lady waiting for a bus in a dark Central Park transverse, while in the bushes above her a shape that might have been a big cat, or a woman, moved and rustled about. Suddenly there was an unearthly paralyzing screech, which was only the brakes of the bus being applied, something the audience shamefacedly realized after descending to their seats from mid-air.

Afterwards, whenever a Val Lewton movie needed jacking up, the trade term "the bus" was frequently used. If something was not "bussy" enough during the actual shooting, it could be doctored up later through editing or sound. Mr. Wise, who has both produced and directed *The Haunting* for MGM, has not forgotten the lessons he learned in his early days with Lewton, and he has applied the bus judiciously and, let us say, Wisely. The story, taken from Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*, was adapted by Nelson Giddings and is acted principally by Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Richard Johnson, and Russ Tamblyn, who are brought together in a monstrous old house reputed to be inhabited by malevolent spirits. In the horror genre the film can be said to belong mainly to the categories of spirit possession and occult doom, two of the field of psychic phenomena that a scientist, Dr. Markway, is enthusiastically investigating.

For his control group he has assembled a spinsterish young woman (Julie Harris) with a mild talent for extrasensory perception, a more attractive woman (Claire Bloom) with a gift for mind-reading and a tendency toward lesbianism, and a young man (Russ Tamblyn) who stands to inherit the house and uses this opportunity to catalogue his possessions. There is one bus after another, and if the story is accepted in the proper spirit, it has all the eerie chilliness, the icy little shocks that such a film should have.

Miss Harris's performance is perhaps a little too intense, as though she wants to stress the fact that she *is*, above all, an Actress; Miss Bloom I thought just about perfect; Russ Tamblyn plays the standard scoffer very well, and Richard Johnson as the doctor is amusingly dedicated as the scientist. It's only the old dark house revamped, we may say, but as movie-making *The Haunting* represents another considerable achievement for Mr. Wise.

Two other films of more than ordinary interest open this week. One is *In the French Style*, developed out of two Irwin Shaw short stories by Mr. Shaw (who acts as the producer, too) and directed by Robert Parrish, who has blended a knowing Hollywood technique with some of the harsher qualities that characterize films by the better New Wave directors. Since the setting is contemporary Paris, this often works very well in a study of an American girl who has gone to Paris to study painting and can't face returning to her native Chicago. The major flaw in the film is that it breaks down to two stories that never quite seem to join together; one involving the girl's adventure with a French boy pretending to be older and more experienced than he really is, and the other her series of messy affairs with various men who take advantage of her footloose existence. Jean Seberg, as the girl, is a much improved actress who, by now, knows her role by heart, having played it in several other films. She has some good scenes, but since the film doesn't quite hang together, neither does the performance.

As for *Gone Are the Days*, adapted from the Ossie Davis play *Purlie Victorious*, it gives the impression of having been moved from the stage to a nearby studio, and rather faithfully transcribed. Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and Godfrey Cambridge play the "r cial" farce in what would seem to be style more suited to stage than screen, and the direction never for a moment convinces that the material has been remolded into a film.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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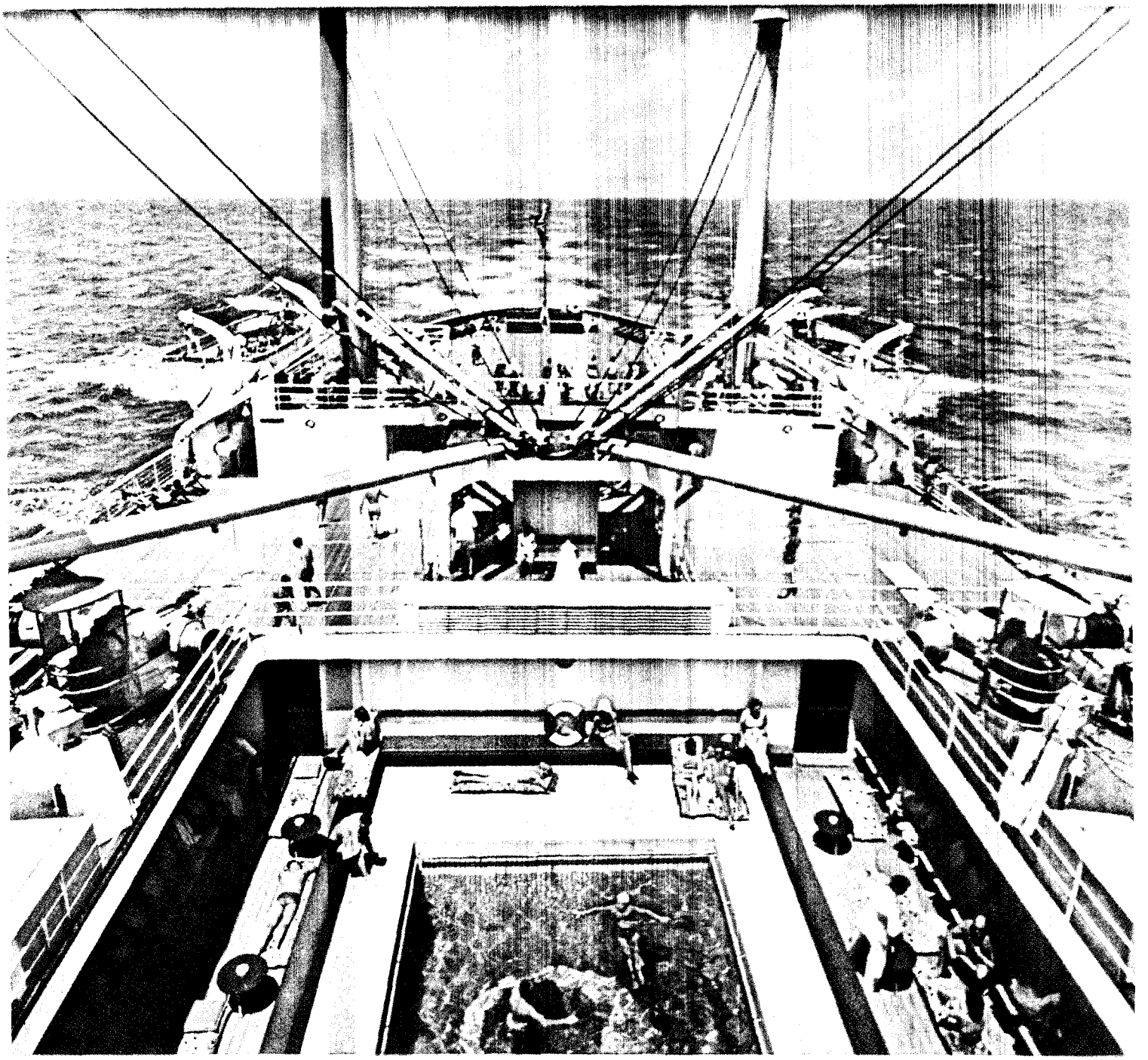

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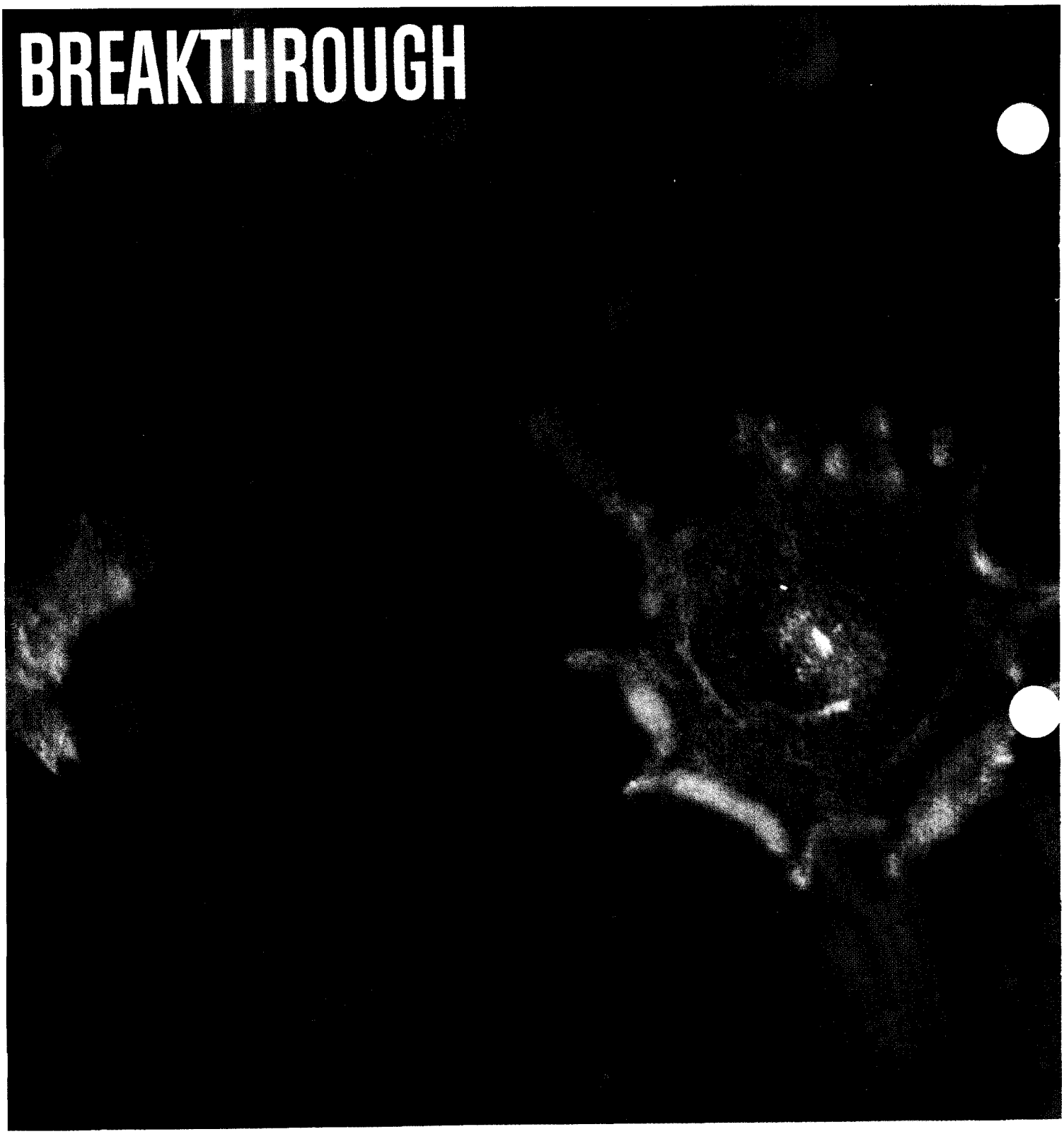

Leeuwenhoek

Found in a hidden world, frightening enemies and unfailing friends of man.

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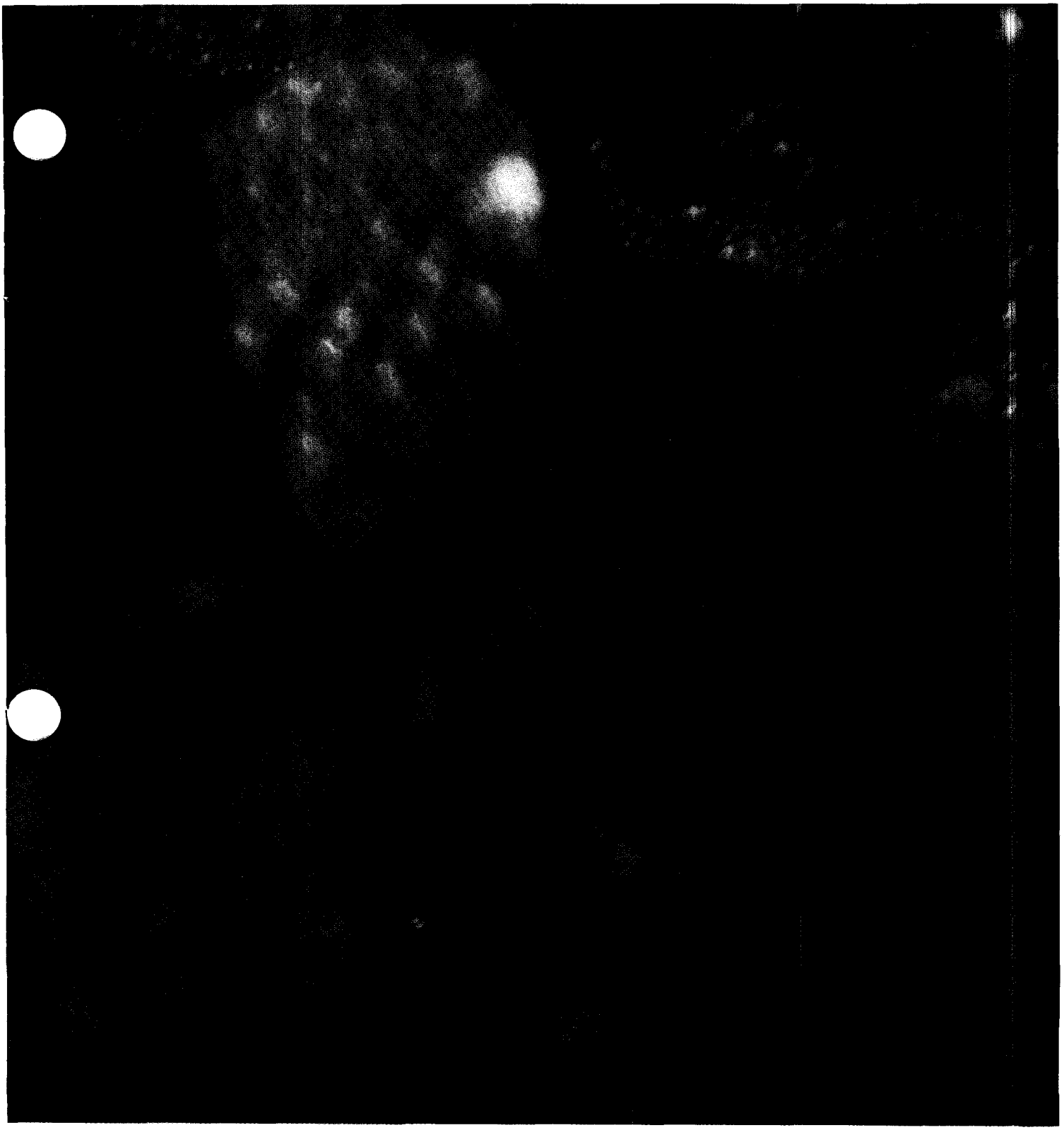

Exceptional photomicrograph by Roman Vishniac of shelled amoeba, magnified 750 diameters. © SHELL OIL COMPANY 1963

Through a microscope of his own devising, Anton van Leeuwenhoek was the first to view teeming communities of strange living things inhabiting tiny drops of water.

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Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 4, 1964, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College. 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.

James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio. 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner *prior to* **January 4, 1964.** *Winning pictures* become the property of Saturday Review.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Guests of a Long-Playing Party

WITH the success of his series of novels, *The Music of Time* (*SR*, Jan. 27, 1962), some of Anthony Powell's earlier books are being published in this country. *What's Become of Waring?*, which appeared in England in 1939, was issued in the United States last spring, and now we have his first novel, published in England in 1931, when he was twenty-six, *Afternoon Men* (Little, Brown, $4).

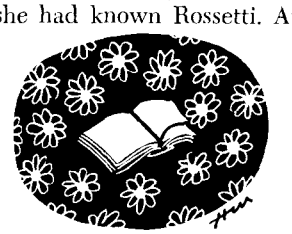
The comic novel has a long tradition England, beginning, I suppose, with Henry Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. In modern times we have had Ivy Compton-Burnett, the early Aldous Huxley (*Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay*), the early Evelyn Waugh (*Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*), Henry Green, Iris Murdoch, Kingsley Amis, Muriel Spark. Powell is the lightest hearted of them all, the least given to satire.

As a first novel, *Afternoon Men* is prophetic. We begin with a party, not quite so memorable as some of the parties in *The Music of Time* but raucous, chaotic, and funny. At the party we meet a variety of characters, and, as the novel proceeds and we follow the adventures and misadventures of some of them, we sort them out. Relationships of many sorts spring up, some to develop, some to dissolve, until we come to an ending that really starts the whole process going again. (*What's Become of Waring?* is the same sort of novel, except that it has a semblance of a plot, even a kind of mystery.)

The setting of *Afternoon Men* is London's Bohemia, the world of artists and their hangers-on. Powell has taken his title from a passage in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*—"they are a company of giddy-heads, afternoon men." Giddy-heads they are, frivolous, bewildered, more or less gaga. They live, most of them, for pleasure, of which they find very little.

The central character, or at least the character who is there at the beginning and still there at the end, is William Atwater: "He was a weedy-looking young man with straw-colored hair and rather long legs, who had failed twice for the Foreign Office. He sometimes wore tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses to correct a slight squint, and through influence he had recently got a job in a museum. His father was a retired civil servant, who lived in Essex, where he and his wife kept a chicken farm." One of Atwater's frequent companions is Raymond Pringle: "His early life had made him painfully inhibited and he was a naturally bad painter, but a dreadful veneer of slickness picked up in Paris made people buy his work occasionally." The two men had met casually in France and not particularly liked one another: "But for some reason the acquaintance had persisted, and quite often they went out together when Pringle was in London, long after the earlier reason for putting up with each other's vagaries had been forgotten." Then there is Barlow, another painter, who has a considerable gift for attracting women and is always trying to make up his mind what woman he wants to marry. And, among several others, there is Fotheringham, who has a job that he thinks is beneath him: "The aura of journalism's lower slopes hung round him like a vapor."

We also find an assortment of women: Harriet Twining, who has had considerable experience with men and is willing to have more; Sophy, Barlow's docile mistress, who ineptly mends his clothes; Mrs. Race, of uncertain age —but she had known Rossetti. Atwater



is briefly attracted to Lola, has one romantic encounter with Harriet Twining, is infatuated with the enigmatic and elusive Susan Nunnery.

One of the subjects about which Powell is not in the least serious is sex. Here is Atwater's first sexual involvement with Lola: "Slowly, but very deliberately, the brooding edifice of seduction, creaking and incongruous, came into being, a vast Heath Robinson mechanism, dually controlled by them and lumbering down vistas of triteness. With a sort of heavy-fisted dexterity the mutually adapted emotions of each of them became synchronized, until the unavoidable anticlimax was at hand. Later they dined at a restaurant quite near the flat."

And this is the way his woodland

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romance with Harriet is described:

> He laughed and lay in her arms, kissing her. The universe seemed notably absent.
>
> And then again reality was more contiguous. The birds were still singing a little and they heard the wash of the tide from the direction of the beach. Harriet giggled. She shook her hair.
>
> "Have you a pocket-comb?" she said, as she got up.
>
> "Curse you for giggling."
>
> "Have you a comb?"
>
> "No."
>
> "I suppose we ought to be getting back."
>
> "Yes."

Most of the latter part of the action takes place at a house in the country that Pringle has rented. Here a number of his friends gather, and they behave even more outlandishly in this rustic setting than they do in the city. An incident occurs that has tragic, or at least melancholy, possibilities, but, as was to be expected, Powell turns it into farce. It does, however, lead to the dispersion of the company, and Atwater, returning to London, learns that he has lost Susan Nunnery. He tries to be appropriately sad, but, when the book ends, he is going to another party.

The Music of Time introduces us to a much wider social range than *Afternoon Men*, Bohemia being only one of the provinces its hero traverses. It also shows a developing craftsmanship: the style is less self-conscious; the many characters are managed with greater dexterity; there is more variety, both of character and of incident. But *Afternoon Men* is very good Powell just the same.

The great thing about Powell is that he finds people, almost all people, interesting and amusing. He sees their absurdities, yes; but as one who is always conscious of his own absurdities, not as one who feels called upon to censure the manners of his age. Although he can be witty enough in calling attention to the foibles of his characters, there is in his work almost none of the fierceness that breaks out again and again in the novels of most of the other comic writers. This does not mean, however, that he is blandly superficial; on the contrary, though he deals with surfaces, he perceives and knows how to reveal what lies underneath, and one gets from his novels a strong sense of the complexity of the human animal. He is not the most important kind of novelist, perhaps not even the most important kind of comic novelist; but he has a first-rate intelligence, great powers of observation, and a fine craftsmanship. What *Afternoon Men* proves is that he knew from the first just what he was equipped to do. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

BOOK IN THE NEWS

If He Hesitates, All May Be Lost

Decision-Making in the White House, *by Theodore C. Sorensen (Columbia University Press. 94 pp. $3.50), portions of which were published in SR July 27 and August 3, examines the complex factors that go into a President's choice of policy. Louis W. Koenig wrote "The Invisible Presidency."*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

THE APPEARANCE of Theodore Sorensen's little volume is a rare event in writings on the American Presidency. As Special Counsel to John F. Kennedy, who contributes a foreword, Sorensen is situated at the center of the Presidental enterprise. A principal draftsman of Kennedy's speeches and messages and a valued counselor, Sorensen shares in an almost limitless variety of Administration decisions, from Cuba to interracial relations in the District of Columbia. He knows, therefore, whereof he writes in this book on Presidential decision-making.

As author, Sorensen has also broken precedent. It is the long-established habit of Presidential advisers and administrators to put their experiences and findings into print only after finishing their tour of duty, and then customarily with large doses of righteous breastbeating. Happily, Sorensen has got away from this practice by writing while still in Presidential employ, and thus spares us the waiting for his valuable insights. His approach is almost clinical. The result is a book that fills a serious gap in our understanding of the Presidency.

Sorensen is concerned with how a President makes decisions, how he chooses, for instance, in a moment of crisis between the olive branch of peace (clutched in the right talon of the eagle on his seal) and the arrows of war (clutched in the left). The author takes up his task in the face of discouraging *caveats* from authoritative sources. Rexford Tugwell, a major counselor to Franklin D. Roosevelt, observed that his chief "allowed no one to discover the governing principle" of his decisions. President Truman has written that "no one can know all the processes and stages" of a President's thinking in making important decisions. Sorensen's own chief, President Kennedy, has referred to "the multiplicity of factors" in White House decisions.

Presidents cannot obscure the se eral uniquenesses of their decisions—their volume, complexity, and enormity of consequence. There is no certain pattern by which decisions come to the President. President Eisenhower rightly warned the incoming President Kennedy that "no easy matters" would come to him as President: "If they are easy, they will be settled at a lower level." Some decisions arise from the requirements of the President's cal-

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1051

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1051 will be found in the next issue.

BABCLHB OFL; FPBCFPNCB SLHMFP.

QKFTLS Z. GQKHLB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1050

Is it progress when a cannibal uses knife and fork?

—LEC.

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endar. His budget and legislative program, for instance, involving counts decisions, must be sent up to Capitol Hill at the start of each year. Kennedy prefers to reach out and select key issues; other Presidents may choose to decide only what cannot be decided below or only what others present. The quality characterizing most issues brought to the President is conflict—conflict between departments, between the views of various advisers, between the Executive and Congress, between groups within the country, or between the United States and another nation.

Presidential decisions have certain outer limits. There are limits of "permissibility": in a government of laws, the President cannot ignore the Constitution, statutes, court decisions, nor, in his dealings with other countries, international law. A decision in foreign affairs nearly always depends upon its acceptance by other nations. There are limits of available resources in terms of information, time, credibility, manpower, and other tools at the President's command. Previous commitments, principles, precedents, decisions, statements all create limits. One of Kennedy's first actions in the 1962 Cuban crisis was to send for copies of his earlier statements on Cuba.

Presidential decisions, Sorensen contends, are subject to several common major forces or sources of influence: Presidential politics, Presidential advisers, and Presidential perspective. For the President, politics is an ever-present influence, counterbalancing the unrealistic, checking the unreasonable, and always testing what is acceptable. No one in the world is plied with more advice than the President receives from the departments, the White House staff, and outsiders. Sorensen provides glimpses of Kennedy's assessment of the relative merits and demerits of his several types of advisers. Of the innumerable perspectives a President has, not the least important is his image of himself. "A President," says Sorensen, "cannot afford to be modest." No one sits where he sits or knows all that he knows. No one else has the power to lead and inspire. If he fails to lead, no one leads. Self-confidence and self-assertion in a President are indispensable virtues.

Sorensen writes with grace and unusual precision. It is easy to see from his pages why the speeches and messages of the Kennedy Administration, in which he has had a substantial authorship, already rank so high in American state papers. As a fellow reader exclaimed admiringly upon finishing Sorensen's book, "He writes just like Kennedy!"

BRITANNIA

The Climate After the Sun Set

A State of England, *by Anthony Hartley (Harcourt, Brace & World. 255 pp. $4.95), is concerned with the dilemmas that loss of national power and the breakdown of a traditional class structure have created for British intellectuals. J. H. Plumb's latest book, "Men and Centuries," will be published in October.*

By J. H. PLUMB

THE BRITISH have never been good at introspection. Since Walter Bagehot wrote his great book on *The British Constitution* in the middle of the nineteenth century, there has been little good social and political comment, except from England's radical Left. Conservatives have preferred to preserve an image rather than investigate the society that promotes it. So long as Britain was secure in its empire and well-breeched with sterling, this presented little difficulty; but obvious and rapid loss of power, a social revolution breaking through the traditional class structure, an economy that wobbles uncertainly between affluence and the brink of bankruptcy, and an outmoded morality that is so little regarded that seismic scandals shake the Establishment month after month, have at last forced able young Conservatives to take a searching look at their country's position—intellectual, moral, political, and social.

Anthony Hartley, an editorialist on the Conservative weekly *The Spectator*, whose articles on the new Europe, particularly France, have always aroused interest and frequently seemed plausible, has now turned his attention to his own country. His concern is largely with the dilemmas that Britain's loss of power and the advent of the Welfare State have created for intellectuals of the Left and Right. Unfortunately, he has little concept of who is an intellectual and what is intellectual activity. So his book is sadly disappointing.

But, firstly, the good things, for there are some in this book. Mr. Hartley makes admirable and telling points against the sloppiness of the philosophy of England's New Left, the craft Socialists such as Raymond Williams, Richard Hoggart, and David Holbrooke, who long for a unified culture based on working-class ideals, whatever they may be. He is equally sharp and penetrating on the "Angries"—John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, and the rest of the kitchen-sink dramatists. His criticism is forceful, realistic, and often witty. As might be expected, Hartley is sensible and just in his attitude to Britain's diminished power in the world, and blows a welcome jet of ice water on the face-saving imagery of so many Conservative politicians who prate about Britain's moral role or the importance of her traditional political experience.

The author's major weakness is his lack of what might be termed a sense of factual mass. This is perhaps due to his training. Educated in the classics and English literature, the two subjects that lack any concept of factual mass, Mr. Hartley makes ludicrous statements arising from feelings rather than evidence. For example: "Culture is an activity which is aristocratic by nature; politics is quite the opposite." Within or without its context, this is as near to a meaningless statement as one can get; or else *culture*, *aristocratic*, and *politics* have to be given as purely personal a connotation as one of Dylan Thomas's images. If Mr. Hartley had any sense of the weight of historical evidence—think for one moment of Holland in the seventeenth century, Britain in the nineteenth, and America in the twentieth—then he would never have written such a sentence.

CULTURE is the work of an élite, yes; but usually an élite entangled in the problems, hopes, and ideals of the most powerful groups in society. This was true of the age of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dryden, of Swift; not, perhaps, of the age of Samuel Johnson, but in his day there was a sharp cultural decline. Revival comes with Wordsworth, and, in the nineteenth century, with Dickens, and continues down to Shaw and Wells and the early Lawrence, all of whose work was rooted in the society of their time. The paucity of English culture since 1914—the feebleness of Bloomsbury, for example—is due entirely to a severance between the cultural élite and the emerging social forces which the literary leadership in Britain, except perhaps for C. P. Snow, has so consistently ignored. The tragic waste of D. H. Lawrence's talent, apart from

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his own streak of self-destruction, was due to this situation.

As in the age of Johnson, English cultural leadership has become separated from its proper social bases—a not infrequent event at times of rapid social change. Indeed, American readers should be warned against assuming that Mr. Hartley's picture of intellectual life in England bears much relation to the truth. He is concerned only with coteries (and largely literary coteries at that) and not with the intellectual life of the nation. Although this book is supposed to be about intellectuals in Britain, one may search in vain for any reference to A. J. Ayer, J. B. Bronowski, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Stuart Hampshire, Hugh Trevor-Roper, E. H. Carr, Patrick Blackett, Fred Hoyle, Noel Annan, and still others.

But American readers will need no warning about Mr. Hartley's deficiency in intellectual argument. He proceeds by derogation, then admits there may be points in what he has derided but not refuted, and usually avoids the weight of evidence, either historical or contemporary, with the skill of a bat, eyes shut but sense of self-preservation alert. I am afraid that Mr. Hartley lacks the qualities necessary for a book such as this: high intelligence, rigorous training, and that solid experience of society that makes Mr. Hartley's American counterparts—Drew Middleton, James Reston, Murray Kempton, etc.—loom over him like giants. Mr. Hartley's heart is often in the right place, but his head betrays him.

Doorstep to British Democracy

No. 10 Downing Street: A House in History, *by R. J. Minney (Little, Brown. 483 pp. $6.95), offers an anecdotal record of the British Prime Ministers and their residence, which is less a place than "the abode of an idea." Maurice Edelman is a novelist and M.P. for Labour.*

By MAURICE EDELMAN

IN JAPAN recently I visited a temple at Nara reputed to be a thousand years old. When I pointed to the newness of the timber, my hosts assured me that although the actual structure was rebuilt every fifty years, the spirit of the place had entered there a thousand years before.

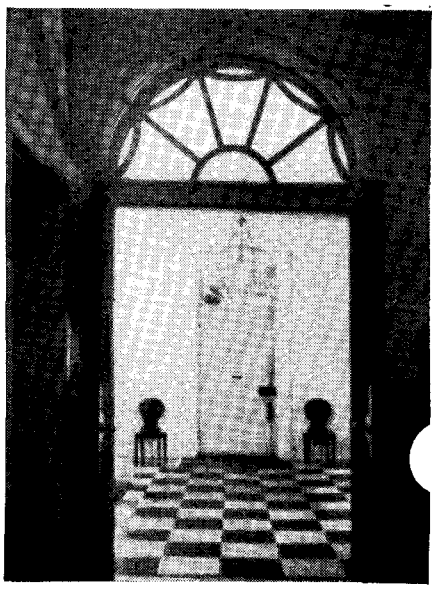
The Western world, less plagued by natural disasters than Japan, usually attaches more importance to the material longevity of its monuments than to their *numen*. But No. 10 Downing Street is an exception. It has become a shrine of premiership, one of the few world ideographs; like the tall lines of the Tour Eiffel that represent France, No. 10 conjures up British parliamentary democracy.

R. J. Minney is a punctilious and reliable observer of the political scene, as acute a historian as he proved to be a contemporary critic in his *Private Papers of Hore-Belisha*. With great boldness, he has chosen to present an anecdotal record of Britain's Prime Ministers from Walpole to Macmillan, linked with their physical habitation at No. 10. The marriage of architecture and politics might have proved a difficult one, with a distorted emphasis on domesticity. That Mr. Minney succeeds in absorbing his readers in the details of the house without forfeiting their interest in its inhabitants is a tribute both to his skill and to the uniqueness of his subject.

Seen from Downing Street, No. 10, with one policeman at the door, is an unpretentious Westminster house, one of three built by George Downing in the seventeenth century. A member of Parliament himself, Downing was also a spy for Cromwell. Indeed, he was an early example of the double agent; his activity on behalf of Charles II won him a knighthood at the Restoration. It also rewarded him with the site that was to become Downing Street. Downing was one of the first speculat builders. No. 10 has had more mo spent on its repair than many an English palace. But, rebuilt and repatched as it has been through the ages, it remains a workshop, a house, and a place of pilgrimage.

Since November 18, 1897, No. 10 has been supported out of public funds, both structurally and economically. Before that, Prime Ministers were accustomed to provide their own furnishings and their own plate, linen, crockery, and so on. Mr. Minney's extracts from the account books of the various incumbents will delight both the housewife and the antiquarian. Disraeli's main reception room, for example, cost him more than $3,000 for furniture alone, including $300 for two large sofas covered with silk. The first Labour Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, found that he could barely pay for the minimum of crockery and silver necessary for entertaining at No. 10. The presumption, till 1945 at least, when Clement Attlee came to No. 10, was that a Prime Minister ought to be rich.

The modest façade of No. 10 conceals an opulent interior, with a large though dull walled garden behind. Th rather gloomy cabinet room is compensated for by the radiant dining roo and drawing room, so that once you've passed through the working departments you enter a historic age of British history when power was matched with grace. Harold Macmillan, a Trollopian, has recreated at No. 10 something of the ducal mood that Wellington left behind. But the modern stamp of the Labour Party, placed upon it when Mr. Attlee moved in, has made the Macmillan style look rather *pas-*



"The modest facade of No. 10 conceals an opulent interior."

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tiche, a natural butt for Britain's new satirists.

Not that politicians have changed so greatly in the last century. Nowadays the amours of statesmen usually excite outraged cries about moral decline. But Mr. Minney records that Palmerston, when a guest at Windsor Castle, once invaded (and was expelled from) the bed of Mrs. Brand, a lady-in-waiting. As the brother-in-law of the Prime Minister he was lucky enough to have a protector who could hush the matter up. But Queen Victoria wasn't amused. She always disliked Palmerston for what she thought of as his moral laxity. In 1963 such events would be recorded in the erotica of Britain's Sunday press. But at the time they remained mere dinner-party gossip, which Mr. Minney, with his great skill in enlivening history by anecdote, has properly salvaged.

Among the tightly packed matter of this most entertaining, scholarly, and rewarding book there are suprisingly few errors of fact. The wife of Isaac D'Israeli was Marian Basevi, not Baseri. And the M.P. private secretary of a minister isn't called his Personal Parliamentary Secretary, but his Parliamentary Private Secretary, or P.P.S.—a term in such common use that it deserves to be quoted accurately.

These are small matters in the great scope of No. 10. In recent months the house has been reconstructed, while the Prime Minister moved out to Admiralty House. So it is in Japan: when shrines are rebuilt, the spirits are temporarily removed to the Transfer Hall. I don't doubt that when the Prime Minister returns to No. 10 he will find that the spirits have moved back with him. For No. 10, after all, isn't a place; it's the abode of an idea.

The Anglo-American Experience: Although it belongs to a series called "Britain in the World Today," the focus of Herbert Nicholas's *Britain and the U.S.A.* (Johns Hopkins, $5), a scholarly little book, is historical rather than contemporary. Originally presented at Johns Hopkins as the Albert Shaw Lectures in Diplomatic History for 1961, it briefly reviews the official dealings between the British and American governments from early 1938, when Neville Chamberlain turned down President Roosevelt's proposal for an international conference on world tensions, to the day in mid-1961 when Harold Macmillan announced Great Britain's determination to apply for membership in the European Economic Community. Subsequent events up to the summer of 1962 are mentioned but not elaborated upon. We have the beginning of the "Skybolt" story but not, of course, its recent dénouement.

Mr. Nicholas, a member of St. Antony's College, Oxford, knows his subject well and assumes an equally detailed knowledge on the part of his readers. His book is clearly addressed more to diplomatic specialists like himself than to a wide audience. Keeping close to the official record and quoting judiciously from the published sources, he makes little attempt to analyze the broader factors in the Anglo-American relationship or to elucidate the concrete problems the two governments confronted together during these eventful years of war, cold war, and widening power disparity.

Those who already know the historical background and can savor the book's rather specialized literary qualities will undoubtedly read these urbane reflections on the Anglo-American experience with interest and benefit, and will approve the author's disinclination to extort any radically novel conclusions from his material. They may, however, wish the excellent treatment of Far Eastern, Middle Eastern, and European questions were balanced by a fuller discussion of relations with the USSR and with the emerging African countries.

—Richard P. Stebbins.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHO HE?

Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents here a list of titles—drama, biography, fiction—each of which describes the man who is the chief character in the work. Can you match each title correctly with the name of the hero (from Column Two) and the name of the author (from Column Three)? Answers on page 54.

1. *The Man from Glengarry*	( ) Daniel Dravot	( ) Bruce Barton
2. *The Man from Missouri*	( ) Sir Fopling Flutter	( ) Stella Benson
3. *The Man from Nowhere*	( ) Soames Forsyte	( ) G. K. Chesterton
4. *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*	( ) Charles de Gaulle	( ) Stanley Clark
5. *The Man Nobody Knows*	( ) Gwynplaine	( ) Ralph Connor
6. *The Man of Feeling*	( ) Mr. Hardy	( ) Sir George Etherege
7. *The Man of Mode*	( ) Jesus of Nazareth	( ) John Galsworthy
8. *The Man of Property*	( ) Dr. Felix Kersten	( ) Edward E. Hale
9. *The Man of the World*	( ) Nikita Khrushchev	( ) Victor Hugo
10. *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*	( ) Ronald MacDonald	( ) Kaufman and Hart
11. *The Man Who Came to Dinner*	( ) Mr. McMaster	( ) Joseph Kessel
12. *The Man Who Is France*	( ) Sir Pertinax McSycophant	( ) Rudyard Kipling
13. *The Man Who Laughs*	( ) Major Martin	( ) Roy MacGregor-Hastie
14. *The Man Who Liked Dickens*	( ) Philip Nolan	( ) Henry McKenzie
15. *The Man Who Missed the Bus*	( ) Tom Rath	( ) Charles Macklin
16. *The Man Who Never Was*	( ) Mr. Robinson	( ) Ewen Montagu
17. *The Man Who Was Thursday*	( ) The Stranger	( ) Alfred Steinberg
18. *The Man Who Would Be King*	( ) Gabriel Syme	( ) Mark Twain
19. *The Man with the Miraculous Hands*	( ) Harry Truman	( ) Evelyn Waugh
20. *The Man Without a Country*	( ) Sheridan Whiteside	( ) Sloan Wilson

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The Common Man of the Kremlin

Nervous People and Other Satires, *by Mikhail Zoshchenko, translated from the Russian by Maria Gordon and Hugh McLean (Pantheon. 449 pp. $5.95), offers a large selection of short stories, plus three novellas and an autobiographical excerpt, by a Soviet comic writer whose ten years' disgrace did not lessen his popularity in Russia. Burling Lowrey edited "Twentieth Century Parody."*

By BURLING LOWREY

LAYER by layer, the myth of the New Soviet Man is being stripped away, and the job is being accomplished largely by the continual publication in the United States of translations of books by post-Revolutionary Russian writers whose works have previously not been available to the general reading public. One of the most startling contributions to this feet-of-clay school of Soviet literature is *Nervous People and Other Satires*, a collection of Mikhail Zoshchenko's work, edited by Hugh McLean and translated by Maria Gordon and Mr. McLean.

Zoshchenko was an anachronism—a satirist and ironist who survived during an era of "socialist realism," and a sharp critic of the "New Life" who was acclaimed by the masses in his own time. How did he do it? According to Professor McLean, through the familiar device of the satiric mask. That is, the author completely removes himself from the story by using a narrator, generally the man-in-the-street, whose words and actions are simply a camouflaged version of the author's view of the world around him. But this device is not always apparent to the reader, and, as in some of Ring Lardner's monologues, certain questions arise: Is the author playing it straight or not? Does he really think the character is a nincompoop? Is the author ridiculing the character or the System that conditioned him?

This deliberate ambiguity enabled Zoshchenko to have it both ways: he could bamboozle the Party censors and thus get his stories published; at the same time he was able to reach the underground of perceptive readers capable of appreciating the implicit irony of the stories.

Most of this volume is taken up with a literary form at which Zoshchenko excelled: the short sketch with an ironic twist, somewhat in the vein of the better pieces by Maupassant and O. Henry but with the added dimensions of social criticism and sardonic humor. Like all great satire, Zoshchenko's work is essentially subversive and based on the disparity between what society says man ought to be and what he actually is, between myth and reality. Westerners, conditioned by "official" versions of Soviet life since 1919, will find these stories startling in that the Russian common man, far from being a robot of conditioned reflexes, comes off as a universal human type—the bumbling bourgeois, whose preoccupation with creature comforts might, according to Mr. McLean, lead him to confess:

> Socialism, communism, world revolution, the end of the exploitation of man by man, the five-year plan in four years—all this is very well . . . I'm for it and take pride in it . . . But our real lives are not lived on this plane. Striped socks, sausages, sofas, bedbugs, bathrooms, and sex: these are the things that really stir our souls. There is more human passion in some housewives' squabble in a communal kitchen or in a bridegroom's quest for a secondhand armoire than in a hundred Pravda pep talks.

Thus the abstract ideals of the post-Revolutionary period, such as communal living, electrification, and the wiping out of illiteracy, are not only brought to the concrete level of human comedy but are actually reversed in situations such as lovers trying to find some privacy during a housing shortage (many of the sketches on this theme resemble French bedroom farce), funny predicaments developing from the necessity of having to use the public bath (apparently a great source of humor during the repressive Stalin era), and the backfiring of the electrification goal when, in "Poverty," the replacing of kerosene by electricity ironically serves only to make the surrounding ugliness and drabness more pronounced. Again, in "Much Ado About Nothing," Zoshchenko dispenses with the myth of technological efficiency by pitting a group of "petty bourgeois" factory girls (their "crime" is laughing and talking about love and romance during lunch hour) against the dehumanized managerial type of Soviet male. In its parody of bureaucratic jargon and depersonalization under totally planned economy, this must one of the most telling satires Zoshchenko ever wrote. All in all, the comic variety in the satires is impressive, ranging from the Chaucerian trickster tale to Laurel and Hardy farce.

An obvious question is what has been lost in translation. Unfortunately, Professor McLean does not shed much light on the problem in his introduction; but he does offer a clue by stating, in effect, that the typical narrator in most of Zoshchenko's satires is a semi-educated, urban man-in-the-street, who speaks in a kind of breezy, colloquial Russian. This leaves the translators with the alternatives of trying to simulate colloquial Russian—a risky device, as evidenced by Hemingway's disastrous *ersatz* Spanish in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—or going all the way and using colloquial English, American or British. They actually do neither. Instead, the narrator speaks in a manner that might be termed neutral, devoid of any recognizable idiom. The result is not altogether successful. Still, one can appreciate the problem by trying to imagine what Ring Lardner's *You Know Me Al*, narrated by a semi-literate ballplayer, would sound like Russian.

THREE short novels and an autobiographical excerpt round out this excellent volume. Of the novels, "Michel Sinvagin" stands out. It is a bitter, mocking dissection of a minor poet's spiritual deterioration in the early days of the Revolution. "Before Sunrise" is a fascinating exercise in self-analysis in which Zoshchenko, by dredging up forgotten episodes of his childhood, attempts to get at the causes of a depression that plagued him most of his life. Predictably, the autobiography proved to be too precious and soul-searching for the Party bosses under Stalin; and the Damocletian sword that had hung over Zoshchenko's head since the Revolution finally fell in 1946 in the form of expulsion from the Soviet Writers' Union and the banning of his works. (He was rehabilitated in 1956, two years before his death, and new editions of his books were issued post-humously.) Fortunately for readers everywhere, the official disgrace came at the end rather than the beginning of a remarkable literary career.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 18, 7, 8, 12, 13, 6, 5, 19, 3, 1, 14, 9, 16, 20, 4, 15, 10, 17, 2, 11. Column Three should read: 5, 15, 17, 12, 1, 7, 8, 20, 13, 11, 19, 18, 3, 6, 9, 16, 2, 10, 14, 4

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Voices in the Soviet Wilderness

The Bluebottle, *by Valeriy Tarsis, translated from the Russian by Thomas Jones and David Alger (Knopf. 230 pp. $4.50), comprising two novellas said to have been smuggled into England, and excerpted in slick magazines here, reveals a disillusionment with Soviet Communism. Bernard Guilbert Guerney has translated and edited four anthologies of contemporary writing in the USSR, among them "Russian Literature in the Soviet Period from Gorki to Pasternak."*

By BERNARD G. GUERNEY

IT WOULD be glorious to herald the arrival of another *Doctor Zhivago,* but in the case of *The Bluebottle* purportedly an exposé of the intellectual's plight in post-Stalin Russia—it is hard to assume that one is dealing with an actual translation of a satire, rather than one of those hoax-parodies the British are so jolly clever at. Research fails to unearth any data on Valeriy Tarsis, who, according to the book's dust-jacket, "has attained a position of some distinction in the world of Russian letters," having "published a number of academic works on Western literature"; the Slavonic Division of the New York Public Library has nary a catalogue card on this scholar. Because he was allegedly "incarcerated" as a certified lunatic in 1962, inferentially for smuggling *The Bluebottle* into England, where it was published under the pseudonym "Ivan Valeriy," the "Tarsis Affair" is said to have raised "a storm of protest in the Western press"—but the New York *Times* was either scooped or did not regard the news as fit to print: its *Index* throughout 1962 and through June 1963 has no mention of TARSIS, Valeriy, or "VALERIY, Ivan." Aged sixty-one, he billed as a senior member of the viet Writers' Union—a membership hat is no more an endorsement of writing ability than a Kentucky colonelcy is of martial valor, and just about as hard to acquire.

The publisher reports that Tarsis has been writing "for over twenty years . . . novels, short stories, and poems," which, of course, "could not be printed in the Soviet Union"—nor, if *The Bluebottle* is any sample, hardly anywhere else. Editors behind the Iron Curtain don't fuss over the ideological orthodoxy or unorthodoxy of anything they can reject as so patently lacking in simple readability.

Described as "frankly autobiographical in tone," the two novellas are absolutely static opuscules, over-raisined with Bartlettsky's quotations. *The Bluebottle* begins like almost all those Dudintsev-dud parables so beloved of hyperesthetic little magazines: Yoan Bluefly, the ineluctable Philosopher, squashes an inevitable bluebottle and, somehow identifying himself therewith, proceeds to seek assuagement for his bruised auctorial vanity by trying to even exceedingly intramural scores with a phantasmal politico-literary cabal. He writes a book, *Socialism: The True and the False,* which argues that the Communists have betrayed Marx by continuing the State instead of letting it wither away. Opposed to States of all kinds, he believes that true Socialism brings happiness to everyone; this, however, poses the unresolved problem of what to do when two people want opposing things in order to be happy.

Red and Black, the afterpiece, would appear to belong to an earlier period, judging by its comparative coherence and diluted anti-Communism: "He was following in our footsteps," one of his fellow-Communists eulogized Korneliy Abrikosov, Tarsis's second alter ego. Overseasoned with Professor Abrikosov's specialty, Stendhal—like monosodium glutamate, to accent Korneliy's love for the redheaded, indifferent Rimma—this *pot-au-feu* is concocted mostly of *bons mots*; reflections (in italics, yet) on Life, Love, and Death; poemlets in prose, and other belletristic oddments that have been disdained by the better literary chefs since the 1890s, at least.

The protagonists of the two novellas are almost interchangeable. Each thinks he is the only one of his kind left on earth, that he will be immortal through his writings, that he is a savior

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NOW AND then I get frightened. Houses, pine trees, Dubov, Krasnobryukhov, all stand menacingly rooted to the ground and they will never budge—though how boring it must be for them! Perhaps it is an ambush. They want to stop me, to prevent my getting through their close ranks—they know that it is I who must shift the world from where it's stuck. . . . The pine has even thrown out its strong arms to receive my body in crucifixion.

—From *The Bluebottle.*

I AM that man.

The difference between me and other people is that I can't live a life adapted to baseness. I am now entering on an era outside all eras, as Goethe called it, that is the desert on the edge of night.

—From *The Bluebottle.*

THE FACT is that people are like flies, both in quantity and quality. There are too many of them, and they are all the same color, for they are all tinged by the same desires, which are so garish that the finer shades of personal whims and fads cast only the lightest of shadows on the background. The spectrum of the soul is as eternal and unchangeable as that of the sun.

I hope that the *Bluebottle* will teach you how to live.

—From *The Bluebottle.*

I FEEL more and more disturbed by the concerns of all mankind.

Perhaps because I alone know the truth.

And when I, the unacknowledged savior of mankind, have given my last unwanted lecture on some unwanted subject, they will write that Korneliy Abrikosov . . . died on such and such a date. . . . But no matter, one day we shall settle our scores.

—From *Red and Black.*

"TO HELL with the simple people," I said in a sudden fit of inspiration. "It's their horny hands that have saddled the world with its revolting fate. That kind of simplicity is worse than dishonesty. And whenever knowledgeable people—who are far from simple—try to change the world, the simple do everything they can to prevent them. The old world with all its pleasures—especially its bars and the murderous deeds of its wars and the buying and selling of everything and everyone—that's what your simple people really like."

—From *Red and Black.*

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to whom the world refuses to listen thus revealing most of the classical symptoms of a persecution mania, aggravated by megalomania and messianic delusions. Tarsis is his own best epitapher: "Of course, I may not be believed. It would surprise me if I were."

Broken Laws of the Jungle: Vladimir Maximov belongs to the small group of young Soviet prose writers—such men as Kazakov, Yashin, Tendriakov, and Nagibin—who appear determined to see to it that Russian literature resumes its proper function as a commentary on the human condition. *A Man Survives* (translated by Anselm Hollo; Grove, $2.95) could as well be entitled "A Literature Survives." This is not merely another Dudintsev, Aksenov, or Yevtushenko. True, in common with these writers, Maximov exposes senseless cruelty, pathological suspicion, material deprivations, and other unseemly features of Soviet life. But, in company with Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, Maximov's novella wisely avoids the sensational and the hysterical.

If, on rare occasion, it denounces any vices or praises any virtues, it does so by innuendo and understatement, two qualities that have been sorely missed in Russian writing of the preceding decades. This restraint, the tightness of construction and aversion to verbosity, as well as the attempts at modern fictional techniques (flashbacks, inverted chronology), are among the most appealing features of the book.

Maximov's is a hero of his time. His father arrested for a crime the nature of which we never learn, he joins the army of similar unfortunates—waifs, drifters, petty thieves, and frequent inmates of Soviet prisons. Inevitably, he comes to regard all human beings as actual or potential enemies. In his entire life he encounters but two instances of kindness and generosity; however, both of these are dramatic enough to instill a spark of uncertainty in the protagonist's formerly firm belief in the laws of the jungle.

The publishers of the book describes the novella's main character as a "Russian rebel without a cause." This is not so. His rebellion is an important one. It is a rebellion against arbitrary cruelty, against sham and hypocrisy; it is an embittered struggle for elementary human rights even for the most inconspicuous, most "worthless" of human beings. In championing the cause of this crude rebel, Maximov, though still a somewhat immature craftsman, follows in the footsteps of the great Russian novelists of the past.

—MAURICE FRIEDBERG.

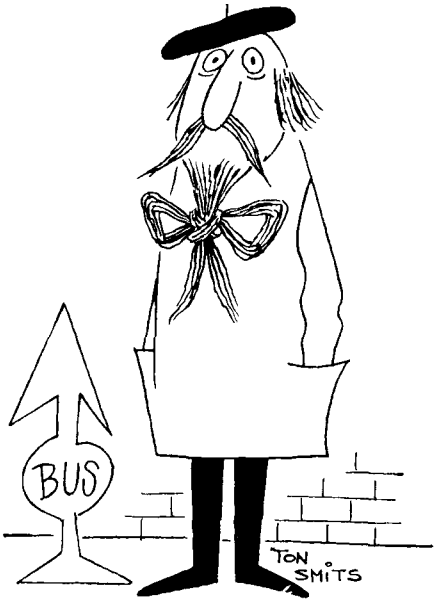
AVENUES TO ABUNDANCE

A United Nations of the United

Building the Atlantic World, *by Robert Strausz-Hupé, James E. Dougherty, and William R. Kintner (Foreign Policy Research Inst.-Harper & Row. 400 pp. $6),* ***The United States and the Unity of Europe,*** *by Max Beloff (Brookings Inst. 124 pp. $3.50), and* ***Partnership for Progress: A Program for Transatlantic Action,*** *by Pierre Uri (Harper & Row. 126 pp. $2.95), consider how hands across the seas might be tightly clasped. Nicholas Doman, a New York lawyer who is active in international law, is the author of "The Coming Age of World Control." He is on the faculty of New York University.*

By NICHOLAS DOMAN

NO THOUGHTFUL political observer of the second half of the twentieth century would fail to note that governments and individuals in the West are increasingly attracted by regional, international, and supranational institutions outside the United Nations. Mankind's high hopes in the United Nations have not been borne out. The U.N., as an improved version of the League of Nations, pays homage to the concept of inviolate national sovereignty and to the nation-state system. It is a spectral counterpart of a supranational organization. Many who expect the United Nations to preserve peace by the rational processes of its heterogeneous member states have become pessimistic. While its usefulness in many areas is indisputable, world order under law has failed to find fertile ground in that organization.



As the articulate authors of *Building the Atlantic World* have stated, "the lack of a common fund of beliefs and norms is at the root of the failure of the United Nations to transform itself into an effective institution." Political and economic integration has been hardly feasible in an organization combining Communist and non-Communist nation-states, highly developed and relatively primitive or undeveloped nation-states.

The common concern of the bo reviewed here is not a united Euro but an Atlantic Community between North America and Western Europe. Max Beloff, Gladstone professor at Oxford University, in *The United States and the Unity of Europe*, supplies a diplomatic history of American attitudes and policies toward a united Europe and also engages in a searching reappraisal of the concept of the Atlantic Community viewed through the American spectrum. He analyzes masterfully the conflict between the intellectual realization in the United States that many of the vital problems could not be resolved except on an Atlantic or supranational scale and the timid pragmatism of Washington, which fears that because public opinion is so wary of any direct challenge to national sovereignty, only intergovernmental solutions are possible. He underscores the conservative approach of such distinguished leaders of the Atlantic Institute as Will Clayton and Christian Herter, who are merely arguing for participation of the United States in a trade partnership with the European Economic Community an for the taking of "the leadership further expanding a free econom world." Neither President Kennedy nor his official family has gone on record favoring more than the added economic strength of a wider trade system; they have been noticeably

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silent in suggesting any institutional underpinning for the Atlantic Community.

Pierre Uri, the scholarly and politically-minded French research director of the recently founded Atlantic Institute, is assuming a role other than that of a reviewing spectator. He reminds us that Western Europe is no longer dependent on economic assistance from the United States and that Europe itself is now furnishing billions of dollars in assistance to underdeveloped African and Asian countries. France, in particular, is not only matching America's per capita contribution for aid but contributes substantially more. Uri and the other spokesmen for the Atlantic Institute are cautious in their approach; in *Partnership for Progress* they are not proposing a full-fledged or a lesser developed federation but merely a partnership between the United States and Europe, allotting a special status to the United Kingdom. Being apprehensive that American public opinion and Congressional consensus would be reluctant to accede to decisions of a multinational council, their proposal is for a bilateral partnership in which either side would exercise a veto power. It is for these reasons that Pierre Uri and his associates deem it impractical at this time to expand the European Common Market institutions into an institutional Atlantic Community. President Kennedy in his speech on July 4, 1962, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, used the same cautious terminology when he said that the United States will be ready for a declaration of interpendence and wants to discuss the ways and means of forming a concrete Atlantic partnership. In his June 25, 1963, speech in Frankfurt's Paulskirche the President again limited his recommendations to an Atlantic partnership or alliance.

Robert Strausz-Hupé and his group, the authors of *Building the Atlantic World*, are persuaded that due to nuclear developments and the prosperous economic state of Western Europe, the time is ripe for the closer political integration of the Atlantic Community and the creation of appropriate regional organs.

This reviewer heartily subscribes to the view of Strausz-Hupé, Dougherty, and Kintner that "if the common cause of military defense does not spur the Western people to make the leap from political separateness to political community then neither the promise of cultural enrichment nor the prospect of good business can furnish the impulsion." According to them nothing less than the creation of a confederacy will halt the drift of NATO toward impotence and dissolution. A NATO expanded from a mere military alliance to a political union, the creation of appropriate parliamentary, executive, and judicial bodies are advocated for the effective political performance of the Atlantic Community.

It was in 1938 when the German armies were poised to overrun Europe that Clarence Streit proposed in his *Union Now* a union of democracies fashioned along the American federalist principle; he sought a new form of democratic unity with political, military, and economic institutions in an Atlantic Union. It is a tribute to Clarence Streit's intuitive talent that, following in his footsteps today, an impressive number of books, international meetings, and official pronouncements seek to formulate the ways and means for the creation of an international machinery for the Western world. As we can see, the existence and operations of the United Nations apparently have not obviated the desire or need for the organization of an effective political and military Atlantic Community. The unfortunate division of mankind into regions of freedom, regions of naked coercion, regions of cultural, political, and economic underdevelopment and, last, the specter of nuclear holocaust make such constructive proposals more appealing than ever before.

Blueprint for Political Plenty

Free Men and Free Markets, *by Robert Theobald (Clarkson N. Potter. 208 pp. $5), asserts that an Economic Security Plan, whereby everybody would be assured an adequate income whether or not he worked, would achieve abundance in a world of automation. Karl Schriftgiesser, author of "Business Comes of Age," is working on a study of the relationship between business and government in the U.S.*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

ROBERT THEOBALD has written an interesting and provocative and perhaps important book; it is certain to have as many detractors as admirers. This is all to the good. Any work on economics that stirs up controversy, as *Free Men and Free Markets* is sure to do, serves a useful purpose. There has not been a really exciting book in this field since John Kenneth Galbraith gave us *The Affluent Society* some years ago. Mr. Theobald does not have Mr. Galbraith's literary charm or inventiveness, but he writes for the most part in clear and simple English. And if, like many members of his profession, he sometimes finds English too limited for his purposes, he invents new words, which he defines in a glossary.

Mr. Theobald's book is about the economics of abundance in a world of automation or, as he prefers to call it, cybernation. He begins by saying that it is the goal of all Western societies to "insure that each individual has the maximum of freedom in his choice of action compatible with the needs of society. Such a degree of freedom can only be obtained if the individual is provided with sufficient resources to enable him to live with dignity."

There is nothing new about that, of course, nor anything startling in his assertion that no attempt should be made to provide the required resources through government control of the market mechanism. Yet before he is through with his book Mr. Theobald has set forth a plan for action within our present socioeconomic system that he insists will enable every American citizen to "live with dignity" even, if necessary, without working.

Mr. Theobald assumes that "there exists an implicit belief that governments are, at the very least, responsible for providing each person with enough resources to live as a member of society." However, and especially in the United States, there exists a conviction that it is "improper for government to run the economy, that government intervention in the socioeconomic system should be limited, and that it is still 'consumer sovereignty' which determines the allocation of resources through the supply-and-demand mechanism, exactly as set forth in traditional economic theory."

This latter conviction is unrealistic, he says, because any government "must deal with realities" and therefore intervene in order to provide minimum subsistence through Social Security, unemployment insurance, and welfare benefits. It is responsible for keeping the

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economy in balance and preventing recessions. It influences the direction in which the socioeconomic system moves through the legislation it passes and the consequent allocation of its funds. But this is not enough.

"We are trapped," he tells us, "by the 'dismal science'—economics," which is dominated by the belief that the achievement of abundance is impossible and the aim of economics is still the distribution of scarce resources. This is nonsense, Mr. Theobald says. Abundance has arrived! Look at our huge agricultural surpluses. Look at the fact that in America alone "we have the ability to produce more than $60 billion in goods and services with our *presently* existing capacity."

With this abundance, with this capacity, and with the frighteningly rapid advance of cybernation, Mr. Theobold asserts, "it is not hyperbole to suggest that we could be the modern Greeks, with mechanical slaves taking the place of human toil." What is keeping us back? Not "the selfish action of evil men" but our inability to find "nonmarket methods of providing income" for all the victims of the "rational decisions" of our private and public policy-makers.

We must face up to abundance. "The fact that abundance is only *potentially* available in the non-agricultural sectors of the economy has allowed us to continue to ignore it." The $60 billions not produced is the stumbling block, and very soon we must recognize "the reality of manufacturing abundance because the gap between potential supply and effective demand will continue to widen" and bring about three dangerous reactions: 1) a greatly increased drive for consumer reduction; 2) an ever-growing army of unemployed, and 3) a strengthening and widening of government intervention in the economy.

Continued employment and low incomes stop effective demand from reaching its potential. Cutting taxes is only a palliative and doesn't reach the pockets of the poor, of whom we have too many. Mr. Theobald discusses other remedies—training, education, urban renewal, monetary policy, tariffs — and goes on to look at electronics and space ventures and other wonders of research and development; and at last comes to the point.

We must "establish new principles specifically designed to break the link between jobs and income," and we must develop "a basis of distribution of income which is not tied to work as a measure." Those unable to find work will have to get "what is their due" from government, and this will have to

(*Continued on page* 64)

Happiest When He Was the Sadist

The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade, *by Geoffrey Gorer. (Norton. 250 pp. $5), sees the author of "Justine" as a psychological genius who anticipated Freud in depicting the primitive world of the unconscious. Germaine Brée is professor of French literature at the Institute for Research in the Humanities, University of Wisconsin.*

By GERMAINE BREE

"MUST we burn Sade?" For our generation, Simone de Beauvoir's famous question has been answered. We are not burning Sade. We are assiduously publishing and studying his works—those, at least, that escaped destruction at the hands of his scandalized contemporaries. The once disreputable marquis can now claim an ever-larger place in the august company of eighteenth-century French *philosophes.* Although Sade never ceased to exercise a deep and dark fascination, his fame has never before reached its present height.

Among the many recent books on Sade Geoffrey Gorer's has a place apart, perhaps because, being an anthropologist by training, he approaches his subject with the most engaging and matter-of-fact objectivity. It was the insistent coupling in 1933 of the term "sadism" with the "cruelty and destruction" inherent in the Nazi regime that started him on a study, in which he placed the major emphasis on the political factors in Sade's life. This first involvement recalls the passionate interest in Sade that characterized a number of intellectuals of Mr. Gorer's generation—whom he does not seem to know, for he never refers to them: Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, and Camus, to mention only the best-known. A second edition in 1952 of this initial study did not elicit any fundamental changes; but when he came back to it again in 1962 he was, he tells us, confronted by a different Sade: in that decade a definitive 1,200-page biography and a wealth of hitherto unpublished works had come out. It is on Sade as a "most singular character" that Gorer now focuses his attention in this latest edition. A fascinating last chapter entitled "Thirty Years After," presents his own conception of the man.

"I am a libertine, I admit it," Sade wrote to his wife from prison. "I've imagined everything that could be imagined on that subject, but I certainly have not done, and certainly will never do, all that I have imagined." A "polymorphous pervert" and a "conscientious libertine" who systematically experimented with sex, Sade, Mr. Gorer suggests, was not a dangerous person. The twenty-seven years of incarceration he suffered are explicable not so much in terms of unlawful acts as in terms of unlawful thoughts. It was Krafft-Ebing, Sade's uninspired successor in the description of sexual perversions, who, according to Mr. Gorer, "with a mixture of impropriety and ignorance took de Sade's name for one of the perversions he had described and defined sadism as 'a sexual emotion associated with the wish to inflict pain,'" a restrictive definitior to which the technical term "algolagnia" better applies, and which eliminates the creative side of sadism proper. What Sade faced up to was the destructive facet of human energy and its direct connection with the fulfilment of aggressive sexual drives—facts carefully passed over until our time. It is by now well known that true sadism is a complex affair, reaching into all the realms of life: metaphysics, philosophy, politics, and sex. It is a plea for absolute freedom, a total revolt against all law, whether divine, social, or natural, in the name of nature itself.

Mr. Gorer does not propose thoroughly to analyze and criticize Sade's ideas nor to establish their many links with those of predecessors and contemporaries. His work is essentially descriptive. After two first chapters that give an account of Sade's life and works, successive chapters treat Sade's philosophy, his concept of God and nature, his political ideas, his theories of sex, pleasure, and love. "The principal originality which can be claimed for this book is that it is the only one in any language which allows the general reader to judge de Sade by his own words," Mr. Gorer writes; and his modest claim is substantially true, though for American readers the Grove Press *Marquis de Sade* offered a fair sample of the Marquis's work.

The particular charm of Mr. Gorer's

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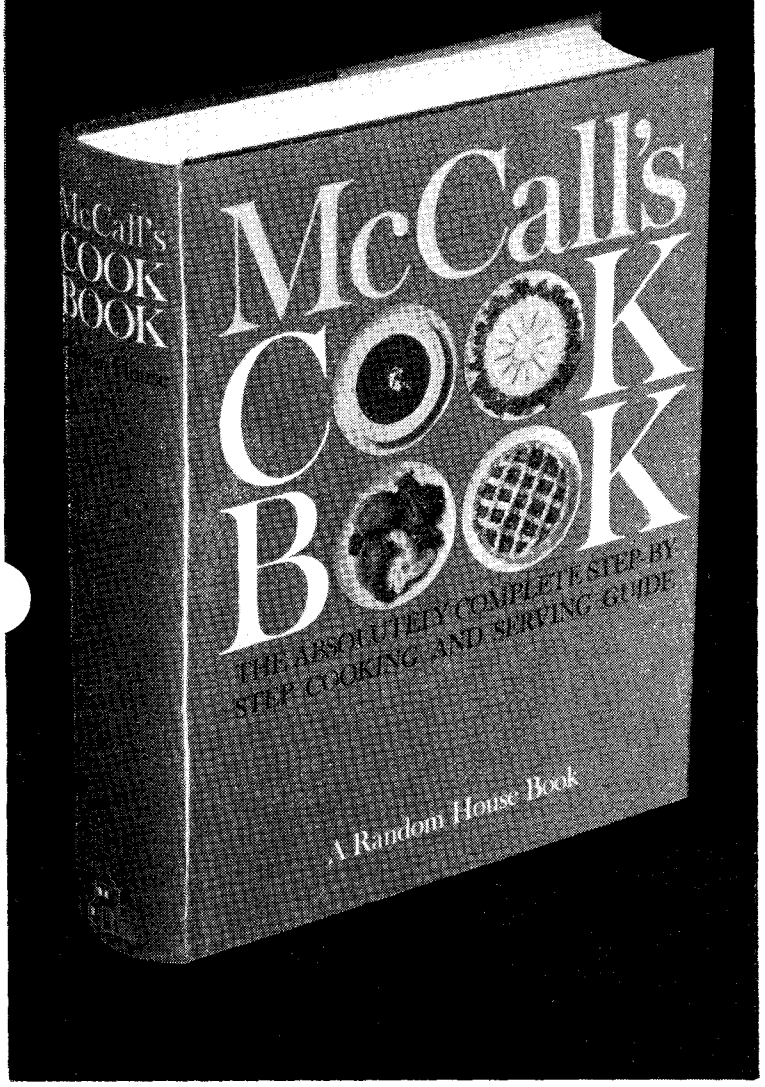

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book—for charm there is—is due perhaps to the unique combination of his own perspicacious comments and Sade's ingenuous though often contradictory developments. One frequently feels moved to laughter, though not mockery, at the horrendous directness of Sade, a directness shared by Mr. Gorer: "Although this description of tortures and murders is usually supposed to be de Sade's chief originality, there is actually very little which could not be paralleled in Foxe's or Wright's *Book of Martyrs*," he casually remarks; and, after all, Sade witnessed the Reign of Terror. Without in any way glossing over the strange aspects of Sade's personality, Mr. Gorer classifies him as a literary genius (which is perhaps open to qualification) and a psychological genius who, long before Freud, and much better, depicted "the internal world of the deep and primitive unconscious—acted out on the model of the contemporary world."

Very unusual in this kind of study is the relation between the author and his subject. Mr. Gorer's book combines sophistication and a warm human understanding.

Fiction as a Christian Catalyst

The Hidden God: Studies in Hemingway, Faulkner, Yeats, Eliot, and Warren, *by Cleanth Brooks (Yale University Press. 136 pp. $4.75), while not claiming unconscious Christianity for its subjects, maintains that their work can be illumined by reference to Christian premises. Nathan A. Scott, Jr., is the author of "Modern Literature and the Religious Frontier."*

By NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR.

MOST of the students in my classes at the University of Chicago suppose that the only kind of criticism worth reading is that which bristles with difficulties of rhetoric and analysis. Thus I anticipate having to defend the urbane informality of Cleanth Brooks's latest book against the tense uneasiness that these strict young people will express. That their preference for what they call "close reading" should be so much a consequence of what they have learned from Mr. Brooks himself may be another of the ironies of which academic life is so largely composed.

But in *The Hidden God* Mr. Brooks, who is one of modern criticism's most distinguished practitioners of exacting verbal analysis, has chosen the broad view, and he offers us a series of essays on five major twentieth-century writers. These pieces, enclosed between an introductory and a concluding chapter, make up a little book that forsakes stringent inspection of the single text for a general reassessment of what is centrally definitive in the work of Hemingway, Faulkner, Yeats, Eliot, and Robert Penn Warren. And, in following this tack, the book reminds us of how valuable a great critic can be when he undertakes to tell us, without archness or condescension and without exhaustive analysis of detail, what is humanly important in the work of artists who have set their "chisel to the hardest stone."

Since these essays originated in lectures delivered several years ago in a faculty colloquium on theology and culture at Trinity College, Hartford — and since Mr. Brooks himself is a Catholic of Anglican allegiance—it is not surprising that he stresses the religious dimension in the literature with which he deals. His selection of a title for the book may be a little unfortunate, however, since it seems to promise the kind of argument (lately fashionable among certain theological critics who, like Mr. Brooks, have been influenced by Paul Tillich) that claims So-and-so to be a Christian without his knowing anything about it. This is, of course, a procedure that, if handled with honesty and tact, can enable the critic to deal with the inner structure of a body of writing without having to fidget over the ineffable quantity represented by the writer's "intention." But, in the present case, Mr. Brooks wants most cautiously to forego any claim that we are confronted with some sort of crypto-Christianity in the fiction of Hemingway and Faulkner or in the poetry of Yeats and Warren. He claims only that many of the great writers of our time are engaged by the essential problems of Christianity, that their work can be significantly illumined by reference to Christian premises—and this is brilliantly demonstrated by a sensitive marshaling of a solid body of evidence.

One suspects that, among his five subjects, it is Hemingway for whom Mr. Brooks's sympathies are least perfect: he does, to be sure, speak most warmly about many of the stories and the novels, but he makes only the usual points about the stoicism, about the code of honor and courage, and one feels that he is not really an *aficionado*. But in all the other essays—and most notably in the fine piece on Yeats—the commentary has a remarkable freshness and clarity, and carries a passion and an eloquence that have not been as noticeable in Brooks's previous writing.

Given the distance at which the Christian community has so often chosen to live from the modern artist, we have, says Mr. Brooks, "a literature which is very much finer than we deserve." And he is right. But there are not many other books of the last few years so perfectly calculated as his to communicate to the general reader some sense of the exhilaration that is to be gained from the modern literary imagination at its best, when, however the issues of orthodoxy and heterodoxy are to be measured, it is speaking out in behalf of man in a late, bad time when there is so much in our culture that is bent on reducing man to a mere thing. In this sense there *is* a "hidden God" at work in the literature which Mr. Brooks discusses.

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Human Irritants of an Immortal

***Dostoevsky,** by David Magarshack (Harcourt, Brace & World. 399 pp. $8.75), and **Dostoevsky: A Self-Portrait,** by Jessie Coulson (Oxford University Press. 279 pp. $6.75), reveal the novelist as a man who suffered from a need for approbation and an inability to handle money. Ivar Spector, author of "The Golden Age of Russian Literature," is on the faculty of the University of Washington in Seattle.*

By IVAR SPECTOR

ANY REAPPRAISAL of the great Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky and his work, based on sources that have multiplied since his death in 1881, is of real significance today. His novels still constitute one of the best keys to an understanding of the Russian people.

From earlier studies of Stanislavsky, Chekhov, Turgenev, and Gogol, David Magarshack has now turned to Dostoevsky. His avowed objective, as revealed in a London interview, is to present Dostoevsky as an outgrowth of his environment, without the imposition of the biographer's views and judgments. His book is a painstaking, highly readable work, based on Russian primary sources, by one who has a flair for drama rather than for history. It is a biography of Dostoevsky the man rather than an appraisal of Dostoevsky the writer.

Dostoevsky the writer was a product of the conditions and controversies of his time—the controversy between the Slavophiles and the Westernizers, the great debates on the existence of God and on socialism *versus* individualism. Of this intellectual ferment that molded and shaped the novelist's thinking Magarshack tells little, with the result that he risks divorcing the man from the writer.

From any analysis of Dostoevsky the man based mainly on his letters, the reader may draw misleading conclusions about the novelist's literary career. So many of Dostoevsky's letters contained importunate and desperate appeals for loans that the uninitiated may assume that money took precedence over creation; in other words,

—*Sketch by T. A. Trutovsky.*

"Dostoevsky the writer was not for sale."

that Dostoevsky became a literary hack who would sell his art to the highest bidder. His works show that this was not the case. Had he betrayed his own profound convictions and written for the Westernizers, he and his books would have been more popular inside Russia and abroad, and in all probability his writing would have proved far more lucrative. It is important, therefore, to distinguish the man who until his closing years was in dire need of money to support his family and dependent relatives, and to pay his gambling debts, from the writer of integrity who developed only those ideas that gripped him, irrespective of their popularity or of pecuniary considerations. Dostoevsky the writer was not for sale.

Magarshack might have told us what really challenged Dostoevsky to become a writer. His entire work was a kind of rebuttal to the materialism portrayed in Gogol's *The Cloak* and the nihilism of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. Under other names, Akaki Akakyevitch and Bazarov became the main targets of his major novels. Without *The Cloak* Dostoevsky would never have written *Poor Folk*, which depicted people under similar circumstances but subordinated materialism to idealism and love. Without *Fathers and Sons* he could not have written *The Possessed*, which portrayed the Bazarovs in action. To counteract these negative characters he was challenged to create "a positively beautiful human being," Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot*.

In Magarshack's book we do find some explanation of Dostoevsky's hostility to socialism. This stemmed from his concept of European socialism as based on atheism and emphasizing materialism, and from his own Siberian experience. As he wrote to Natalya Fonvizina, widow of a Decembrist exile: "It is almost five years now that I have not been alone for a single hour. To be alone is a normal need, just like eating and drinking. Otherwise, you become a hater of men in this enforced communism." Dostoevsky often identified socialism, nihilism, and communism as one and the same thing.

BY means of 145 out of the more than 800 published letters of Dostoevsky Jessie Coulson also presents a "self-portrait" of the novelist. The selection is linked by explanatory passages and gap-bridging summations, and is designed as a substitute for the memoirs that Dostoevsky neglected to write. The letters, approximately three-quarters of which she here translates into English for the first time, include many to his second wife, Anna Grigorievna Snitkina; to his favorite brother, Mikhail, and other members of his immediate family; some to his publishers, Andrei Kraevsky, N. N. Strakhov, and Mikhail Katkov; others to his friends and fellow writers, Baron A. E. Wrangel, the poet A. N. Maykov, and Ivan Turgenev, with a couple to C. P. Pobedonostsev, Procurator of the Holy Synod. This book will be welcomed by readers, especially those with no access to Russian sources, because it throws interesting sidelights on the conception and development of Dostoevsky's major novels. Even this very limited selection reveals a man in great need of approbation; always giving or gambling away what money he had; frustrated by debts to landlady, doctor, midwife, publisher, and friends, and by the claims of dependent relatives; compelled to spend unhappy years abroad for reasons of health and "vindictive" creditors; resentful of deadlines, and ever apprehensive about the reception and understanding of his works by the public and about the future of his wife and children. However, since only Dostoevsky's own letters have been included, and not the replies, this book is a one-way street, a supplement to but not a substitute for a biography.

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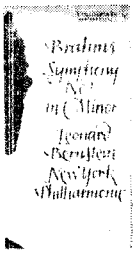
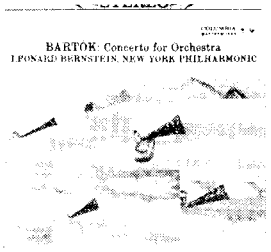
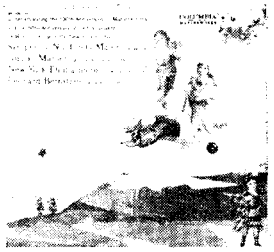
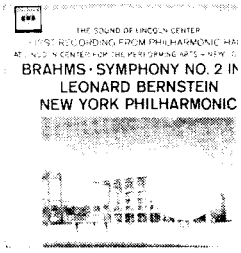
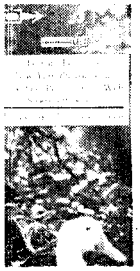
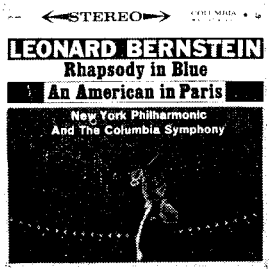


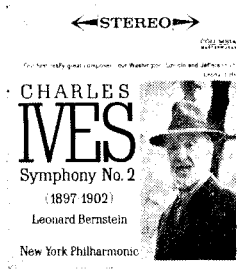


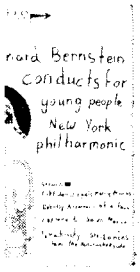


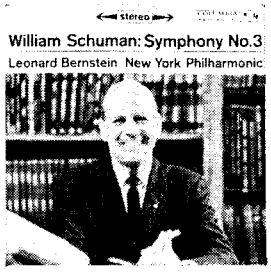


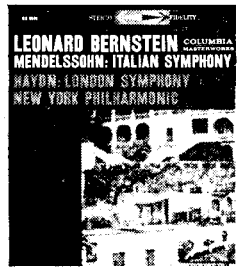


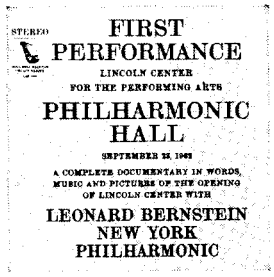


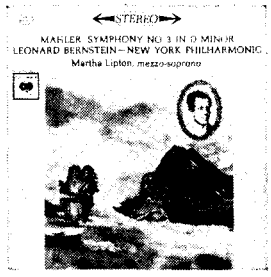


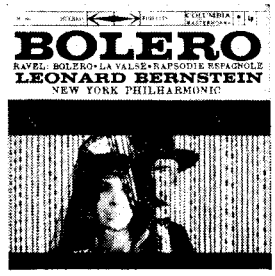


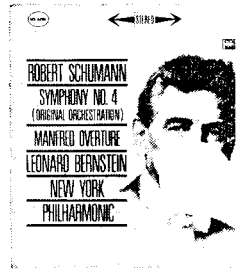


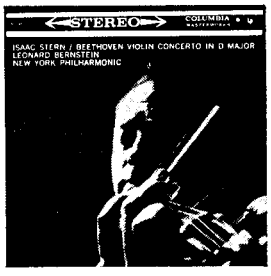


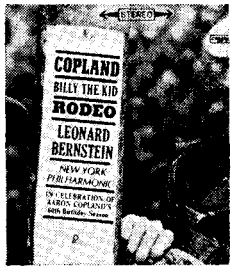


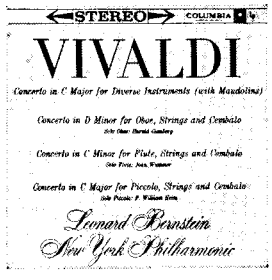


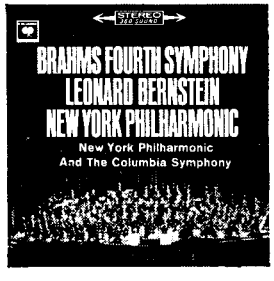


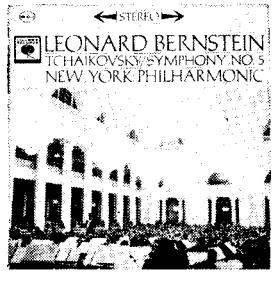







STEREO
VIVALDI
Concerto in C Major for Diverse Instruments (with Mandolins)
Concerto in D Minor for Oboe, Strings and Cembalo
Concerto in C Minor for Flute, Strings and Cembalo
Concerto in C Major for Piccolo, Strings and Cembalo
Leonard Bernstein
New York Philharmonic





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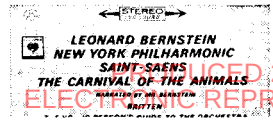

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LEONARD BERNSTEIN ON COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS

AVEDON

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Abundance

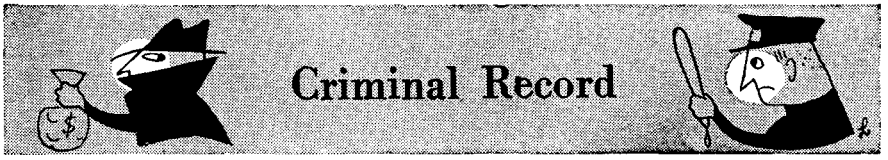
Continued from page 58

be decided upon without the criterion of what they are worth in the labor market, "for there is no such market for them." This should be an "absolute constitutional right." Mr. Theobald calls this Committed Spending.

The author would go farther: total society should decide that no member of society should "live in a manner incompatible with the standards acceptable to his fellow men merely because he lacks purchasing power." This Mr. Theobald calls Basic Economic Security. But it is necessary to devise a method to maintain the levels of income of this group. He offers his Economic Security Plan.

Basic Economic Security would insure that everybody would be entitled to an income whether or not he worked. Committed Spending would prevent the standards of living of any member of the existing middle-income group from falling drastically because of the effects of cybernation. The total Economic Security Plan would take the place of the present mosaic of measures—Social Security, unemployment insurance, housing subsidies, stamp plans, etc.—and "provide the government with a comprehensive mechanism which would be used to keep the number of available jobs in balance with the number of desired jobs."

Since everyone would have some income—and not just bare subsistence—the ESP, as an extension of the already accepted "concept of stimulating the economy by increasing purchasing power," would pay for itself. The $60 billion of unused capacity would go to work and grow. Abundance would, indeed, have arrived!



RUN TO EVIL. *By Leslie Egan. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Ten-year-old boy's murder brings swift reaction from good L.A.-area police; fine motion and character handling; cast large but cleanly identifiable. Four stars.

FIASCO IN FULHAM. *By Josephine Bell. Macmillan.* $3.50. Abortive London bank heist sets off chain sequence of crises; two die. Ingenious and diverting, as expected.

THE MOTHER HUNT. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $3.50. Wealthy Manhattan widow appeals to Nero Wolfe when new-born babe is parked in her vestibule. Archie Goodwin does the legwork; there are dead. Holds up nicely, as always.

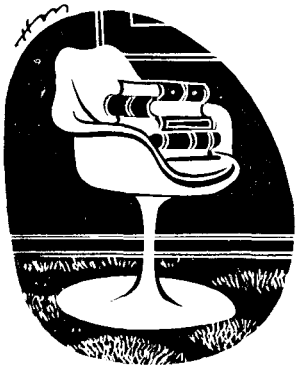
WHICH THE JUSTICE, WHICH THE THIEF? *By William Harrington. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.50. Ninety-two-year-old ex-judge narrates this sparkling yarn wherein Ohio youth and girl are tried for armed robbery. Sounds ordinary, but don't miss it. (And come again, Counsellor Harrington.)

HERE LIES. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.50. Dug-up hole-in-head skull puts stop to New Hampshire funeral of Connecticut matron; Massachusetts private-eyers and city cops (all good) team to get answers. Well-handled all the way, as usual.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN. *By Elizabeth Fenwick. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Young Detroit widow has anxious moments when former roomer pays visit; local law competent; Chicago police interested for lethal reasons. Fine, firm performance, with assured characterization, nice writing.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE. *By Ian Fleming. New American Library.* $4.50. James Bond (007), Britain's ace secret agent, matches wits with evil monster in Swiss hideout, fails, gets second chance; casualties abundant. Here you are taken for a *real* sleigh ride, and it's a honey.

TEN PLUS ONE. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Murder after murder after murder keep 87th Precinct lads looking, listening, and learning. Well up among author's best performances.



A TIME TO RETREAT. *By Brian Cooper. Vanguard.* $3.95. Southeast Asia fighting of 1940s is recalled in gripping count of court of inquiry empowe to evaluate conduct of British division commander; mainly Q&A job. Fine attention-holder.

THE UNDETECTIVE. *By Bruce Graeme. London House & Maxwell.* $3.50. English mystery writer gets into hottish water when he assumes pseudonym just before bookie is knocked off. Neatly plotted and good fun.

THE FIVE DECEIVERS. *By Flora Armitage. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Mysterious edifice in Eastern U.S. woodland arouses curiosity of female vacationer; death on the rocks a factor. Ideal for the deck-chair.

MR. HOLMES AT SEA. *By Conrad Voss Bark. Macmillan.* $3.50. Chancellor of Exchequer turns up missing off Cornish coast; Prime Minister's likable trouble-shooter prowls shark-infested waters. Sailormen and fishermen will especially enjoy this sprightly tale.

THE THIRD ENCOUNTER. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Shadows of occupied France fall on this yarn in which Anthony Maitland, English b rister, comes to grips with ancie enemy. As good as author's first, which was tops.

THE DRUMS OF UNGARA. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.95. British engineer toils to prevent bloodbath in young East African republic and, with a few exceptions, succeeds. Excellent local color and wildly exciting action.

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $3.95. Eighteenth annual collection (first under present editorship) contains sixteen tales in best tradition of mystery-crime-suspense genre.

HIGH WIRE. *By William Haggard. Washburn.* $3.50. This admirable cloak-and-daggerer reaches its vivid climax in a ski-lift in the Alps; England also visited. A-1.

EGYPT'S CHOICE. *By Daniel Broun. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Hero, man of wiles and wits, plots to liberate Civil War gold from Maryland hillside; electrocution hazard involved (and not the chair). Unusual and adroit.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY. *By V Gielgud. Scribners.* $3.50. Yard ace is detached from force to explore suicide (conceded) of TV biggie; aged countess also gets in some good licks. Literate, leisurely, and long (but not *too* long).

—Sergeant Cuff.

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—UPI.

The scene from the rostrum.

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Sing a Song of Freedom

By ROBERT SHERMAN

"I HAVE a dream. . . ." The impassioned words of Martin Luther King, Jr., remain a vibrant memory of the March on Washington on August 28. But for the participants, as well as for the millions who watched on television, they echo to a sound of music—the songs and chants and spirituals that resounded through the day—in a total blend of "Freedom Now."

As well befits a movement of such universal scope, the singers that day were of a diversity to match the world's. From the concert world came Marian Anderson and Camilla Williams; there were Mahalia Jackson, queen of the gospel singers; Joan Baez and Odetta, outstanding balladeers in authentic style; Peter, Paul, and Mary, a popular and typically sophisticated trio of the modern, pseudo-folk school. Even more to the point, there was the vigorous singing of the people within the integration movement itself: the Freedom Singers, four young field workers of SNCC (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) who began singing together specifically to spread the gospel of racial equality; the CORE delegates from Mississippi and Alabama and other areas, who again and again broke into spontaneous song as they marched. And finally there was the unforgettable sight of 200,000 marchers, their arms linked and their hands clasped, swaying in rhythm to the galvanic anthem "We Shall Overcome."

It is, of course, on the Southern battlefields of the war against discrimination that these freedom songs have served, and are serving with the greatest effectiveness. Acting in a sense as common denominators of the Negro people, they weld individuals—with individual doubts and terrors and weaknesses—into a dynamic and inexorable striking force. Phyllis Martin, an attractive young field worker for SNCC, tried to convey to this writer something of the incredible impact this music has in the South today. "The fear down there is tremendous," she said. "I didn't know whether I'd be shot at, or stoned, or what. But when the singing started, I forgot all that. I felt good within myself. We sang 'Oh Freedom' and 'We Shall Not Be Moved,' and after that you just don't want to sit around any more. You want the world to hear you, to know what you're fighting for!"

NAACP official Vernon Jordan paints much the same picture of a meeting he organized in Hart County, Georgia. "The people were cold with fear," he says, "until music did what prayer and speeches could not do in breaking the ice."

The freedom songs are heard everywhere in the South now—at mass meetings, on the picket lines, during the street demonstrations. They are sung in the jails, and often composed in the jails. They are dramatic emblems of the struggle and mighty weapons in it.

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Their steady, surging rhythms, their lilting melodies (taken usually from familiar hymns or spirituals already well known to the Negro community), and their simple, inspirational words, repeated over and over again, generate a fervor that can only be described as religious in its intensity. Even the least articulate of people can join in these group songs and respond to them fully; often the music serves as the best, even the primary, means of communication between the people and their leaders.

There is also another less obvious, but no less vital, function of these freedom chants: in a very real way, they do much to maintain and support a cornerstone of the Negro revolution, the all-important concept of nonviolence. By providing an outlet for the highly charged emotions that might otherwise explode into individual acts of retaliation or anger, the songs lend firm moral support to the singers. They give the people at the sit-ins, or on the freedom rides, or in the picket lines, the collective courage to withstand the inevitable taunts and abuses, to respond, come what may, with passive dignity.

The use of music as a vehicle of protest and as a rallying cry for reform is, of course, hardly a recent phenomenon in this country. As early as 1734, a New York newspaper reported a court decision declaring "A Song Made Upon the Election of the New Magistrate for this City" as "tending to inflame the minds of His Majesty's good subjects." "It is therefore ordered by the court," the article proceeds, "that said virulent, scandalous, and seditious song or ballad be burnt before the City Hall by the hands of the common hangman on Monday the 21st of this instant, at 12 o'clock." It seems safe to asume that this act of arson at high noon was as ineffectual in stemming the musical tide of protest as similar attempts have been in more modern times. By the same token, many of the freedom songs of today began as freedom spirituals on the slave plantations of pre-Civil War days. It is perhaps less generally known than it should be that Negroes in America were by no means passively resigned to the brutal fact of bondage. There were over 100 slave revolts, and dozens of outwardly innocent spirituals actually contained coded messages, convening the Negroes to secret meetings, urging escape, and sometimes going so far as to spell out escape routes to freedom in the North. One of the most vehement of the militant spirituals says simply:

Oh Freedom, Oh Freedom,
Oh Freedom, Lord, for me,
And before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave
Go home to my Lord and be free.

419 I'll Overcome Some Day

C. A. T. "Ye shall overcome if ye faint not." C. Albert Tindley.

1. This world is one great bat - tle - field, With for - ces all ar - rayed;
2. Both seen and un - seen pow - ers join To drive my soul a - stray,
3. A thou-sand snares are set for me, And moun-tains in my way;
4. I fail so oft - en when I try, My Sav - ior to o - bey;
5. My mind is not to do the wrong, But walk the nar - row way;
6. Tho' many a time no signs ap - pear, Of an - swer when I pray;

If in my heart I do not yield, I'll o - ver - come some day.
But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o - ver - come some day.
If Je - sus will my lead - er be, I'll o - ver - come some day.
It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.
I'm pray - ing as I jour - ney on, To o - ver - come some day.
My Je - sus says I need not fear, He'll make it plain some day.

REFRAIN.

I'll o - ver - come some day, (some day,) I'll o - ver - come some day;
I'll o - ver - come some day, (some day,) I'll o - ver - come some day;
I'll o - ver - come some day, (some day,) I'll o - ver - come some day;
Lord, make me strong some day, (some day,) Lord, make me strong some day;
To o - ver - come some day, (some day,) To o - ver - come some day;
I'll be like Him some day, (some day,) I'll be like Him some day;

If in my heart I do not yield, I'll o - ver - come some day.
But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o - ver - come some day.
If Je - sus will my lead - er be, I'll o - ver - come some day.
It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.
I'm pray-ing as I jour-ney on, To o - ver - come some day.
My Je - sus says I need not fear, I'll be like Him some day. A - MEN.

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ABOVE: The original hymn, whose source would seem to be Galatians, 6:9: "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." BELOW: The adaptation currently in use.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

* New words and music arrangement by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger

Slowly

1. We shall o - ver - come, We shall o - ver - come,
2. We'll walk hand in hand, We'll walk hand in hand,

We shall o - ver - come some day, Oh,
We'll walk hand in hand some day, Oh,

Deep in my heart I do be - lieve
Deep in my heart I do be - lieve

We shall o - ver - come some day.

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It was sung with determination by ·es before the Civil War, became a hing song of Negro regiments dur- the conflict, and then returned as a jubilant victory cry after Emancipation. Following a race riot some fifty-five years ago, tens of thousands of Negroes marched down the main streets of Atlanta, Georgia, chanting "Oh Freedom." And now again the song is on the march, timeless as ever, and ever fresh in its ability to encourage and exalt.

Interestingly enough, many of these spirituals, hymns, and gospel songs did a bit of integrating on their own. Twenty, thirty, or forty years before they were added to the arsenal of the civil rights movement, they served in the thick of the labor movement, aiding white workers as well as Negro in the bitter struggle to organize trade unions in America. Some of these union protest songs were devastating parodies of the religious originals and reflected a strong anticlerical bias (i.e., Joe Hill's famous "Pie in the Sky," a biting spoof of the hymn "Sweet Bye and Bye" and the doctrine of unlimited patience that it preached). Other union songs did, however, preserve the dignity and spirit of the original, with only certain key ds changed to fit the new occasion. as "We Are Building Jacob's Ladder" became "We Are Building a Strong Union" (today the words are "Do you, do you want your freedom. . . .?"), while an old Baptist melody, "O Ship of Zion," was converted by the Almanac Singers into the famous "Union Train." These days the same tune is racing down the track as "Freedom Train."

Clearly these songs served a similar purpose in both the union and integration movements; in fact, the similarities at times are downright startling. Here is how Tom Tippett (in his book *When Southern Labor Stirs*) describes a 1929 union meeting of cotton mill workers in Marian, North Carolina. He could as easily have been witnessing Negro demonstrations in any one of a score of places in the South today:

> These people were expressing the sensation of freedom for the first time in their lives. Hymns from their churches were sung at the strike meetings and were later transformed into songs of the strike. Religious emotions, too, were transferred into the struggle. Everybody who participated will remember those days the picket lines at night; the women and men stationed there chanting rewritten Negro spirituals across the darkness to inspire faith and courage; the mass meetings, oftentimes in a downpour of rain, and the strikers singing. . . . They caught a glimpse of something intangible, but something which they obviously and unanimously felt none the less. . . . The strike was a new experience. It was the first time many of the workers had ever thought of themselves as anything but mill hands.

"We Shall Overcome," the so-called "Marseillaise" of the civil rights movement, is another song that followed the well-worn trail from church to union hall to sit-in counter. It was first published by C. Albert Tindley in 1901 as a Baptist hymn (see insert), with typically self-conscious verses, and a melody barely like the one in use today. Only the simple eloquence of the chorus words "I'll overcome someday. . . ." made Tindley's hymn stand apart from the others, and indeed it was this chorus alone that was taken up by labor unions in the 1940s. Negro members of the Food and Tobacco Workers Association in Charleston, North Carolina, sang it on the picket lines in 1946 as "We Will Overcome," and it was apparently brought by some of these workers to the celebrated (now closed) Highlander Folk School in Tennessee. There Zilphia Horton, the director's wife, began teaching it to the students, adding new verses in the process. "Its strong, emotional appeal and simple dignity never fail to hit people," wrote Mrs. Horton at the time.

When the Montgomery Bus Boycott began in December 1955 (most observers credit that remarkable display of nonviolent resistance with having sparked the current Negro revolution), music again walked with the courageous Negro citizens of Alabama, heightening morale and standing as a powerful symbol of defiance until the battle was won—this in November of 1956, when the U.S. Supreme Court declared bus segregation illegal in Montgomery. Many old songs were drafted into militant service during this period, and one of them was the ex-hymn "We Shall Overcome" (just why the word "shall" replaced the unionist "will" is not immediately apparent). A few years later, a white folk singer named Guy Carawan was active in teaching the song to Negro students during the early sit-in demonstrations, and he, too, added a few more verses. (Other lyrics in the modern version are credited to Frank Hamilton and Pete Seeger; see insert). With remarkable speed, "We Shall Overcome" entered the oral tradition and spread to cities throughout the South. Without benefit of sheet music or radio exposure or popular recordings, it somehow became *the* anthem of the entire movement. Today it invariably closes mass meetings or prayer vigils or protest marches, the participants renewing their faith to its measured beat, joining hands and rocking back and forth in time to its proud yet joyful credo:

> Deep in my heart, I do believe
> We shall overcome some day.

"The tone of our 'We Shall Overcome' is quite different from the way it was in union days," points out Reginald Robinson, a field director for SNCC. "We put more soul in it, a sort of rocking quality, to stir one's inner feeling. You really have to experience it in action to understand the kind of power it has for us. When you get through singing it, you could walk over a bed of hot coals, and you wouldn't even feel it!"

There is one more aspect of the freedom ballads that is unique in the history of American songs of protest: for the first time, such music is making a deep impression on the public at large; it is being sung and listened to by millions of people with no direct connection with the integration movement at all. In sharp contrast to the union ballads, for instance, which remained pretty much the exclusive province of the workers themselves (along with a small coterie of folk music enthusiasts), the freedom songs have soared to popularity on the crest of the current folk song craze in America. They have suddenly gained new and unexpected status as entertainment. In concerts, on radio and TV, at college campuses, the freedom ballads are living a double life as folk tunes, as pop songs, even as jazz.

Spearheading this drive are the aforementioned Freedom Singers, four active workers in the movement who have been traveling about the country, singing and discussing the civil rights music in schools and colleges, and, more recently, along the night-

(*Continued on page* 81)

—*Photo by "The News."*

Mahalia Jackson makes a point.

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Martha Graham's London Season

LONDON.

IN HER third invasion of Britain, Martha Graham has finally made a conquest not altogether out of proportion with that more famous one of 1066. Both at the Edinburgh Festival and in a two-week season in London at the Prince of Wales Theatre, she and her exemplary company made a profound impression—not only upon a hitherto indifferent public, which responded consistently with storms of applause and cheering, but also upon a previously hostile press, which came forth with many favorable (if often baffled) reviews, a number of genuinely discerning and enthusiastic ones, and not a single damning one.

There were, to be sure, some individual dissidents in the audience, like the burly Scot in Edinburgh who left in the middle of *Phaedra* muttering "R-r-r-rubbish!" (whether on artistic grounds or because its flagrant eroticism antagonized the John Knox in him), and the bland and well-bred London lady who could not understand why the audience went into such ecstasies over such "nons'nse." But they represented a minuscule minority. The day before the London season opened, the queue at the Prince of Wales box office extended halfway around the block, and the theatre reported that more money had been taken in on that day than on any other in the history of the house. Indeed, a well-warranted extension of the engagement was prevented only by obstacles quite extraneous to the box office.

Certainly none of this is to be explained by precedent. The company's first visit to London in 1950 resulted in total calamity. It had come from a débâcle in Paris with bruised souls, but what was more relevantly injured was Miss Graham's foot, which at the last minute forced a cancellation of the season before it even opened. Four years later a second attempt fared better physically in that it actually got under way, but it may have been more damaging spiritually. The press, which came to scoff, scoffed; the public did not trouble even to come, and sometimes there were less than fifty people in the house.

What was not then evident, however, was that among those fifty who did come were some passionate converts, including a small but influential contingent of the press, who remained not only to pray but to set out on the sawdust trail with the zeal of evangelists. Also in this company of converts was a layman who went to the first performance perhaps out of curiosity and returned for every subsequent one out of conviction. His name was Robin Howard, and it is he whose faith and energy, expressed in practical terms of organizing, propagandizing, and actual underwriting, ultimately made possible after nine years the third and finally triumphant Graham entree. He was convinced, against the trepidations and anxieties of some of Miss Graham's most definitely committed American champions, that with the mutations of time London was ready. He was right.

Even the response of Edinburgh was something of a revelation, though the audiences there were smaller. The festival, no matter what its ideals, is at present primarily a musical event; without more and better theatres at its disposal it cannot expect to be anything else. But Lord Harewood, its artistically progressive and courageous director, was a staunch ally of Mr. Howard in the Graham project, and the week there proved of enormous value to the company as well as to the prestige of the festival.

The Empire Theatre left something to be desired. Since it is devoted throughout the rest of the year to bingo, it understandably has no resident stage crew, and for one company to move in for a Monday opening on the heels of another company departing after a Saturday closing was not without certain difficulties. But the engagement there was productive on two grounds. One was the opportunity to play before a British audience (though not one with London's sophistication) and to find it engrossed and enthusiastic. (Since the British are primarily of literary mind, it should not have been surprising, perhaps, that its response to the comedy of Miss Graham's *Acrobats of God*, which consists, to put it bluntly, of "sight gags," was laughterless, though followed by tumultuous applause. This proved not to be true of London, however.) The second great value of the festival week was that the London press was there, sending back daily reports brimming with praise and appreciation. Without this advance boost the London season might well have been slower in starting.

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Robert Powell and Helen McGehee in "Secular Games."

But bingo or no bingo, the Empire in Edinburgh was vastly superior as a theatre to the Prince of Wales in London, which, indeed, could scarcely be less suitable for dancing. It was built to house those little London-type revues consisting of a star comedian and a supporting cast of ten or twelve, with no allowance for any degree of spectacle. Its stage is approximately twenty-five feet deep and not much wider. When its area was partially taken up with Miss Graham's characteristic platforms and sculptural set-pieces, there was virtually no floor left to put foot on. Almost worse was the impossibility of achieving any atmospheric perspective. Imagine *Clytemnestra* or the remote and lovely *Seraphic Dialogue* performed, as it were, on a tea tray in your lap! But what with the tight booking situation in the West End, no other theatre was available, and it was either that or nothing.

After the opening performance (applause and bravos to the contrary notwithstanding) those who knew what

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th[illegible]ertoire should look like could s[illegible] avoid the depressing conclusio[illegible]nat "nothing" would have been better. It was bad enough that the company had been unable to get on stage until the morning of the opening in order to pace out the new space limitations; but when it came to the final work on the opening program, *Legend of Judith,* in which Miss Graham made her first appearance of the season, the sculpturesque complex of small platforms on which the heart of the action centers had been insecurely fastened to the floor and teetered precariously throughout. This involved not only last-minute improvisations and adaptations of movement, but also a prevailing state of nerves that might easily have killed the season at the outset. But Mr. Howard was right: London was ready. It cheered the company to the echo, if only for its valor, and returned night after night to cheer it for more substantial reasons. The sad truth remains, however, that London has still not seen the Graham repertoire as it should be seen.

Of the ten works presented, three have yet to be shown in New York. T[illegible]are *Legend of Judith,* which had [illegible]'d première in Israel in the sum[illegible]. 1962; *Secular Games,* first produced at Connecticut College the same summer in preparation for the extended European tour that followed; and *Circe,* which had its world premiere on September 6 in the London season. They are all definitely out of the top drawer, as New York will see when the company opens its forthcoming season at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

The first two works have been refined, reworked, pointed, and in every way heightened since the 1962 tour, and those who were lucky enough to see them then (as this reviewer did in Stockholm, and found them brilliant) cannot fail to be even more deeply impressed by them now.

The *Judith,* indeed, is one of Miss Graham's most profound and poignant works. Like so many of her dramatic creations, it is a psychological introspection, starting at the climactic moment of tragedy and looking at the same time backward at the emotion of events and forward at their resolution. If this approach makes for complexity, it more than compensates by the vividne[illegible]of its revelation. In *Judith* we are [illegible] the central figure at three levels s[illegible]aneously. In the present memory of an aging widow we see her awareness of her joyous wedding night with Manasse, who was her soul and her life, and its parallel with the love-hate that underlay her savage slaying of the besieging general, Holofernes. Miss Graham's performance, for its nobility, its simplicity, and its great humanity, must rank high among her achievements.

With a difficult but eloquent score by the Israeli composer Mordecai Seter, and a handsome setting by the Israeli artist Dani Karavan, she has provided a rich texture of movement, archaic, scriptural, Oriental, at moments Hassidic. In its savagery she has spared us nothing, and the severing of the head of Holofernes is, within its own dimensions of style, right out of the Grand Guignol. An altogether remarkable work, possibly her finest since *Clytemnestra,* and of the same stature.

By way of contrast, *Secular Games* is sheer enchantment. It is built principally around the younger members of the company, and its three storyless sections show them playing at ball, playing at love, and playing at play itself. It falls in some indescribable way into her recent Greek cycle, not for its subject matter but for its state of mind. Its movement is actually a classic extension of esthetics into the realm of pure acrobatics, bridging easily and naturally the gap that is sometimes erroneously thought to separate them. But if it is one long bravura development, it is never for an instant a mere exhibition. Somehow she has managed to show us its vigorous brilliance through a silk screen of serenity.

Its music is by Robert Starer, and Jean Rosenthal has made a charming set out of ropes and sculptured pedestals by Marion Kinsella. Incidentally, it is gloriously danced, with top honors perhaps going to the handsome Richard Gain, but with winning work also by youngsters like Juliet Fisher, Takako Asakawa, and Carol Fried, whom we do not often see with such rewarding opportunities.

The new *Circe* has just seen the light of day, and will no doubt be further ironed out and polished up before New York sees it. Not that it would seem to need it even now, for it is a lovely work, clear and direct in narrative line, remarkably fresh and intuitive in movement, and glowing with atmosphere.

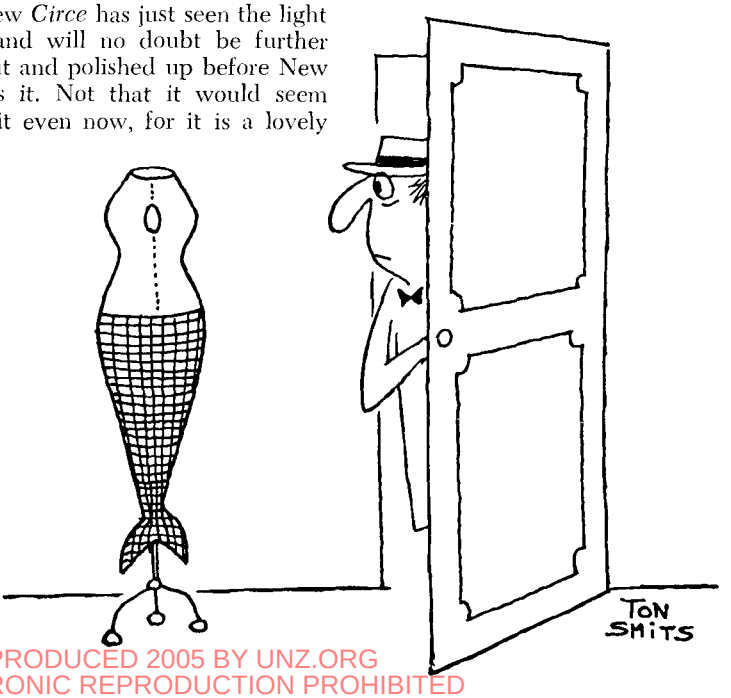
In essence it is a morality play, with Ulysses struggling against the animalism into which Circe would lead him, abetted by a quartet of henchmen already reduced to being snake, lion, deer, and goat. Only the stalwart helmsman offers him aid against them. But the ending is happy—or at least virtuous. Mary Hinkson is a truly enchanting Circe, and Bertram Ross the sorely tempted Ulysses. The helmsman is outstandingly performed by Clive Thompson in his first major role, and Robert Powell and Mr. Gain are marvelous as snake and lion.

Alan Hovhaness has written a wonderfully evocative score: The animals wear beautiful and orientally imaginative masks painted on their faces, and the setting is by Isamu Noguchi. The latter, incidentally, with its ship and archway, was created originally for a short-lived work called *Theatre for a Voyage,* which dealt with a somewhat similar theme of men reverting to animals. This one bids to be of very long life, however; a fine addition to Miss Graham's contemporary-archaic and eminently beautiful Greece.

The work was created "as a homage to Robin Howard," and though he roundly deserves it, he must nevertheless be a proud man.

Robert Irving, on leave from the New York City Ballet, produced excellent results with his orchestra and some extremely difficult scores, and Eugene Lester was associate conductor.

Honor, indeed, to all concerned, and a special welcome back to the company after an absence of some six years for Robert Cohan, who danced with great distinction. —JOHN MARTIN.



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Recordings in Review

Furtwaengler—"soberly exalted, liesurely but taut performance . . ."

Furtwaengler's Bruckner

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 9. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon* LPM 18 854, $5.98.

Examples of Furtwängler's art or recordings of the symphonies of Bruckner hardly being abundant—and the combination of them wholly absent from the current listing—the value of this issue need not be labored. If its designation as a *historishe Aufnahme* (historical recording) may be taken as a promise of more to come, either from Furtwängler or from others in Deutsche Grammophon's ample archives, so much the better.

Indeed, if there are other Bruckner symphonies by Furtwängler, these should have priority attention. To judge from the soberly exalted, leisurely, but taut performance of this work, Bruckner is a composer to whom Furtwängler's musical sense is especially attuned. Moreover, his literature is one in which the conductor had the longest possible indoctrination, having made his debut at twenty conducting this very work.

However, it should not be supposed from the prominence of the phrase *Originalfassung* on the record sleeve that the listener is being offered something unique to this performance. The *Originalfassung* is the commonly circulated study score published by the International Bruckner Society in 1951, and now in general use. It is the text utilized for the Bruno Walter recording (Columbia MS 6171) and it was also used by Leonard Bernstein in his performance with the New York Philharmonic in March of 1962. How it differs from any other edition was succinctly defined by Joseph Braunstein in his notes for the Vox edition of Symphony No. 8: "This term must not be confused, as is always the case, with *Urfassung* (very first edition). *Originalfassung* in the terminology of the complete edition means the version extant in Bruckner's autograph which he considered the final form for presentation to the public." It thus restores to Bruckner what he approved before the editorial hand of others decreed changes that appeared in the previously printed score. (None of this appears anywhere in connection with the DGG issue.)

For those who might wish to know whether the Furtwängler version adds anything indispensable to our knowledge of Bruckner, the answer is "No." Walter's performance is of equal artistic quality, if in a somewhat different mood (more lyric, less grandiose). It also projects—thanks to the improved resources of stereo—a depth and richness to the scoring for eight horns, multiple trumpets, trombones, bass tuba, etc., beyond the capability of resources available to Furtwängler when this broadcast was taped in 1944.

Richter in the Chaillot

HAYDN: *Sonata in E flat (No. 49).* DEBUSSY: *"Des Pas sur la neige," "La Serenade interrompue," "La Cathédrale engloutie," and "La Danse de Puck."* PROKOFIEV: *"Suggestion bolique" (Op. 4, No. 4). Svia. Richter, piano.* Vanguard VRS 11[illegible], $4.98; stereo VSD 2140, $5.98.

If the proof of contentment is in the sound an artist makes, the case could be easily proven that Richter was happier in Paris last year than any place else where he has been recorded "live." As this includes performances from Italy and Yugoslavia as well as Carnegie Hall in New York, the range is not so restricted as might appear from the special qualifications stated.

In these excerpts from his concert program in the Palais de Chaillot, Richter is not merely the fantastically deft and dynamically resourceful artist he has sounded like on many disks, but an interpreter of imagination and fantasy such as he has sounded like on few. There is still the sense that the audience is eavesdropping on a communication between the performer and the composer rather than participating in a tripartite relationship, but the spell is more consistently maintained than in most Richter recordings.

The special match of creator and recreator that marks an except[illegible] experience is contained in the Deb[illegible] sequence, not so much because the Haydn or Prokofiev is on a lower level, but because the French music provided the greatest latitude for the range of pressures and pedaling he was able to provide on this occasion. As the range is from the lightly flaked sound of "Des Pas sur la neige," the guitar-like strumming of "La Serenade interrompue" and the deft tread of "La Danse de Puck" to the great clanging bells of "La Cathedrale engloutie," there is a considerable measure of Richter's greatness as an artist in these four pieces.

Loud and Clear

BRAHMS: *Requiem. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Jerome Hines, bass. Brahms-Rubbra: Variations on a theme by Handel.* Columbia stereo MS 686, $5.98.

Combining two such prodigious providers of tonal abundance as the Philadelphia Orchestra and the M[illegible]mon Tabernacle Choir would seem necessary parts of a mathemati[illegible] formula to provide the Q.E.D. of an insuperable performance of Brahms. But in almost every musical work of quality there are intangibles as well as tangibles, and they are particularly a

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part of the work Brahms called a ·tsches *Requiem*.

ny of these intangibles repose in mixture of word values and the sound selected for them by the composer, which are not merely compromised but falsified by the use of a language other than the one he elected. To bill this "*A German Requiem* Sung in English" is to state the absurdity in the most economical way.

What flows from this combination of conditions is often striking in its power and certainly of high technical quality, but altogether more athletic and muscular than supple or expressive. Too few of the English words are audible from the chorus to make the procedure justifiable for those who might prefer it, while depriving others of an authentic sound they might rightfully expect. A consistent exception is provided by Jerome Hines, whose enunciation of "Herr, lehre doch mich" ("Lord, make me to know") is syllabically perfect, though the range is uncomfortably high for him. Phyllis Curtin is almost as good in this respect.

The inclusion of Rubbra's transcription for orchestra of the Handel variations for piano is an enterprising alternative to some other possible choice. Rubbra has succeeded in developing a considerable correlation between Brahm's writing and the coloristic possibilities of solo flute, oboe, horn, etc., but when the violins get to scampering up and down in emulation of typical keyboard formulations, the relationship becomes more strained than inevitable.

Most Mellifluous "Cosi"

THOSE who esteem *Così fan tutte* as a miracle of euphony even for that constant wonder-worker W. Mozart have a new ally in their ›. He is Eugen Jochum, whose first ‹ding of an opera by this composer marks him as a master of the genre second to none. With the Berlin Philharmonic as one arm of his purpose and a select cast of specialists as the other, he has given an embracing testimony to the loveliest sustained sound in all the literature of the stage (Deutsche Grammophon LMP/18/861, 3, $17.94; stereo SLPM 138/861, 3, $20.94

It is possible to feel this way about any reasonably adequate representation of this score; to feel it, that is, in the absence of the demonstration to make it an unshakable conviction. One needs to listen to only a few bars of the overture to realize that this may be the living demonstration of the proof for which one has long waited. And even when the human instruments are admitted to the company of the mechanical ones of the orchestra, the standard is almost unfailingly sustained, thanks to the thought that has been expended on their selection: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the pivotal role of Don Alfonso giving the best Mozartian performance to his credit, Hermann Prey glielmo) and Ernst Häfliger (Ferrando) as the male plotters against the constancy of Irmgard Seefried (Fiordiligi) and Nan Merriman (Dorabella), with Erika Köth (Despina) as partner in disillusion to Don Alfonso.

The first clue to Jochum's intention is conveyed by his attention in the overture, to some sustained voices in the violas, bassoons, and horns. It is a way of giving notice that every thread of the texture is meaningful to him, and that it will have a proper accounting in the acts that follow. Moreover, he is as determined in purpose as, for example, Toscanini, and as adamant in insisting that a dotted eighth and a sixteenth is as binding on a celebrated baritone as it is on an anonymous flute player.

The result, in the first place, is an ensemble performance in which everybody performs in the same manner—unfailingly Mozart's—as understood by Jochum. Needless to say, there are some discrepancies of individual attainment, with Seefried the most vulnerable to the pitiless requirements of the score (the lenient tempo for her "Come scoglio" and the abridgement of some figures in the first-act finale sound necessary rather than volitional). But in the long stretches of duo, trio, quartet, quintet, and sextet singing the burdens are equally distributed and evenly supported. This makes for a particular credit for Nan Merriman as Dorabella who shows extraordinary artistry in shaping her normally broad sound to the necessities of a blend with Seefried in their frequent duets, and as the interior, defining factor in some of the score's most delicate blends of sound. Erika Köth is also a welcome exception to the usual soubrette-maid Despina, offering a sound that is both malleable and substantial. The musical text includes not only everything commonly heard, but also the "second" arias for Ferrando ("Tradito, schernito") and Dorabella ("E amore un ladroncello").

Jochum—"a master of the genre."

In a work of *Così's* complexity it is all but impossible for one cast of singers to be a match for every challenge presented in three hours of singing. This one is definitely superior in the ensembles, which means that Act I is altogether more satisfactory than Act II, in which the arias are more frequent and taxing. This applies especially to Miss Seefried, whose "Per pietà" is regrettably feeble, in lesser degree to Häfliger, who has the sense of "Un aura amorosa" well in hand but not the roulades so well in voice. They are, to a degree, offset by Miss Merriman's expert "Smanie implacabili" and Miss Köth's lightly cynical "In uomini" and "Una donna a quindici anni." The counterbalance for the light weight the listener is offered in some solo portions of the score is in the heavy measure of justice served by Jochum in the longer portions of concerted effort.

This assuredly includes the orchestral performers, from the fine hornist who earns honors for bravura in his obbligato to "Per pietà", which Miss Seefried does not with her vocal effort, to the bassoonist who matches lyric lines with Fischer-Dieskau in the terzettino of Act I, or the entire string section, which plays like a fine quartet throughout. As for tempi, if there is nothing else a colleague would emulate in Jochum's performance—anyone would have to have sensibilities equal to his to achieve his refined sound or balance of parts—he might take his tempi to heart, for that, naturally, is from whence they are derived. They rarely fall short of ideal, save when Miss Seefried's needs introduce an element of compromise. The recording is wonderfully clear, but needs full volume to sound well. At medium or low level, it loses presence.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4. Van Cliburn, piano, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner. RCA Victor LM 2680, $4.98; stereo LSC 2680, $5.98.	Having begun his Beethoven survey with the *Emperor,* Cliburn apparently is progressing in an inverse sequence, from the relatively easy complications of No. 5 to the increasingly simple and therefore more difficult texture of No. 4, No. 3, etc. Needless to say, the problems of playing the notes present no difficulty for him, but the music they represent is rather more elusive. He has relatively more success with the finale than with the first movement and least of all with the Adagio. Cliburn's following will doubtless find much to cherish in this performance, but it will not do much to dislodge the preferential status, in such literature, of a dozen pianists from Backhaus to Serkin. The orchestra plays well for Reiner, but there is not much to stimulate either, musically, in Cliburn's immature, rather vacuous effort. The "anonymous" cadenzas are also by Beethoven.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E minor. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia stereo MS 6479, $5.98.	There is both muscle and scope in this performance, with a fine enough discrimination between them to make a suitable balance. Now and then, as in the Scherzo, the muscle dominates, but proportions are soon enough restored. The solo passages throughout (especially the clarinet in the Andante and the flute in the finale) are beautifully played, though it would seem possible to permit each a little more latitude rather than restraining—or, at least, seeming to restrain—them to the strict control of the conductor. Altogether this is Brahms as Brahms should sound, with no deviations beyond a reasonable latitude of individual preference. The clean, well-balanced sound represents Philharmonic Hall as of October, 1962.
Falla: *Nights in the Gardens of Spain.* Concerto in D. Gonzalo Soriano, piano and harpsichord, with Rafael Frübeck de Burgos conducting the Orchestra de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. Angel 36131, $4.98; stereo S 36131, $5.98.	Whether as pianist (in *Gardens*) or harpsichordist (in the Concerto), Soriano enhances the reputation for artistry he established in his only visit to this country early in the 1950s. This version of the *Nights* may not have the amount of fantasy and imagery conveyed in a prior one with the late Ataulfo Argenta, but it is altogether creditable for the pianist and conductor Burgos, who has not left much trace of previous activity on records. In the Concerto, which he performs with excellent style and refinement of sound, Soriano's associates are Michel Debost (flute), Robert Casier (oboe), André Boutard (clarinet), Pierre Nérini (violin) and Robert Cordier (cello). Burgos is also listed as conductor for this work.
Gotovac: *Kolo (Ero der Schelm).* Kodály: *Háry János* suite. Tchaikovsky: Theme and Variations (Suite No. 3). Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35975, $5.98.	Jakov Gotovac, whose entertaining *Kolo* makes an attractive interlude of contrast between the two familiar works on this disc, is a conductor and composer of Zagreb identified on the sleeve of this issue as "musical director of the opera there." The "kolo" is a round dance; (the title of the o from which it is taken is translated as *Ero the Joker*) with something of the cumulative acter of the "hora." It is skilfully elaborated by Gotovac in a manner reminiscent of the E. *Roumanian Rhapsodies* and well repays Kempe's investment of effort. The disc is otherwise more remarkable for the playing of the superb Vienna strings in the Tchaikovsky than for the clean but insufficiently detailed treatment of the Kodály. Connoisseurs of cimbalom playing will find their interests well served by the close attention given by the recordists to the skilful performance by John Leach.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 52 in C minor and No. 60 in C. David Blum conducting the Esterhazy Orchestra. Vanguard VRS 1105, $4.98; VSD 2143, $5.95.	For those who do not live within commuting distance of New York's Town Hall, this disk will introduce a three-part collaboration of leader, performer, and composer which has produced more than promising results in recent seasons. As well as possessing the energy and enterprise of youth, Blum has a flair for scholarship which has led him to a pair of works absent from the nearly thirty Haydn symphonies now listed in the Schwann catalogue. Of particular interest is number sixty, which bears the title *Il Distrato* from its relationship to a play of Jean Francois Regnard. Though intended to serve as incidental music, it shows that Haydn's sense of symphonic discipline was not merely unfailing but adaptable to any circumstances—even to the introduction of an opportunity for the strings to retune in the finale. Under Blum's discriminating direction, the players maintain an ensemble above the level of most occasional collaborations. The recording is just what the music needs.
Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 in C minor. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra with E. Power Biggs, organ. Columbia ML 5212, $4.98; stereo MS 6469, $5.98.	The pressure applied by Ormandy and his muscular legions is sometimes a little more than this creation can bear, with the results that the tonal seams tend to spread and the warp tends to separate from the woof. For those who think rather of tweeter and woofer, it may be commended as a good big explosion of sound, with an interesting contrast of solo organ in the slow movement. But a little more gravity and a little less exhibitionism would be more complimentary to Saint-Saens's ideas as they have been known to sound from those more closely indoctrinated in his idiom. In other words, this is more to be commended as a recordist's show piece than a musician's delight.
Strauss: *Ein Heldenleben.* Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2641, $5.98.	Here is perhaps the best sample to date of the excellent work Leinsdorf has done in rehabilitating the technical standards of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a performance of unvarying proficiency, clarity and superior balance. Give credit, too, to RCA Victor's technicians for adding new areas of audibility in the reproduction of this score, with or without the contribution of Dynagroove techniques. Also of special quality is the sure and beautiful sound of the solo violin passages performed by Joseph Silverstein. With all these virtues, the essential values of Strauss have been realized with more individuality and imaginative warmth in the performance of Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, among the half a dozen versions presently available.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2683, $4.98; stereo LSC 2683, $5.98.	This is one of the best played, most clearly defined versions of the *Pathetique* there is, tha. to the effort of Munch to make his musicians play exactly what is written rather than an approximation of it, and the abundance of detail in its reproduction. Beyond this, however, there are more minuses than pluses, a consequence of Munch's own rather reserved view of Tchaikovsky's purpose, which is rendered as only moderately pathetic. Moreover, the clarity of the recording does not discriminate as it might among the innumerable gradations of dynamics the composer so painstakingly wrote into his score. *Pianos and pianissimos, fortes* and *mezzo fortes* are rendered at much the same level. —I.K.

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Ellington's "My People"

THE REVUE *Jump for Joy*, produced on the West Coast in 1941, represents a landmark in Duke Ellington's career. Though it ran for only three months, it has never been forgotten by those fortunate enough to see it. Some excellent songs still perpetuate its memory, but its significance lay in Ellington's conception of uncompromising Negro theatre. The show's social criticism and satire struck a novel and arresting note then. "In *Jump for Joy*," wrote the editor of the Los Angeles *Tribune*, "Uncle Tom is dead. God rest his bones."

Twenty-two years later, and during a period of unprecedented activity, Ellington has conceived, written, and staged another brilliant musical show in conjunction with the Century of Negro Progress Exposition in Chicago. Entitled *My People*, it was first performed on August 16 at McCormick Place, where it ran until September 2.

pressive visually and aurally, it consted of twenty-four scenes paralleling the Negro experience of the past century, and it involved two companies of dancers, a mixed choir of fourteen voices, four solo singers, and a sixteen-piece orchestra.

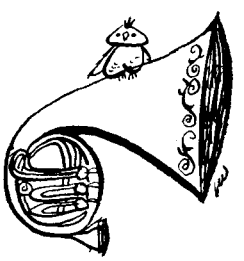
The book was loosely based on Ellington's famous suite, "Black, Brown and Beige," and it proceeded from a work song, via spiritual and blues sections, to a climax with direct bearing on the current civil rights struggle. Familiar numbers from the Ellington repertoire were "Come Sunday" and "Carnegie Blues," but most of the music was new or newly transformed. In one scene, in which tap dancer Bunny Briggs was required to illustrate how "David danced before the Lord with all his might," the musical background was again "Come Sunday," but this time at a swinging medium tempo with fresh and appropriate lyrics for the choir and a trumpet obbligato by Bill Berry.

In the spiritual section, sung by Jimmy McPhail and the choir, there were three new songs, "Will You Be There?" "Ninety-nine Per Cent," and in't But the One." The choir, emoyed throughout as actors as well as singers, returned later to sing "King Fit the Battle of Alabam" to the melody of "Joshua" and with the timely words Ellington first recited at the Newport Jazz Festival.

The blues section was introduced by Joya Sherrill, singing the number from "Black, Brown and Beige," perhaps best known as "The Blues Ain't," which was superbly illuminated by both Harold Ashby's tenor saxophone and by five girl dancers in the role of women of the street. There followed six blues vignettes sung alternately by Jimmy Grissom and Lil Greenwood, the spotlight switching from one to the other on opposite sides of the big stage. Grissom sang "Blues at Sundown," "Workin' Blues," and "Jail Blues," Miss Greenwood, "Walkin' and Singin' the Blues," "My Man Sends Me," and "I Love My Lovin' Lover." Ellington's witty lyrics and devastating punch lines emphasized why the he-and-she blues have had such universal appeal. Although Grissom's voice is lighter and smoother than that usually associated with the male blues singer, his phrasing, time, and humor gave each of his performances a conviction that was heightened by the masterly plunger-muted trombone obbligati of Booty Wood.

Linking the two major sections of the show was the well-titled "Heritage," movingly sung by Joya Sherrill and illustrated in dance by Alvin Ailey and Minnie Marshall. This was immediately followed by "Montage," an enormously exciting spectacle that employed nearly all the dancers simultaneously, one company on the front of the stage and the other on a raised platform at the back. Here, in Billy Strayhorn's skillfully woven orchestration, the band was heard to particular advantage.

Conducted by Jimmy Jones, the group included two present members (Ray Nance and Russell Procope) and a number of alumni (Louis Bellson, Bill Berry, Booty Wood, John Sanders, and Britt Woodman) from the regular Ellington orchestra. As an ensemble, it could be compared favorably with the latter, although the strongly individual instrumental voices of Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Lawrence Brown, Cootie Williams, and Ellington himself were inevitably missed. Nevertheless, it afforded an interesting insight into Ellington's ability to express his music through an orchestra other than his own.



"Montage" also showed how superbly jazz and dancing go together. Both the Tally Beatty Dancers and the Alvin Ailey group retained or reactivated steps and movements traditional in Negro musical shows, and they added to them modern innovations that were no less striking and rhythmical. Two-way cumulative inspiration between dancers and musicians was noticeable at almost every performance. The Tommy Jonsen Trio, an integral part of the Beatty company, further demonstrated the potency of the Latin American idiom in what Ellington described as the "Jungle Triangle Ballet."

Other linking episodes featured Bunny Briggs, in his first dramatic role, as a soap-box orator commenting on, among other topics, the Negro's contribution to American wars, and Joya Sherrill's daughter reciting a typically subtle Ellington account of the troubles between the Purple and Green people. After fighting battle after battle, their hills and valleys were covered with blood, and what was so strange was that "all the blood was red"!

Preceded by a few significant bars of "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," the entire company marched and danced on stage for the finale. As Joya Sherrill's daughter was reciting an Ellington song, "What Color Is Virtue?" each one brandished a large placard bearing the name of a famous American Negro, past or present, such as Mahalia Jackson, Marian Anderson, Leontyne Price, Lena Horne, Florence Mills, James P. Johnson, W. C. Handy, Scott Joplin, Joe Louis, Jackie Robinson, Willie Mays, George Washington Carver, Ralph Bunche, Dr. Charles Drew, and Medgar Evers.

The music and singing—even Bunny Briggs's tap dance—have all been recorded in Chicago, and it is hoped that "My People" will be recreated elsewhere. The equivalent of a sound track cannot do full justice to the scope of a show that dovetailed music, dance, theatre, and social criticism in a unique and stimulating fashion. Achieved after two triumphant visits to Europe and immediately before a fourteen-week tour of the Middle East for the State Department, it has helped make 1963 one of the greatest years in Duke Ellington's history.

—STANLEY DANCE.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Quintet in F minor, Op. 34. Leon Fleisher, piano, with Julliard String Quartet. Epic LC 3865, $4.98; stereo BC 1265, $5.98.	Powerfully organized, strongly realized performance, with admirable equipment for the task all around. Fleisher tends to be more exposed than a chamber music artist should be, not so much for lack of will to cooperate and coordinate, but rather because his piano sound does not blend with the strings at the upper dynamic levels. A little more suavity and less percussive *ping* would be of help. But this is a smallish blemish that divides excellent from superlative. Certainly this is a combination of talents that should be preserved and perpetuated in other literature—Schumann, Franck, Dvorák, etc. Good balance, save for the unavoidable, as mentioned.
Carter: Eight Etudes and Fantasy. Fine: Partita. Schuller: Quintet. New York Woodwind Quintet. Concert Disc stereo CS 229, $5.98.	The Carter work of 1950 is a triumphant demonstration of craftsmanship and ingenuity vis-à-vis the tonal capacities of flute (Samuel Baron), oboe (Ronald Roseman), clarinet (David Glazer), and bassoon (Arthur Weisberg). More remarkable still, Carter has succeeded in making an imaginative experience of all eight sections and especially the concluding Fantasy. There is much of the same ingenuity in Schuller's Quintet (in which the French horn of John Barrow is added to the ensemble itemized above), but less of the imagination. In his Partita of 1948, the late Irving Fine managed an absorbingly attractive mixture of scholarship and wit, in which a remarkable flow of conversational interchange is sustained without becoming either prosy or verbose. It should not be overlooked that the order of skill commanded by the excellent ensemble puts it close to the Juilliard Quartet in a hierarchy of musicianship among American chamber groups. The detail in the recording enhances all the values of creation and re-creation.
Gershwin: *Porgy and Bess* excerpts. Leontyne Price, William Warfield, McHenry Boatwright, and John W. Bubbles, with orchestra and chorus directed by Skitch Henderson. RCA Victor 2679, $4.98; stereo S2679, $5.98.	This is one occasion to regret that an issue is not a reissue, for there would be more interest in Leontyne Price's Bess in the pre-operatic phase of her career (*c.* 1952) than there is in her efforts to accommodate the very potent sound of today to the needs of a repertory she has long given up. Her dramatic flair makes a vivid thing of the scene with Crown, in part owing to the sizable resources of Boatwright, but elsewhere (especially in "Summertime," which is not in the role of Bess), Miss Price's sound is overpowering for Gershwin's music and too arty for the lyrics. Warfield, however, is always in dramatic as well as vocal character, easily the best at this role since Todd Duncan. Most remarkable of all, though Bubbles has had a thirty-year lapse since creating "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "There's a Boat dat's Leavin' Soon for New York," he retains the ease and insinuation of his original Sportin' Life. Henderson has the musical problems well in hand.
Haydn: Six Canzonettes. Britten: *Hölderlin* Fragments. Peter Pears, tenor, with Benjamin Britten, piano. London Stereo OS 25321, $5.98.	The Haydn Canzonettes (settings of English texts) are not all of the quality of the favorite "She never told her love," but they are of unfailing interest nevertheless. Included is a "Sailor's Song" that has the rollicking lightness of Papageno, and may have reflected Haydn's esteem for his younger contemporary, then (1795) four years an immortal. Britten's setting of the Hölderlin material is a kind of return of compliment, dedicated to Prince Ludwig of Hesse, who brought them his attention (1958). They are certainly more Britten than Hölderlin, which is to be expected but they add a reason for acquiring this disc. Pears sings well within his best dynamic range most of the time, which is to say that it is a very fine song interpretation (one or two of the Hölderlin items push his range a little). Britten, as ever, is a full partner in their artistic collaboration.
Mascagni: *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Victoria de los Angeles, Franco Corelli, Corinna Vozza, and Mario Sereni, with Gabriele Santini conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of the Rome Opera House. Mascagni: *Le maschere* (Overture), *Guglielmo Ratcliff* (Intermezzo), and *Iris* ('Hymn to the Sun"). Santini conducting the chorus and orchestra. Angel BL 3632, $9.98; stereo SBL 3632, $11.98.	Franco Corelli is an excellent Turridu, and Sereni opposes him vigorously as Alfio. However, that note of desperation that should characterize Santuzza rarely comes into the voice of de los Angeles, save when the reach for a top C makes the phrases more literal than figurative. Much of the music she sings with beautiful line and control, but "Voi lo sapacte" is a rather more elemental thing than she makes of it. Indeed, the elemental is a quality in abeyance throughout, under Santini's cultivated but hardly impassioned direction. The welcome decision to use Side 4 for most samples of Mascagni's work not often heard is especially profitable in the excerpt from *Iris*.
Schubert: Fantasie in F minor, Op. 103. Beethoven: Three Grand Marches, Op. 45. Mendelssohn: Andante and Variations Op. 103. Dvorák: Slavonic Dances, Op. 46 No. 2, Op. 72, Nos. 1, 5 and 7. Yaltah Menuhin and Joel Ryce, piano, four hands. Everest 3112, $4.98.	The partnership of Menuhin and Ryce has achieved one worthwhile objective on the way to distinction in its chosen endeavor: sure, unfailing command of the mechanics of such a collaboration. However, there is, in such a work as the Schubert, rather too much sense of restrictions rather than liberties being indulged. Accents tend to fall at unvarying intervals rather than respecting the ebb and flow in the music's course. The Beethoven oddities command attention with or without more nuance and subtlety, but the musical purpose to which the players are obviously loyal would be enlivened by the addition of more give and take.
Stravinsky: Duo Concertante; Divertimento (Le Baiser de la Fée). Eudice Shapiro, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano. Ave 15, $3.98; S-15, $4.98.	Miss Shapiro is both an energetic and an able interpreter of these works, but it can hardly be said that either makes for gratifying listening. She is at her best in the lyric sections of the "Duo Concertante," which is to say the *Cantilena* and *Dithyrambe*. She does, unfailingly, dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s as they occur, but the succession of them is limited in meaning and scratchy in sound. Miss Shapiro does as well as possible with the so-called "Divertimento" but it is a mélange of elements from the ballet score which are initially limited in their separation from the action, and further devalued in the transcription from orchestra to violin and piano.
Tartini (Francescatti): Variations on a Theme by Corelli. Castelnuovo-Tedesco (Heifetz): *Sea-Murmurs*. Wieniawski: Scherzo-Tartentelle. Tchaikovsky: *Sérénade mélancolique*. Rimsky-Korsakoff (Heifetz): *The Bumblebee*. Kreisler: Menuet. Szymanowski: Romance. Mozart: Rondo in C (K.373). Paganini: Caprices Nos. 17 and 21. Dinicu (Heifetz): *Hora Staccato*. Falla (Kreisler): *Danse Espagnole*. Erick Friedman, violin, and Brooks Smith, piano. RCA Victor LM 2671, $4.98; stereo LSC 2671, $5.98.	Quality as well as quantity are abundantly present in this first solo recital by Erick Friedman (he had previously been heard in a disc which he shared with his sponsor, Jascha Heifetz). If the purpose is to demonstrate that Friedman is the match of any contemporary in violinistic talent and the superior of most in precision and control, it is successfully achieved. If it also betrays a somewh closer likeness to the manner of his mentor than tends to promote an identity of his own, t is perhaps understandable—if not any more desirable. What one would like to hear is less conce for gloss and polish, a stronger surge of individuality—though this would require another sort of repertory. His chosen one should take care of "encores" for some time to come. —I.K.

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Schubert's Last Songs

SCHUBERT: *"Schwanengesang," D. 957. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel stereo 36127, $5.98.

At this date, Fischer-Dieskau's credentials as a Schubert interpreter require little elaboration. His sense of poetry, vocal flexibility, accuracy, and general proficiency in technical matters may all be taken for granted. And since the baritone had recorded the Heine songs of this non-cyclic "cycle" previously, in addition to some other isolated items from it, his affinity for the *Schwanengesang in toto* comes as no surprise.

Nevertheless, the penetration of notes and words demonstrated in the songs where Fischer-Dieskau is really comfortable (i.e. the least rhetorical ones) is such that even those reared on the best of Schlusnus, Hüsch, and Rehkemper must take notice. Certainly there have been few, if any, "Abschieds" as crisp yet poignant as this one, or versions of "Das Fischermädchen" so tight yet simple. Fischer-Dieskau's "Taubenpost" benefits from his extraordinarily delicate sense of balance, just as his "Ständchen" bene- from his refusal to be sentimental. d, to these ears, the "insignificant" naments scattered throughout the songs have never seemed so essential to the mood as when Fischer-Dieskau turns them, each tiny note in place and each accent square on its mark.

Faced with the less conventional numbers, Fischer-Dieskau is almost as successful. He finds just the right note of despair in "Der Doppelgänger" and projects it elsewhere on a remarkably intimate scale ("Am Meer"). It is only in the really dramatic songs that he has problems, and most of these are conquered by intelligence. Lacking the weight to hammer out "Aufenthalt," he adopts a slower tempo than is customary and transforms the stormy lied into a thoughtful, almost pathetic reflection. And although he cannot give "Der Atlas" the heroic impact it needs (as Hans Hotter did in his superb Angel version, now deleted), he gives it everything he has. As a result, the tones blur on occasion and the notes at the extremes of his range seem unduly thin.

Taken in context, however, such blemishes are of limited significance. To be sure, Fischer-Dieskau flirts with mannerism as a means of compensation for being overpowered by a vehicle. But, in this *Schwanengesang*, the end justifies the means.

Gerald Moore's accompaniments are models of artistic sympathy.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: STAGE AND SCREEN

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Lock Up Your Daughters: The Mermaid Theatre Production, with Music by Laurie Johnson and Lyrics by Lionel Bart. Members of the original London cast, including Richard Wordsworth, Stephanie Voss, Frederick Jaeger, Terence Cooper, and Hy Hazell, with chorus and Orchestra conducted by Laurie Johnson. London 5766, $4.98.	*Lock Up Your Daughters* ran into an inflexible censor when it attempted an American landing a couple of seasons ago, and promptly fled back to Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, London, where it had flourished since its birth in 1959. Judging from this original cast album, which only now has been released here, the deprivation was most assuredly America's loss. Adapted by Bernard Miles from Henry Fielding's comedy *Rape Upon Rape, Daughters* has an uncommonly infectious score by Laurie Johnson and a full measure of scintillating, if lightly lecherous, lyrics by Lionel Bart (of *Oliver* fame). A good 50 per cent of the songs had indeed best be kept from impressionable ears (including "When Does the Ravishing Begin," the title tune, and the marvelous saga of a rapacious roué, "Mr. Jones"), but more erstwhile children can hardly fail to appreciate the artful buffoonery. Graciously romantic ballads and deftly satiric comic numbers are also here in abundance.
They Stopped The Show!: Original Hit Performances from Broadway Shows. "Swing" (Rosalind Russell), "The Eagle and Me" (Dooley Wilson), "People Will Say We're in Love" (Alfred Drake and Joan Roberts), "The Big Movie Show in the Sky" (Danny Scholl), "If You Hadn't But You Did" (Dolores Gray), seven others. Decca 9111, $4.98.	If this album of reissues contained nothing but Ray Bolger's "Once in Love with Amy" routine from *Where's Charley?* it would be a bargain indeed. But it also recreates such magical moments as the long-deleted "September Song" by Walter Huston, and "I Want to Get Married" as Gertrude Niesen wishfully sang it in *Follow the Girls,* and (again for the first time on LP) Betty Garrett's vibrant plea from *Call Me Mister*—"South America, Take It Away." Mary Martin is here, too, with the tune that introduced her to Broadway, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," John Raitt again soliloquizes in *Carousel,* and Gertrude Lawrence reminds us of the delectable process of "Getting to Know You." It's certainly a unique roster—a remarkable excursion into nostalgia, and a thespian treat as well.
Irma La Douce: Original Soundtrack Recording; music composed and conducted by André Previn. United Artists UAL 4109, $4.98.	Broadway musicals have to endure all sorts of indignities in the course of conversion to the screen, but few have made the supreme sacrifice demanded of *Irma La Douce,* which arrived on the silver screen stripped of every last song. *Fanny* was similarly de-musicalized a few years back, it may be recalled, but at least the producers then had a guilty conscience and used the Harold Rome tunes for background music. Not so with *Irma.* Apart from one fleeting reference, none of the original Monnot melodies has remained. In fact, one might well work up a mild tantrum on the subject, were not André Previn's substitute score (orchestral only, of course) so witty and consistently entertaining. Deftly laced with Gallic sparkle, Previn's music keeps an international tongue in cheek.
Film Music from France: Original soundtracks from *Jules and Jim, Cleo from 5 to 7, A Taste of Violence, The Button War, Liberte I, 7 Capital Sins, Sweet Ecstasy, La Gamberge,* four others; various performers. Philips PHM 200-071, $3.98.	From France comes an attractive assortment of film music, its effectiveness somewhat dissipated by the almost total lack of explanatory material about the pieces, or even the pictures. Most of numbers are quite short (the average is something under two and a half minutes), and the mu temperament is constantly in flux. The theme of *The Girl with the Golden Eyes* is a dramatic gu solo, while "Sur L'Adagio d'Albinoni" is a piece of outright jazz from the soundtrack of *The Tr* "Monsieur Lafayette" arrives to the lilt of a cocky march, while the love theme from *The Lover* - *Tereul* is bleak and foreboding. Five of the twelve tracks have vocals, and here, of course, the absence of liner notes is particularly frustrating—we are not even told the names of the engaging and capable singers!
The Great Escape: Original motion picture score, composed and conducted by Elmer Bernstein. United Artists UAL 4107, $4.98.	Basically a series of variations on the brisk march that serves as the main title theme, Elmer Bernstein's score for *The Great Escape* encompasses a wide gamut of moods and impressions. Conspicuous by its absence is the blatant *sturm-und-drang* one might expect in a film dealing with a mass break from a Nazi prisoner-of-war camp. Rather, Bernstein has relied on a soft undercurrent of tension to suggest rather than duplicate the on-screen melodramatics. The orchestrations by Leo Shuken and Jack Hayes (who collaborated with Bernstein on the similarly compelling score for *To Kill a Mockingbird*) maintain this aura of understatement, and enhance further the reflective, intimate elements of the music.
1963: The Year's Most Popular Themes: Enoch Light and his Orchestra. Music from *Mutiny on the Bounty, 55 Days at Peking, Hud, Island of Love, Days of Wine and Roses, I Could Go on Singing, Spencer's Mountain,* five others. Command RS 854 SD (Stereo), $5.98.	A dozen cinematic themes get the full Enoch Light treatment, which is to say that one hears "brasses sweeping across the full sonic spectrum," while "the cellos contribute a tone of purple splendor" and "the flowing sweep of the strings, from a whisper to a whirlwind of sound, surges up and across the listening proscenium." (All descriptions courtesy of the hopelessly worshipful writer of the liner notes). When the smoke of propaganda clears, of course, the album must rise or fall on its musical merits, and generally speaking, it rises. Some of the more grandiose offerings (*Lawrence of Arabia* and *Cleopatra,* for instance) are far better served on their respective soundtrack originals, but most of Lew Davies's arrangements are imaginative as well as showy, and fine solo stints by Tony Mottola, Robert Maxwell, and other top instrumentalists make even the more trivial items quite palatable. The variety inherent in such contrasting film fare as the folksy *How the West Was Won,* the sensuous *Mondo Cane,* and the flippant *Bye Bye Birdie* conspires also to keep the pace lively and lilting.
Lawrence of Arabia and Other Wonderful Movie Themes: various performers. Music from *Diamond Head, Picnic, From Here to Eternity, Requiem for a Heavyweight, Bye Bye Birdie,* six others. Colpix CP 458, $3.98.	A hodgepodge of musical types and performing styles, this collection offers pretty slim pickings even for the most dedicated film devotee. The theme from *Damn the Defiant* is good Grade B stuff, and I suppose *Warsaw Concerto* fans will welcome a kid brother in Richard Addinsell's "Love Theme from the War Lover"; on the other hand, the two pop versions of *Lawrence of Arabia,* an anemic "Colonel Bogey March," a trashy arrangement of *Barabbas* (with Manny Album "conducting his strings that sing")—in fact almost everything else on the disc has been done better elsewhere.
Riverwind: A new musical with music and lyrics by John Jennings; arranged and conducted by Abba Bogin. Cast includes Lawrence Brooks, Elizabeth Parrish, Helon Blount, Dawn Nickerson, Brooks Morton, Martin Cassidy, and Lovelady Powell. London AM 48001, $4.98.	One of the off-Broadway delights of the past season was a playfully bucolic musical life and l in an Indiana tourist camp. With words and music by newcomer John Jennings, *Riverwind* cou hardly be called a consistently distinguished score, but there are enough captivating moments and freshly original touches (particularly in the first part) to make thoroughly engaging listening. The gently nostalgic title song, a really beautiful ballad "I Love Your Laughing Face," the saucy "I Want a Surprise," and a sharply satiric comedy number "American Family Plan"—these especially serve eloquent notice that Mr. Jennings is a major new talent on the theatrical scene. The seven members of the cast all do well by the music, more than atoning for their minor vocal shortcomings with performances of verve and refreshing vitality. —R.S.

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Moderns from Louisville

HENRY COWELL: *"Thesis" (Symphony No. 16).* RODOLFO HALFFTER: *Ballet Suite, "La Madrugada Del Panadero." The Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney.* Louisville LOU-622, $7.95.

HARALD SAEVERUD: *"Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1, Opus 28.* GEORGE ROCHBERG: *"Night Music." The same.* Louisville LOU-623, $7.95.

HAVE no qualms about the unknown quality of the latest releases in Louisville's continuing series of First Edition recordings. Four characteristic works by Cowell, Halffter, Rochberg, and Saeverud—the latter three composers new to the series—reveal the stylistic diversity of contemporary writing, and all are worthy examples.

Thesis is the third work of Cowell's that has been recorded by Whitney and his Louisvilleans. The first, his Symphony No. 11 or "Seven Rituals of Music," which appeared early in the series, is a highly inventive work that utilizes all of Cowell's brilliant and imaginatively unconventional manipulation of sounds. Now, four symphonies later, his *Thesis*—or as he calls it, Symphony No. 15—reveals him as of the most individual musical ...inds of the century.

Although this work was commissioned by BMI (Broadcast Music, Inc.) in 1960, it finds its origin in a set of movements for string quartet, written a quarter of a century earlier. With those five movements, Cowell became a pacesetter, anticipating the latest trends and current practices of our avant garde composers today. He specified that the original movements could be played in any sequence and repeated at will according to the dictates of the performers. He further stated that since the sequence and repetitions of any section were optional, the length consequently was subject to variance.

The score of *Thesis* however, does not admit this arbitrary practice. Cowell has established the sequence of the movements. Then in recapitulation we hear them in a different order as well as different orchestral setting. And this avoidance of the expected adds additional freshness. Three of the five brief sections are in quintuple time. In two he achieves an eerie effect of glissandi by the violins which reminds one of his "Banshee," which is played on the ...gs of the piano. It is similar to ...cts associated with electronic music.

Coupled with Cowell's *Thesis* is a ballet by Halffter. Rodolfo (the Mexican) Halffter is often confused with Ernesto (the Spanish) Halffter. Both brothers are of German-Spanish back-

Continued on page 79

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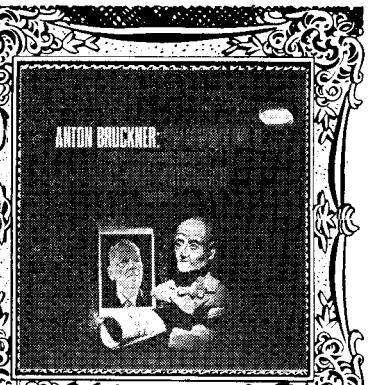

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY No. 8
Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Munich Philharmonic Orchestra.
WST-235/XWN-2235 (2 record set)
This incomparable recording was made only days after a spellbinding public performance, hailed by Europe's most respected critics as truly remarkable.

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BARBER: Violin Concerto; DELIUS: Violin Concerto. WST-17045/XWN-19045
Mr. Gerle, one of the world's finest young violinists, displays the remarkable technique that brought enthusiastic response on his recent European tour.

TERESA STICH-RANDALL sings Mozart arias. Laszlo Somogyi conducting the Vienna Orchestra. WST-17046/XWN-19046
The first American-born soprano to be awarded the title of Kammersangerin by the Austrian government, Miss Stich-Randall is heard here on her first solo recording.

DVORAK: PIANO CONCERTO
Rudolf Firkusny, Piano. Laszlo Somogyi conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. WST-17044/XWN-19044.
In this recording of his own version of the Dvorak work, Mr. Firkusny provides ample evidence of being the finest keyboard artist Czechoslovakia has ever produced.

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES Nos. 89 and 90
Laszlo Somogyi conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra
WST-17043/XWN-19043

WEBER: SYMPHONIES Nos. 1 and 2
The Lausanne Chamber Orchestra, Victor Desarzens conducting. WST-17034/XWN-19034

VILLA-LOBOS: CONCERTO No. 2
GUARNIERI: CELLO CONCERTO (CHORO)
Aldo Parisot, Cello. Gustav Meier conducting Vienna State Opera Orch. WST-17037/XWN-19037

CAMPRA: TE DEUM/ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM
National Orchestra of the Monte Carlo Opera, Philippe Caillard Chorale and Soloists, directed by Louis Frémaux. WST-17041/XWN-19041

G. P. TELEMANN: 3 CONCERTI/SUITE CONCERTANTE
Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich and Soloists, directed by Kurt Redel. WST-17042/XWN-19042

SCHUBERT: SONATA, D. 960; SONATA, D. 784
Fou Ts'ong, Piano. WST-17038/XWN-19038

JOHN WILLIAMS PLAYS 20 STUDIES FOR GUITAR BY SOR.
WST-17039/XWN-19039

SCHUMANN: PIANO CONCERTO, OP. 54;
CHOPIN: PIANO CONCERTO No. 2, OP. 21
Fou Ts'ong, Piano. Peter Maag conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. WST-17040/XWN-19040

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Jazz Pianists, and Brubeck

"THE Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall" (Columbia C2L-26/C2S-826) is the nearly self-explanatory title of a new two-record set recorded last February by Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Gene Wright, bass; and Joe Morello, drums. The jacket notes add that, although the sequence of the program is slightly rearranged for LP, we hear the concert intact, with no editing and no surreptitious retakes. Judging from bits of audience response also heard here and there, the evening was a decided public success. Musically, it juxtaposed improvisation that is either highly successful or so faulty as to border on amateurishness. And most of the faults are the leader's.

As exhibited on his rephrasing of the familiar "Pennies from Heaven," Dave Brubeck's idea of jazz rhythm resembles nothing so much as the awkwardly static fingering of a fraternity-house pianist. Our example is not isolated, for he has the same kind of trouble with phrasing the "St. Louis Blues," and by the time we get to his own piece, "It's a Raggy Waltz," he sounds like an automaton, pounding away and managing somehow to keep the tempo although his mainspring is rapidly running down. The crowd, one might note again, is demonstrably enthralled by the spectacle.

Alas for a man with such rigid and static rhythmic limitations, Brubeck's approach to a solo is largely percussive. On the aforementioned "St. Louis Blues," on "Blue Rondo à la Turk," on "For All We Know," he rummages through one cliché lick after another (old big-band riffs, borrowings from Basie and Garner, even cocktail rhapsodizings) in structureless episodes, the monotony of which his occasional harmonic sophistications and modulations merely enhance. It takes a subtle rhythmic master (a Basie, a Monk, even a Horace Silver) with a refined sense of architectonics to play this kind of jazz piano. Brubeck seems to me to come very close to simple-mindedness. And when he does undertake ideas that are more melodic, they are apt to be in virtuosic arrays of eighths and sixteenths in which his fingering fails him.

Under the circumstances, Brubeck's odd, "experimental" meters (Eleven Four," "Take Five," "Rondo," "Waltz") only dramatize his rhythmic shortcomings. Fortunately, these time-signatures are sometimes dropped after a first chorus, or they are played *ostinato* in such a way that Desmond can glide over them, paying only slight heed.

Desmond, Wright, and Morello, happily, go their own way, except for fleeting and vain efforts on Morello's part to lead the leader. The momentum and swing generated on "King for A Day," largely given over to Wright, is nothing short of a marvel of contrast. And it is decidedly to Brubeck's credit that his accompaniments stay out of Desmond's way, for Desmond, nearly always an inventive and fluent melodist, was in excellent form. His solos—especially those on "Pennies from Heaven," "St. Louis Blues," and "Southern Scene" (a Brubeck compositional pastiche of the sort he does very well)—are full of ideas and wit, and they are all well designed.

As I say, there are clear indications throughout that Brubeck's popularity continues, and this means that popularity has held up unabate almost ten years, surviving several sequent fads. His fame is also so curiously widespread that many people with only a nodding acquaintance with jazz think of him as both academically disciplined and experimentally daring. It seems to me that he is neither. But there is, I expect, a kind of reassuring, "nice guy" quality in his genially unself-conscious pounding, and probably his playing does make a genuinely pleasant, undemanding companion as it bubbles along. Desmond in his way is undemanding, too. But he is still water, and he runs deep.

André Previn's idea of jazz rhythm is closer to the truth than Brubeck's, but he can still use the impetus of an expert drummer like Shelley Manne and an expert bassist like Ray Brown. On *4 to Go!* (Columbia CL 2018/CS 8818), he gets them, plus the guitar of Herb Ellis, to spell him in solo.

PREVIN began in the mid-Forties, even before he had undertaken his Hollywood scorings, as a kind of adolescent prodigy with records that revealed a young man under Art Tatum's spell—a very good place for a yc man to be, especially a technic equipped young man. The trouble is that, as jazzman, Previn has fallen under the spell of one good player after another and, aside from certain chic refinements and a penchant for a stuttering repetition of notes, he has come up with little of his own.

Bill Evans is of course no ersatz jazzman, but in recent years his playing has become increasingly introspective and almost private, as if he were working out important musical problems and not quite ready to communicate the results. *Empathy* (Verve V/V6 8497) is heartening evidence of a change, a recital of extroverted and projected presence, but with no compromise in ideas or subtle musicianship. Shelley Mann is also present here and he is constantly alert to Evans's delightfully flexible rhythmic shifts. So is Monty Budwig, a bassist whose reputation should obviously be much higher than it is. One delightful note is the shimmering, and fleetingly humorous cadenza that Evans unexpectedly adds to the end of "With a Song in My Heart," with Manne and Budwig instantly joining him. We may be tha ful that the engineers kept the t moving for this one. Incidentally, o might note that the piece titled "The Washington Twist" by Irving Berlin is at least a second cousin, if not an immediate offspring, to Frankie and/or Johnny. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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LOUISVILLE

Continued from page 77

ground and were born in Madrid, Rodolfo in 1900—a year later than Mexico's Chávez and Revueltas. He is Ernesto's senior by five years. Both Halffters were strongly affected by Falla, and to Ernesto was entrusted the task of completing Falla's "La Atlántida." Rodolfo's Ballet Suite "La Madrugada del Panadero" (The Early Awakening of the Baker) was written in 1940, shortly after he migrated to Mexico. It is typically Spanish and less individual than two works by Carlos Surinach recorded earlier in the series. Curiously, while Spanish painters tend towards radicalism, the composers veer right of center. Rodolfo Halffter's ballet is far, far right, but well orchestrated and fully as attractive as his brother's Sinfonietta, which has caused more stir.

Next to the work of either Chávez or Revueltas, the scores of the Halffters —both of them, in fact—sound pleasantly archaic. They are simple, not in a sophisticated sense, but are rather simple minded aesthetically. But they still sound pleasant lollipopwise. The Louisville Orchestra performs this music with relish and skill, which is more than one n say of their playing of Cowell's mphony.

More challenging are the recordings of Saeverud and Rochberg which follow in the subsequent release. Harald Saeverud is one of Norway's two most distinguished composers, the other being Klaus Egge whose one-movement symphony, commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra, was recorded earlier in this series. Saeverud is an intuitive musician whose orientation has kept him decidedly north of dodecaphonic Vienna. Saeverud's music sounds very Northern, vigorous, and healthy. His concept of "Peer Gynt" is indeed valid, though totally different from that of Grieg. He has aproached the Ibsen drama freshly and bravely. And his score, which was written for a 1947 production of "Peer Gynt" in Norway, has since become as cherished by his patriotic countrymen as the score by Grieg.

Rochberg's *Night Music* is but two years younger than Saeverud's score and, like it, highly original.

Rochberg, still relatively unknown today, may very well become one of the major creative figures in American music. He is the rare example of abundant musicality paired with intellectual riosity, and with technique enough to ope with the most elaborate of his fancies. Both of these works are performed adequately and the recorded sound is of fine quality.

—Oliver Daniel.

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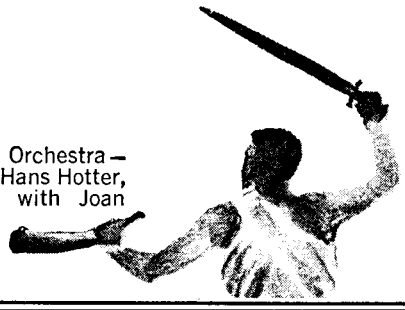

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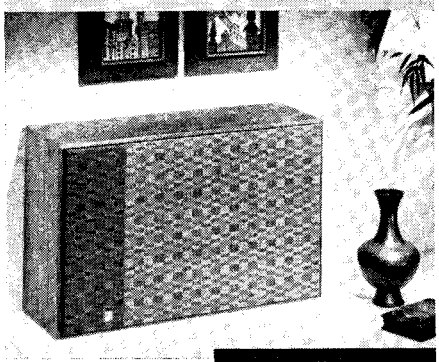

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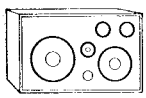

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The Amen Corner

THE time span of the LP record (roughly speaking, a half-hour for each twelve-inch side) has made possible a number of slim, light, convenient packages, each of which contains the essence of some leading figure in jazz history, and represents him, in the main or throughout, in the fulness of his talent. Thus, in the space of two LPs (two hours or less of recorded music) one can have both the gist and a radiant, varied display of such masters as Louis Armstrong with his Hot Five and Hot Seven; Eddie Condon's band with Wild Bill Davison, Ed Hall and Lou McGarrity; Lester Young with Count Basie's orchestra; Duke Ellington with his band of the early 1940s; Charlie Parker with Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie, and the Modern Jazz Quartet in its European concert recordings.

Now that I look back on this brief listing, it strikes me as a perfectly adequate, if scarcely complete, jazz library for those demanding years on a desert island. One thing is certain: any man who possesses the dozen discs I have just mentioned will have no trouble holding his own in any battle of recorded jazz music. But I should also like to have the newly issued *Two Hours with Thelonious: European Concerts by Thelonious Monk* (Riverside 460-461, $10).

The eminent Monk has recorded his piano playing and his jazz compositions with various ensembles, small and larger, including numerous ranking improvisers—among them, the tenor saxophonists John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Johnny Griffin, and Charlie Rouse. Monk's compositions are in general marked by abruptly angular and sharply syncopated themes, which are not melodic in the common, lyrical sense of that word, but are highly original in their pungent way, often witty, and to these ears altogether catching. These themes have reappeared in so many Monk recordings, and in so many different guises (the man keeps experimenting with his basic material), that to experienced jazz listeners they have begun to take on a kind of ritualistic, incantatory power. I know that, for me, certain strong Thelonious themes (there is a barrelhouse vigor about the whole business) have become as much a part of rich, solid Americana as bourbon whiskey, the Ohio anecdotes of James Thurber, or the paintings of Marsden Hartley.

The Thelonious themes, with their striking intervals and eccentric rhythms, are obviously difficult for all but accomplished men to develop with the desirable ease and buoyancy of spirit. And this is especially so in view of the fact that it is Monk's design to provide the leading instrument wit[h] subtle, rhythmically teasing "cou[n]terpoint" on the piano (and let us forget the problems this sets up for the rhythm section). It is small wonder that even some of the best Monk recordings of the past have had their rather cumbersome moments—as though the players held Monk's ideas somewhat precariously in their heads, but not in their bloodstreams.

The beauty of the new *Two Hours* album is that it presents most of the major items in the Monk *oeuvre*, and that it does so with extreme lucidity and enthusiastic rapport among the players. In these tracks, recorded in Paris and Milan in 1961, Monk's music is cleanly and weightlessly exposed through simple quartet instrumentation: tenor saxophone (Charlie Rouse); piano (Monk); string bass (John Ore); and drums (Frankie Dunlop). The program includes "I Mean You," "Off Minor," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Straight No Chaser," "Bemsha Swing," "Hackensack," "Well You Needn't," "San Francisco Holiday (Worry Later)," "Crepuscule with Nellie," and two versions each of "Epistrophy," "Jackie-ing," and "Rhythm-a-ning." There are also t[wo] of Monk's highly dissonantal p[iano] solo treatments of well-known ballad[s] "Body and Soul," "April in Paris," a[nd] "Just a Gigolo."

IT would be utterly clear, if the program notes did not make it so, that the four men in the combination have played together a great deal. This is most obvious in the relationship between Thelonious and Rouse, where the free-style "counterpoint" is electric, exhibiting Rouse's great virtues as a saxophone player who may be said to be at once fluent and staccato, and who, like Monk himself, has a marvelously delicate sense for rhythmic dislocations. But even the merits of these masters cannot obscure the fact that the quartet members work as a joyous and understanding company of four. Dunlop's superb drum solos, for instance, mostly with the sticks on the snare, are ideally suited to their context rather than an outburst of exhibitionism.

All in all, as a classically clear and energetic expression of a number of markedly original and personal musical concepts, *Two Hours with Thelonic* strikes me as one of the outstanc recordings in the jazz catalogue.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Song of Freedom

Continued from page 67

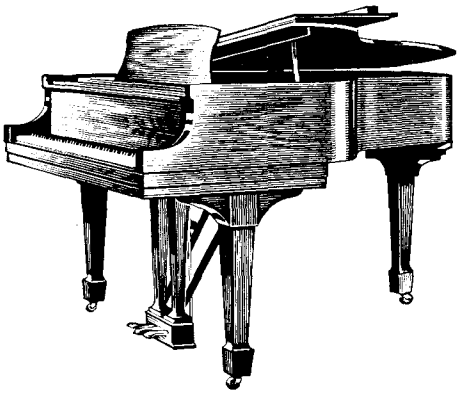
...ab circuit, all with remarkable success. Their means and motives are thus virtually the same as those of the pioneering Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, who ventured forth with their spirituals in 1871, determined both to accomplish the idealistic task of making their music known to the American public, and to achieve the more practical goal of raising sufficient funds to continue the crusade.

Elsewhere, balladeers like Pete Seeger and Guy Carawan almost invariably include civil rights songs in their folk concerts, while other performers are turning with increasing frequency to our venerable heritage of folk songs and spirituals with a pronounced freedom flavor ("I'm On My Way," "Go Down Moses," etc.).

And perhaps most influential of all in giving the freedom songs so remarkably wide a circulation are the folk-pop groups that have all but put the rock-and-rollers out of business. Peter, Paul, and Mary's recording of "If I Had a Hammer," a tune widely used as a freedom song in the South, ...s a palpable hit in the North, vying ... Elvis Presley's latest on the best-...er charts, and emanating more often from jukeboxes than hootenannies.

Granted that people listening to such songs casually, for their entertainment value, are only marginally aware of their "message," to use a much-maligned word, there seems little doubt that these songs are serving, in whatever small measure, as persistent reminders that all is not yet entirely well in our land of the free. Negro leaders have long maintained that one of their most pressing needs is to overcome the apathy of people of good will throughout the country, and the freedom songs—taken in conjunction with the continuing headlines and extensive TV coverage of integration events—are acting in just such a capacity. They dramatize the urgency of the problem, and act as a constant irritant to those who would sometimes prefer to look the other way.

Such, then, is the unique niche that the freedom songs have carved out for themselves in the mainstream of American folk music. It is perhaps ...remature to call them folk songs in ... academic sense of the term, but ...ctually many will surely take their place in our national folk heritage. As an outgrowth of one of America's most vital currents of traditional music, they mark a new chapter in the long and proud history of a people.



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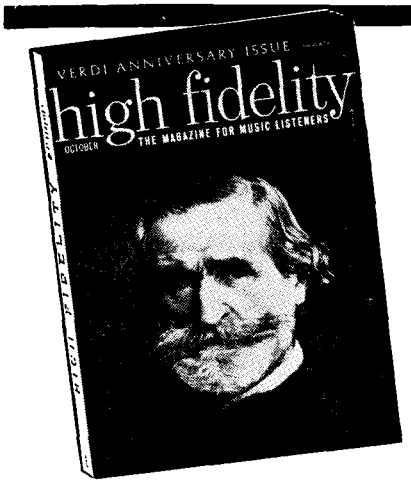

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THE OTHER SIDE

Jess Thomas in Recital, USSR Stravinsky

LONDON.

AS THE September evenings draw in, thoughts turn again to post-prandial pleasures by the domestic hearth. Record companies view the prospects in more practical, hard-headed terms: they know that people buy more discs during the winter months, and the battle for securing a major share of this increased turnover is now fully joined. From now until next spring we can expect about 100 new classical issues a month from the main protagonists—EMI, Decca-RCA, Philips-CBS, and DGG—as well as more modest but often interesting contributions from one or two smaller, independent sources.

Scanning the current lists, the practiced eye will note a striking omission: the name of Mercury has disappeared from the EMI roster of labels. So the intercontinental game of musical chairs that has been such a feature of the record industry since LPs were introduced—often puzzling collectors and driving the hapless compiler of catalogues to despair—continues on its merry round. To follow the progress of this thoroughly promiscuous game requires the nose of a gossip columnist, who would report that Mercury is now associating with Philips, that CBS (whose marriage to Philips has been far from happy for some time now) has been holding hands with its pre-1954 partner, EMI, via Epic recordings, and that Westminster has made an arrangement with EMI for the English release of some of its discs, mainly on the cheaper labels.

In the past, Westminster, whose enterprising approach to the oft-neglected chamber music repertoire is well remembered, has been singularly unlucky with its forays into the British market. Its original associate, Nixa, was soon taken over by Pye, whose interest in classical discs proved short-lived; Associated Recordings, which Westminster helped to launch over here, fell into reckless hands and thence into bankruptcy. Let us hope, therefore, that the "third time lucky" adage will come true for the newly forged link with EMI.

It may be some time before the first Westminster recordings appear on the HMV label, but EMI's September issues contain much that is of interest, notably the Angel set of *Boris Godunov* (already out in the States) and the first installment of the complete Beethoven Piano Sonatas in the historic performances by Artur Schnabel. An LP reissue of Schnabel's pre-war Beethoven Sonata Society albums was long overdue, for these are unique and indispensable performances despite occasional mannerisms and technical shortcomings. HMV has not been wholly unaware of the oft-reiterated demands to make them accessible once again, but a peculiar problem—part legal, part ethical—had to be overcome before the project could be realized. When the original albums were first issued in the Thirties, the first few appeared in "limited editions"; once the limit had been reached, no more copies could be pressed, since this would have amounted to a breach of promise HMV made to the original subscribers. Was this promise still binding a quarter of a century later? Some time ago the question was raised in *The Gramophone*, and many surviving owners of the original albums wrote to that journal supporting any move toward an LP reissue and waiving rights to exclusive ownership as might still possess. Reassured by this response, HMV decided to go ahead with the project and to issue the sonatas, not according to the contents of the old albums, but in chronological sequence. There will be thirteen discs in all; the first three, now available, contain the seven sonatas of Op. 2, 7, and 10.

The next batch of discs in this series will start with the *Pathétique* Sonata, a work which this month forms the cornerstone of an unusually impressive debut recital on HMV. Steven Bishop, born in 1940 in Los Angeles, came to this country in 1959 to continue his studies with Myra Hess. He has since married and settled here. Less than two years ago he performed Beethoven's Diabelli Variations at his first Wigmore Hall recital and was widely praised for the technical accomplishment and musical grasp of his playing. For his recording debut Bishop has chosen, in addition to the Beethoven Sonata, three Chopin pieces—Barcarolle, A-flat Impromptu, and F-minor Ballade — and a Schubert *Moment Musical*, all of which he performs with real skill and a natural musicianship devoid of affectation or any hint of showmanship. No doubt Bishop's playing will acquire increased subtlety as he matures. What I like about his present disc is its honesty; these, one feels, are genuine performances by a gifted young artist, not an

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amalgam of mannerisms copied from more celebrated practitioners.

Three "Highlights" discs—two from ng sets of *La Traviata* and *Tann- er*, the third derived from last season's Sadler's Wells production of Offenbach's *La belle Hélène* (in a witty new translation by Geoffrey Dunn)—complete HMV's September list. On Columbia we have the belated stereo issue of Handel's *Solomon* in Beecham's version; some fine Epic recordings from George Szell (Schumann 2nd Symphony and Strauss's *Don Quixote* and *Don Juan*) and Charles Rosen (Debussy Etudes); a Klemperer performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth, still to appear, and two other Philharmonia discs that have arrived: Giulini's elegant but slightly tame accounts of the same composer's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Francesca da Rimini*, and a gorgeous, albeit superficial *Pictures at an Exhibition* under Maazel (who also includes a sensitively played *Après-midi d'un faune*).

Another late arrival, demanding suspended judgment, is DGG's new *Così fan tutte*, conducted by Jochum and anticipating his participation in HMV's forthcoming *Lohengrin*, a Wagner recital from Jess Thomas in which this ing American singer reveals a solid nise that augurs well in these Hel- tenor-starved times. To excerpts from *Rienzi*, *Lohengrin*, *Rheingold*, *Walküre*, *Meistersinger*, and *Parsifal* Thomas brings a solid, well-schooled voice and a stylish manner; he needs only a little more variety of tone color or a stronger response to the stimulus of words to become the outstanding present-day exponent of all but the heaviest Wagnerian tenor roles.

From the Philips-CBS group come several notable albums, including the Ormandy - Philadelphia Shostakovich Fourth (recorded at last, after remaining unheard for over a quarter of a century) and a most important two-disc set of works by Schoenberg—four great vocal works and the Violin Concerto—conducted by Robert Craft. If the belated "release" of Shostakovich's once-withdrawn symphony represents one facet of the recent cultural thaw in the USSR, so does the appearance on record of a Soviet performance of a major work by Stravinsky. This is nothing less than a historical event, the more so since the work in question is the profoundly religious *Symphony of Psalms*, rformed by an all-male chorus (boys men, as originally specified by avinsky) and the Moscow State Philharmonic under the direction of Igor Markevitch. It is a marvelously precise, unsentimental reading, tending toward fast tempi, though the recording is not of ideal clarity; the coupling offers a group of Mussorgsky songs, orchestrated by Markevitch and sung with magnificent vitality by Galina Vishnevskaya.

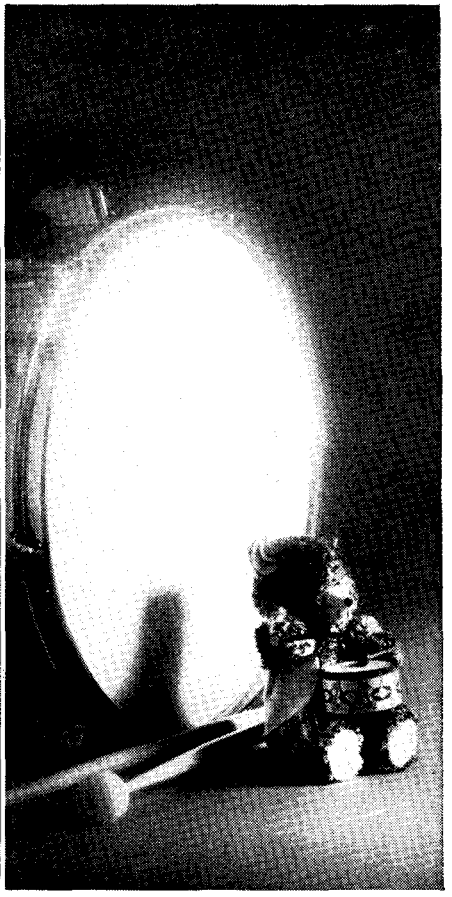
Decca offers a compact but well-varied assortment of new issues, among them a pleasant if rather innocuous Mozart coupling—Symphonies Nos. 33 and 39—from Kertész and the Vienna Philharmonic, somewhat prosaic performances by Backhaus of Beethoven Sonatas Op. 31, No. 2, and Op. 101, and the first Lieder recital by the Finnish baritone Tom Krause.

Top honors for this label, however, go to another Mozart disc—first of a series of five devoted to the works for wind ensemble. The performers call themselves the London Wind Soloists and they include some of our finest first-desk men, such as Alan Civil, horn, oboist Terence MacDonagh, and clarinettist Jack Brymer, who directs the performances. The works featured in this installment comprise the splendid E-flat Serenade, K.375, plus two charming if slighter Divertimenti, K.166 and K.213, and they are played with great finesse and tonal beauty by as fine a wind group as you will find anywhere

in the world. Here and there in K.375 one senses the lack of a baton, but these are such joyful performances and so beautifully recorded—the most lifelike wind timbres I have ever heard—that one cannot really quibble about a few minor flaws of rhythm, balance, and ensemble.

Lastly, Decca has given us a first-rate impression of one of the outstanding theatrical successes of the past London season, Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop production of *Oh, What a Lovely War!* This unusual and intentionally disturbing entertainment presents what amounts to a potted history of World War I, told largely through the popular songs of the period. With a minimum of linking commentary and a few extraneous effects, these songs conjure up that dreadful carnage with extraordinary vividness, warmth, and superb "gallows humor." This is, of course, a highly political show whose message about history is perfectly plain, but it also happens to be magnificently done by an expert cast working under a director of genius—a tract maybe, but an enormously entertaining one.

—Thomas Heinitz.



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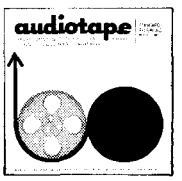

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Mr. Klien is a romantic player endowed with an excellent finger technique, but with this his qualities seem to come to an end. Unfortunately, his interpretation does not suit all of Brahms's works. While one can accept his performances of intermezzi, waltzes, rhapsodies, and other short pieces as pleasant readings, he is not the man to deal with Brahms's major works.

Since it would be impossible in this brief report to examine all the works, I shall have to share my impressions of those which would obviously come to the mind of every pianist interested in this "one man show"—the Paganini Variations, the Händel Variations, and the Sonata in F-sharp minor. In the Paganini Variations he manages rather successfully to take the teeth and fire out of that Bucephalus on whom so many virtuosos rode to fame since these variations were first composed. Still, there must be a limit to reducing the tempi as well as the volume. Here the two-volume Paganini variations become another series of intermezzi.

I am sure that he and those who accept this sort of interpretation feel it is "sehr musikalisch." But to my mind it brings Anton Rubinstein's reaction when once in Berlin he preferred to remain at home playing cards while his friends went to a concert. "Well, how was it?" Rubinstein asked when they returned. "Sehr musikalisch," they said. "When I hear this 'sehr musikalisch,' I know it must have been very dull," Rubinstein remarked.

Although the Händel Variations seem to suit Mr. Klien better, they, too, suffer from the same sin—as soon as he reaches a slow movement he begins to brood. The worst aspect of this characteristic is that it is a sort of pattern to which he returns whether he plays the Variations, or the Sonata in F sharp minor, or the Ballades. It is ungracious of me, I admit, but I can agree only with his interpretation of the Ballade in D minor (Edward). There his slow playing gives the eerie feeling of the old Scottish Ballade. —VICTOR SEROFF.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CONCERTO BY BARBER

About a year ago I had the privilege of attending the opening-week concerts in Philharmonic Hall. One of the highlights of the entire week for me, and also according to most critics, was the world première of the new piano concerto of Samuel Barber.

Since that time I have been eagerly awaiting the release of a recording of this magnificent concerto, but to date have heard nothing, although there have been several releases of other concerts of that week. Certainly this important work by one of our major composers deserves to be released as soon as possible.

I am certain that this composition, even though heard by a relatively small group of people so far, will become a standard in the repertoire in a few years.

Several other performances are scheduled in several cities this winter; they should make it even more in demand.

Robert Springer.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Editor's note: *Plans are in hand for a recording for Epic when John Browning plays the Barber concerto with the Cleveland Orchestra this winter.*

EN AND *TEMPO*

I read with great interest your review of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* [*SR*, May 25]. I have followed the performances and recording of this work and am now impatiently awaiting the arrival of the album after having badgered London Distributing Corporation and, more recently, Sam Goody.

However, it is your reference to *Tempo* that prompted this letter. If it is the sort of article that would aid the interested layman to enjoy and understand more fully the *War Requiem*, I would like to obtain a copy of the article or the periodical itself.

Eleanor M. Zumiseh.

Cleveland, O.

Editor's note: *For those who inquired about* Tempo's *Britten article, it may be identified as a publication of Boosey and Hawkes, and can be obtained by addressing the English firm at its New York offices, 30 West 57th Street.*

FARRELL'S BRUENHILDE

I heartily second G.R.P.'s motion for a reissue of the Farrell-Svanholm Awakening Duet from *Siegfried*. Of all the Wagnerians, Miss Farrell alone imparts a womanly (if you will, female) sound to Brüunhilde and, for that matter, Isolde in the scenes she has recorded.

Phillip Bradley.

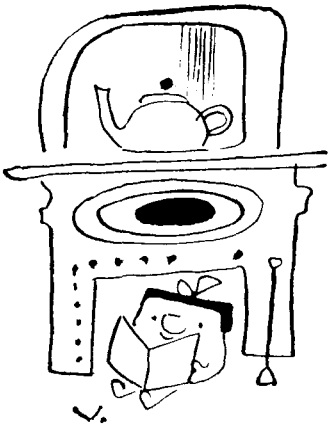
New York, N.Y.

DANCE ON JAZZ

The recent jazz album review [*SR*, July 13] by Stanley Dance on the Ramsey Lewis Trio LP, *Potluck* (Argo), was honest and very well written. Young musicians like Ramsey Lewis (and Ahmad Jamal, to name another) are very underrated. Why should this be? I hope it won't take long before the jazz world wakes up and realizes that groups such as the Lewis Trio are the real assets of present-day jazz.

Dennis R. Hendley.

Milwaukee, Wis.



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PERSONALS

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DON'T PLAY SCRABBLE without our compact plastic clip-on Turner. Avoids scrambles; turns smoothly to each player. Ideal gift. $2 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specialty Sales, 4002 6th Avenue, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.

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CAPERTOWN ANTIQUES SHOW and Sale—October 1st, 2nd, 3rd; 1-9:30 P.M., Town Hall, Upton, Massachusetts, 15 miles southeast Worcester.

"POEMS OF PESSIMISM," "The New Materialism," "Poems of People," "Poems of Pain," "Threnody," 25¢ each, $1 complete. Ed Stillman, Box 705, Hallandale, Florida.

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PERSONALS

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POSITION WANTED NYC: Young woman, assistant editor book trade magazine; teaching experience; theatrical interests. Box E-260.

YOUNG WOMAN, '63 B.A., English major, seeks practical experience, familiarization with methods, materials, in urban or college library prior to attending library school. Will consider position anywhere. Available for interview. 606 Catawissa Avenue, Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

GIRL: EDUCATION, BRAINS, seeks Florida, San Juan position. Hates NYC. Box E-256.

BUSINESSWOMAN! Like a cosy room, private shower and entrance, near Lincoln Center, NYC, in professional woman's duplex? Breakfast optional. Box E-241.

CAPABLE WOMAN will guide couple touring Mexico in their car (preferably air-conditioned) for expenses plus pocket money. Excellent driver, widely traveled in Mexico, speaks Spanish. Box E-247.

PERSONALS

WANTED FOR TELEVISION—B/W film of Ernest Hemingway. Describe contents, where taken, when. Box E-237.

EDITOR seeks publishing position Europe. Experienced, fine references. Box E-250.

EXPERT CHEF available September-June. Cooking only, 1-6 adults. Requires bedroom, sitting room, bath. Salary $4,000 or more. Box E-266.

APPRENTICE-NOVELIST, 27, male, college graduate, *seeks interesting and rewarding work in* NYC. Box E-272.

FLUTE INSTRUCTION—Former first flutist Vermont Symphony; Juilliard. WAdsworth 6-3651 NYC.

SKILLED EXECUTIVE SECRETARY seeks position in New England in social service, educational, or related field. Box E-269.

LEARN CONVERSATIONAL ARABIC—3 LPs include instructional booklet, $12.95. Magic Carpet Records, Box 694, Pasadena, California.

NURSE SEEKS to accompany family on passage *abroad. Box E-280.*

POSITION WANTED by mature, responsible European woman, excellent background, long experience: Secretary, housekeeper, decorator, in U.S.A. and abroad. Own car. Box E-253.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ACADEMIC ADMINISTRATION: Sensitive personnel job at leading NYC university. Excellent prospects. Some academic experience desirable. Starting salary equivalent to instructor or assistant professor. Send resume. Box E-246.

SECRETARY-AIDE wanted. Educated, civic-minded young man. Box E-265.

LEADER TRAINER for liberal arts discussion groups; promote, organize, administer area program for nonprofit educational organization; travel necessary; various locations. Box E-165.

RESPONSIBLE SECRETARIAL POSITION—leading NYC university. Starting pay modest, civilized ambiance, good chance for advancement. A.B. desired. Steno not necessary. Box E-284.

LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE PRESIDENT, upper South, needs competent secretary. Box E-149.

INDEPENDENT EDUCATIONAL research library in Southern California college community needs a librarian. Established library; new building under construction. Box E-263.

WANTED—MAN FRIDAY (secretary-aide) to gentleman presently in NYC. Single man around 45. Minimum secretarial duties. Winters on Florida estate, summers north or traveling. Must have suitable rearing, taste, and education to enjoy and appreciate quiet, formal and refined living. Unselfish and serious personality. Send resume, telephone, and, most important, recent snapshots. Box E-275.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES in Arlington, Shaftsbury, Sandgate area. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Realtor, 375-2215.

CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND—Brick mansion, built 1844, in excellent condition; two additional houses and 26 acres. Formal garden. Marble fireplaces by sculptor Reinhart. Billingslea Real Estate, 301-TI 8-4090 Westminster, Maryland.

WILMINGTON, VERMONT. Fieldstone, frame chalet. Balconies, spectacular view, sleeps 25, two families easy. Close skiing, lakes. $30,000. 201-AD 3-0875, Box E-206.

NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK. Historic farmhouse, 5 acres. Thoroughly comfortable—original beams, fireplace, etc. Beautiful situation. Swimming. 1½ hours midtown. $19,000. Also acreage, handhewn barn framework. GRamercy 3-1696 NYC, 914-AL 6-4581.

(Continued on page 88)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 87)

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Houses, acreage for skiing or retirement. Harold W. Ross, Bondville, Real Estate. 802-824-5457.

SOUTH WINDHAM, Connecticut. Authentic 14-room Victorian. Three staircases; three porches. $12,000. Box E-242.

BOSTON COMMUTING—Restored Colonial. Studio apartment, pond, brook, 105 acres. Low taxes, excellent investment potential. $50,000. Box 449, West Medway, Massachusetts. Area 617-533-8173.

VERMONT MOUNTAIN RETREAT. Modernized. Barn. Superb view. Heart deer country. Minutes Stowe, Sugarbush, Montpelier airport. 135 partially wooded acres. $13,000. 20 acres, $10,500. Neal Templeton. Northfield, Vermont. 485-3932.

MODERN WINTERIZED HOUSE—6 rooms, fireplace. Near Belleayre skiing. Wadler's, Pine Hill, New York.

REDDING, CONNECTICUT—L-shaped ranch on 6 acres partly wooded. Valley view. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, walnut paneling, walk-out basement, owner. Box E-283.

For Rent—Furnished

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET—Fully furnished, heated year-round house, 5 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace, modern kitchen. Beautiful view overlooking moors. Totally private but not isolated. Garage, but car unnecessary. Available October-June or partial to writer, artist, at fraction summer rental. References. Box E-255.

WINTERING IN CALIFORNIA? Fully furnished ocean-front sleeps six. Week or month. Box E-103.

FARMHOUSE—Large, modernized, oil heat. 125 miles George Washington Bridge. Superb mountain view, secluded. Suitable writer, artist, couple. October-May. Reasonable. Box E-277.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house in primitive setting available now. Box E-244.

250 ACRE New York State farm with 150-year-old stonehouse on hill, oil heat, wants tenant November through June. Perfect seclusion to finish that novel. $60 a month. Send references. Box E-239.

For Summer Rental

ARMINGTON LAKE, White Mountains. Large modern furnished cottage, private dock, boat. June-September, $800. Quiet, secluded. Write: J. Ludman, Piermont, New Hampshire.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

UNUSUAL DUPLEX CO-OP—Manhattan, near Lincoln Center. Living room on park 48' x 24', separate dining, 2 masters, 1 maid's, 3 baths, library. Suitable entertaining couple, one child. TRafalgar 4-2087 or MUrray Hill 3-4774. Box E-274.

APARTMENT WANTED

SOUTHERN WRITER, mother two college age sons, needs reasonably priced furnished apartment Manhattan October first. Excellent care. Box D-944.

ROOM AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN. Room, bath, spacious flat. Gentleman. Breakfast privileges. TRafalgar 4-0766.

ROOM WANTED

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

WATERFRONT "SECOND-HOME" SITES. Thoreau-like country. Utilities. Charming model. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

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RIMROCK COUNTRY high in Poconos, scenery and solitude, cottages. Stroudsburg 5, Pennsylvania.

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THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

VACATIONS

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of [illegible]en Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook [illegible] cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, [illegible] golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 da[illegible] weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Consider The Dut[illegible] tropical guest house by the sea. Excellent beach, sympathique bar, casual island atmosphere. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1538

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Pertaining to English royal house named for a place, to which Queen Victoria originally belonged (before the change in 1917 to Word R.).

B. Ocular affliction (2 wds.).

C. The "rapture of the deep" identified by Cousteau.

D. Said of a human being who has been attacked again by a dog.

E. The position you take on any controversial subject (2 wds.).

F. Original name of England's famous old mental hospital "Bedlam".

G. Institute; set up on a permanent basis.

H. Turkish title of respect.

I. Constable or bailiff.

J. See Word P.

K. What follows the penult (4 wds.).

[illegible] not originating within the body.

WORDS

174 211 137 104 87 37 119 72 55 207

70 46 182 194 157 165 149 180 47 142 31 56

42 67 198 184 109 114 30 209

27 57 181 88 208 210 101 1

58 116 97 14 197 73 51 32 77

192 159 108 204 60 35 107 78 25

11 203 29 4 110 191 138 187 48

59 93 22 102 10 112 166

100 172 13 145 84 6 200 54

150 156 45 154 61 43 189 177

118 103 5 135 151 52 185 15 171 53 81 38

131 86 71 39 175 163 140 89 92 193 105 62

DEFINITIONS

M. Peak in S. Colorado, over 14,000 ft. (2 wds.).

N. Grasp the idea of.

O. Written by one whose work is likely to be labeled *as told to* instead of *by*.

P. Followed by Word J, a common cold sore.

Q. Balderdash.

R. See Word A (3 wds.).

S. Special regions set apart within a country; countries within other countries.

T. Peace to you (2 Latin wds.).

U. Immediately; forthwith (3 wds.).

V. Impaled again.

W. Specifying an engine featuring at least one pair of chambers containing the pistons (comp.).

WORDS

41 125 24 50 9 190 124 7

176 143 129 169 201 8 75 28 139 196

106 85 2 16 147 66 170

153 128 160 69 186 40

64 126 134 205 44 195 94 178

63 76 91 133 120 82 141 90 179 20 213 155 162 34

49 98 115 168 122 127 206 79

68 99 12 117 21 188 146 214

19 164 80 65 111 113 123 148 130 23 183 152

95 74 17 33 26 173 158 199 121

96 3 18 161 36 83 167 132 212 144 202 136

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative [illegible]s of words in the [illegible]am as they develop. [illegible]ority for spelling [illegible] definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 D	2 O	3 W	4 G	5 K	6 I	7 M	8 N		9 M	10 H		11 G	12 T	13 I	14 E	15 K	16 O
17 V	18 W	19 U	20 R		21 T	22 H		23 U	24 M	25 F	26 V	27 D	28 N	29 G	30 C	31 B	32 E
	33 V	34 R	35 F	36 W	37 A	38 K	39 L	40 P		41 M	42 C	43 J	44 Q		45 J	46 B	
47 B	48 G	49 S		50 M	51 E	52 K		53 K	54 I		55 A	56 B		57 D	58 E	59 H	60 F
61 J	62 L	63 R		64 Q	65 U	66 O		67 C	68 T	69 P	70 B	71 L	72 A	73 E	74 V		75 N
76 R		77 E	78 F	79 S	80 U	81 K	82 R	83 W		84 I	85 O	86 L		87 A	88 D	89 L	90 R
	91 R	92 L	93 H	94 Q	95 V	96 W	97 E	98 S	99 T	100 I	101 D		102 H	103 K	104 A	105 L	106 O
107 F		108 F	109 C		110 G	111 U		112 H	113 U	114 C	115 S	116 E	117 T	118 K	119 A	120 R	121 V
	122 S	123 U	124 M		125 M	126 Q	127 S	128 P	129 N		130 U	131 L	132 W	133 R		134 Q	135 K
136 W	137 A	138 G	139 N	140 L		141 R	142 B	143 N	144 W	145 I		146 T	147 O	148 U	149 B	150 J	151 K
	152 U	153 P	154 J	155 R		156 J	157 B	158 V	159 F	160 P	161 W	162 R	163 L	164 U		165 B	166 H
167 W	168 S	169 N	170 O		171 K	172 I	173 V	174 A		175 L	176 N	177 J	178 Q	179 R	180 B		181 D
182 B	183 U	184 C	185 K	186 P	187 G		188 T	189 J	190 M	191 G	192 F	193 L	194 B	195 Q	196 N	197 E	
198 C	199 V	200 I	201 N	202 W	203 G	204 F	205 Q	206 S	207 A	208 D		209 C	210 D	211 A	212 W	213 R	214 T

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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You get more real smoking pleasure from Kent than any other filter cigarette. Puff after puff...you get the good taste of Kent's premium quality tobaccos filtered through the famous "Micronite" filter.

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